BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1938

1/-

EVELYN WAUGH
ARTHUR MILLS
LAURENCE KIRK
MARGARET CHUTE
F. MATANIA R.I.
Etc., Etc.

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION SECTIONS

From the new Spring range of
Specialities
in the Two-piece Salons
... at Derrys

Travel distinctively
In this delightful ensemble in nigger. The expertly tailored suit has a snug overcoat of hand-made Irish Tweed, with a nigger fleck to tone with the general colour-scheme

Derry & Toms
Kensington W

Templeton's
AYR WOOLS

Warm Winter Walking

NOW is the time to knit Woollen garments for the colder days ahead. And those who want to combine comfort with elegance will, naturally, choose Templeton's "Ayr" Wools. Their supreme quality and the wonderful choice of self-colours, marls, etc., ensure a beautiful effect for every type of knitted garment.

Templeton's
AYR WOOLS
JAMES TEMPLETON & SON LTD: WORSTED SPINNERS (Dept: B.G. 5) AYR - SCOTLAND
R131

By Appointment
to the Late
King George V

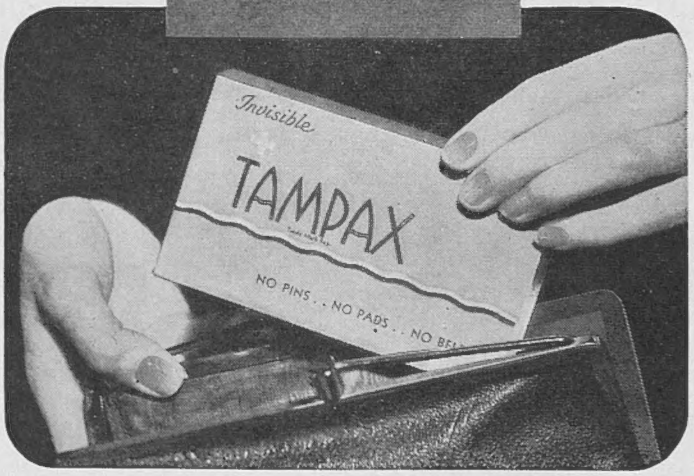
Every hat we advertise can be obtained from all our agents

"THE WOODROW B.E."
THE IDEAL SPORTS HAT
This highly adaptable hat can be shaped to express your own ideas and individuality. It is stocked with both full and close-fitting crowns in a large variety of fashionable shades, or can be specially dyed to any shade in seven days.
PRICE 21/-
CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION
WOODROW
PICCADILLY • LONDON • W.1
(Opposite St. James's Street)

A DOCTOR
has perfected a simple substitute for the sanitary towel

★ SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY ★

NO BELTS
NO PADS
NO PINS



The thousands of women who now use Tampax have found new freedom.

A new method of sanitary protection has been perfected which discards completely the old cumbersome methods of the past.

Tampax adapts rationally and simply to woman's needs the best medical technique of internal sanitary absorption. It is a tampon of highly sterilised surgical cotton, compressed so that it is very small, yet highly absorbent. *It is worn internally.*

No more belts and pins and bulky pads. No chafing and irritation. Throughout the most strenuous day Tampax remains securely in place. *And you are completely unaware of its presence.*

Always you have the confident assurance of complete protection, of perfect personal daintiness. Tampax interferes in no way with the wearing of foundation garments. It eliminates odour by preventing its formation. It can be removed in an instant and is easily disposable.

Doctors recommend Tampax as the safest and most hygienic form of sanitary protection. Tampax is used by stage and screen stars, who particularly appreciate the new freedom it gives. A package containing a month's supply costs one shilling and sixpence and fits easily into your handbag. Small packages one shilling. Full instructions for use are enclosed in each package.

TAMPAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

TAMPAX IS SOLD BY Boots

Most good class chemists, drapers and stores stock Tampax, but if your local retailer has not yet obtained supplies, address this coupon to:

TAMPAX LIMITED, 10, BOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

☐ *Please send me the regular size package of Tampax, for which I enclose 1/6 (stamps or P.O.)*
☐ *Please send me a FREE booklet describing Tampax in detail.*

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

B.E2.

....

LIKE *Oil* ON TROUBLED WATERS

Vauxhall Independent Springing smothers ROAD ROUGHNESS

EVERY Vauxhall has Independent Springing—which means that every Vauxhall has the modern suspension system that has now become a standard feature of nearly all the world's most costly cars.

Drive an independently sprung Vauxhall. Test its smoothness on rippled roads and note the steadiness on corners. Pit it against your local "bad surface" and feel how "riding is changed to gliding" with Vauxhall Independent Springing.

Before you decide on a new car, try Vauxhall Independent Springing. Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to provide the opportunity, or you can write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd. Luton.

The VAUXHALL *Range*

10 h.p. Four. *The World's most economical Ten. Saloons from* **£168**

12 h.p. Six. *A Six at the price of a four. Saloons from* **£215**

14 h.p. Six. *Leads its class in performance and popularity. Saloons from* **£225**

25 h.p. Six. *Designed to meet world competition. Saloon* **£315**

Only VAUXHALL *HAS THESE FEATURES*

INDEPENDENT SPRINGING
for riding that is changed to gliding.

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE
with lively acceleration for safe good average speeds.

CONTROLLED SYNCHRO-MESH
for perfect gear changing every time.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION
for health and comfort.

THOROUGH SOUND INSULATION
of body and scuttle for silent running.

OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES
for power, economy and accessibility.

SIX PHASE CARBURATION
Fully automatic ignition for performance with economy.

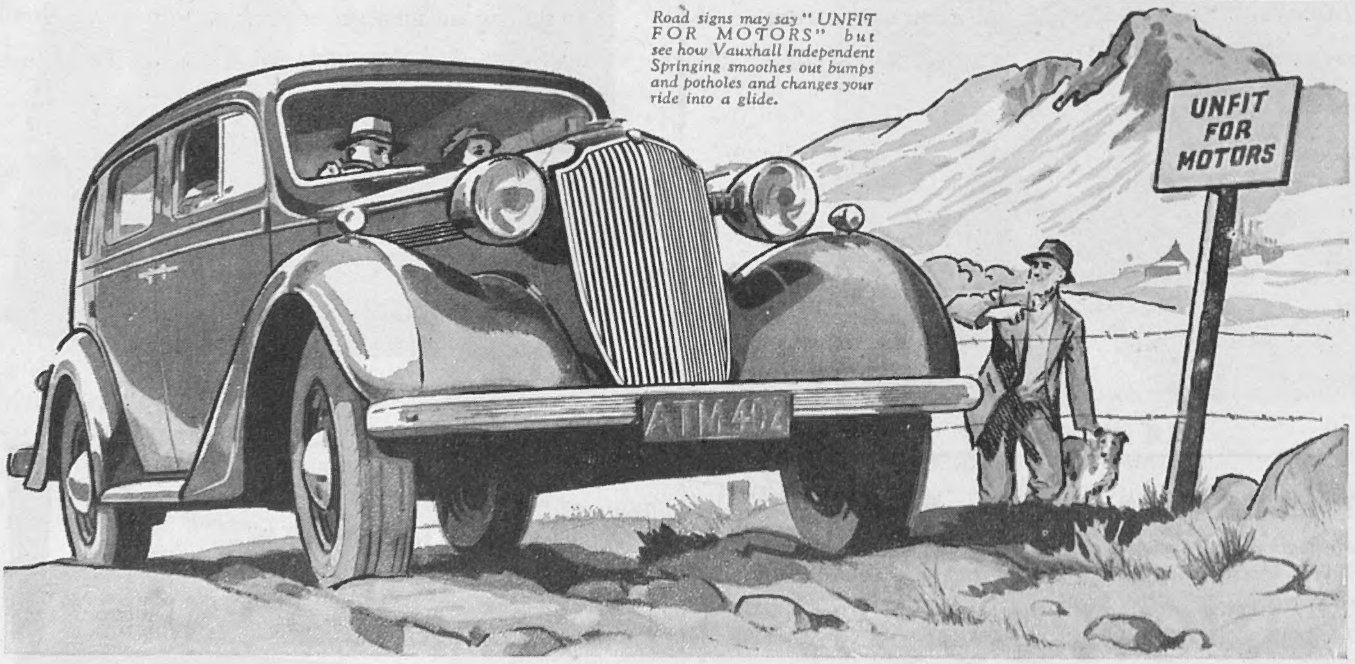
SPECIAL CYLINDER BORE LUBRICATION
for long life and low oil consumption.

DOUBLE THERMOSTAT CONTROL
of cooling and exhaust heated manifold for quick warming-up.

FINE MODERN COACHWORK
Wide doors—good vision—roomy comfort.

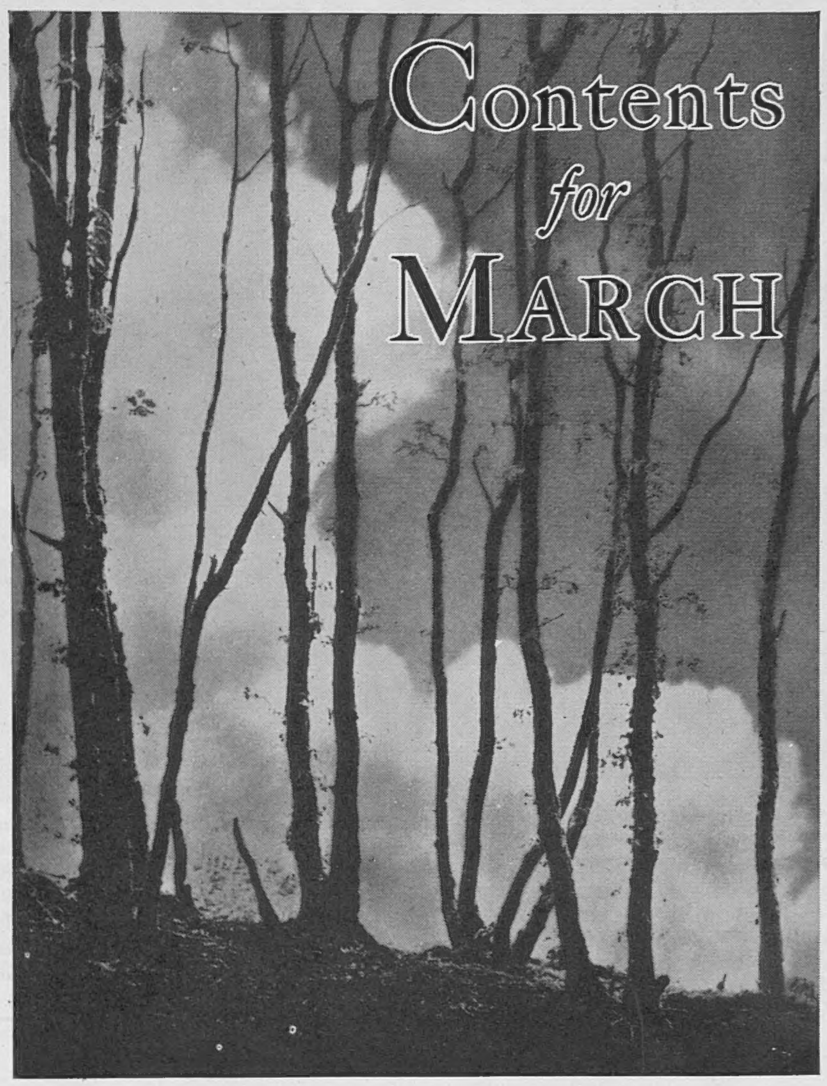
BODY CONFORMITY SEATING
comfortable, anatomically correct support.

MANY CONVENIENT FEATURES
Mechanical windscreen wipers. Self-returning direction indicators. Foot operated head-lamp dipper. Good luggage accommodation.


Road signs may say "UNFIT FOR MOTORS" but see how Vauxhall Independent Springing smoothes out bumps and potholes and changes your ride into a glide.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 3. MARCH, 1938



Contents for MARCH

Cover Design

by *Grant Macdonald*

Articles

Private Lives of the Dictators : by *C. Patrick Thompson* 12, 13 and 124

Bound for Eden : by *Margaret Moore* Illustrated by *Alfred Sindall* 18, 19 and 104

Behind the Scenes with the Crazy Gang : by *Margaret Chute* 24–27 and 96

Dramas of the Polar Wastes : by *Trevor Allen* 28, 29 and 93

Old Tales Re-told : Tribulations of a Queen Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 30–35 and 93

Tristan da Cunha : by *Harold J. Shepstone* 36, 37 and 76

A Page from History : by *Harry J. Greenwall* 41 and 102

Home Section

Linen All Over the House 38, 39

A Life of Ease : by *Baseden Butt* 46, 47

Personally Speaking : by *Jean Burnup* 52

Stories

Indian Love Lyric : by *Laurence Kirk* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 8–11 and 98

Very Big Chief : by *Arthur Mills* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 14–17 and 108

Ballerina : by *Tangye Lean* Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 20–23 and 80

Hard News : by *Evelyn Waugh* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* 42–45 and 117

Pay to the Shadow : by *L. H. Hart* Illustrated by *Kenneth Inns* 48–51 and 113

Home Section

Housekeeping for Two : by *Elizabeth Hughes Hallett* 53

The Season of Re-birth : by *Chrysis* 54, 55 and 112

Heat with Efficiency 56 and 122

Bathroom Luxury : by *Audrey Wrangham* 57

Fashions : by *Jean Burnup* 58–63

Ribbed and Yoked 64

I'll Tell You All I Know : by *Mary Young* 65

Spring Cleaning Sense 66, 67

Weaning the Baby : by *Louisa Kay* 68

Kitchen Queries 69

Better Cooking : by *A. H. Adair*
- To Vary the Menu 70 and 136
- Supper into Breakfast 71 and 136

How to Save Money 72

Confidently Recommended 75

General

A Little Play for March 7

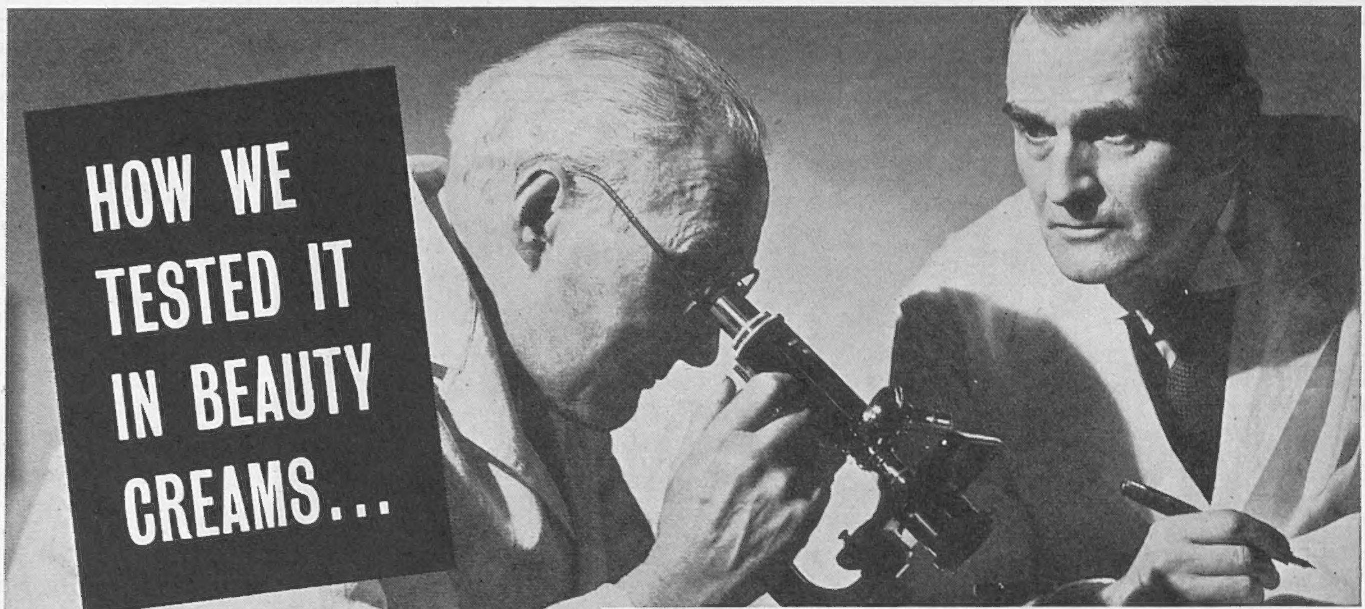
Motoring Section : Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 85, 87, 89 and 91

Books : by *Alan Seymour* 40 and 78

Spring and Summer Cruises 134

Germany for Holidays 138

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 138. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



HOW WE TESTED IT IN BEAUTY CREAMS...

LABORATORY TESTS were conducted for more than three years. They proved the amazing benefits that were received when the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams was used on the skin.

1 First, the tests showed that when the diet lacked the "skin-vitamin," the skin became harsh, scaly, old-looking. The microscope revealed that oil glands were dried up, cells were flattened, the under-tissues were shrunken.

2 Then Pond's Cream, to which the "skin-vitamin" had been added, was used daily for three weeks. With just these applications of Pond's Cream to supply the "skin-vitamin," the skin improved almost magically. It became satiny smooth, clear, healthy.

NEW! —*these Creams now bring to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"

3 Scientific observation showed what had happened: the oil glands were healthy again—the dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out—shrunken tissues were normal once more.

FINALLY women were given Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" to test—women who regularly used creams. They used the "skin-vitamin" cream faithfully for 4 weeks. Three out of four asked for more. They said: "My skin is so much smoother." "Pores are smaller." "My colour is fresher." "Lines are disappearing."

Exposure is constantly drying the "skin-vitamin" out of your skin. Moreover, too little of this vitamin may be reaching your skin. For, though it is in food, the body often uses it up. If your complexion shows signs of a deficiency in "skin-vitamin"—if it is at all rough, dull, coarse—then *today* try Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin."

FOUR YEARS AGO scientists first noticed that when one certain vitamin was applied to burns and wounds, the skin healed with marvellous quickness.

They found, too, that certain harsh conditions of the skin were due to lack of this vitamin in the diet.

They discovered why—this vitamin is essential for rebuilding skin tissue. It aids in making skin healthy and beautiful.

Pond's asked leading biologists to find out what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put into Pond's Creams. Research work continued for more than 3 years. The astonishing results are told above.

In The Same Pond's Creams

Now Pond's offer you Pond's Vanishing Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin."

Pond's Creams are unchanged except that the new ingredient has been added. Not Vitamin F, not Vitamin B, not the sunshine vitamin, not the orange-juice vitamin, not the vitamin from irradiation. It is the "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Every jar and tube of Pond's Creams now at chemists and stores contains this active "skin-vitamin." The creams sell at the same prices. You use them the same as before. In the same jars and tubes. *Today*, get Pond's with the "skin-vitamin."

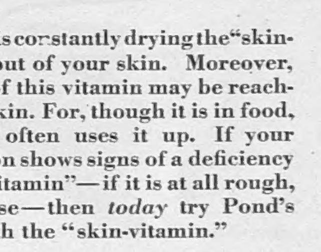
• • •

POND'S VANISHING CREAM softens and smooths the skin instantly for powder; nourishes; holds powder on. Use it before powdering. Leave some on skin overnight. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses, clears, softens and smooths the skin. Pat it in briskly, to stimulate the under-skin; it fights off blackheads, blemishes; reduces pores; softens lines; nourishes, smoothing out lines. Use it every night, in the morning, and to remove powder. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS

the Active "Skin-Vitamin"



Pond's Creams look the same as before. Jars and tubes are unchanged except there's a small SV on the label indicating that the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

"She's got plenty of reserve — on 'BP' Ethyl!"

FASTEST for cars

BP ETHYL

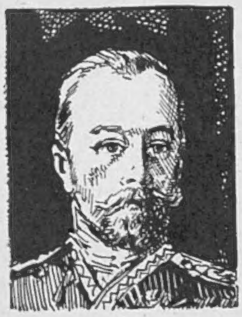
ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK

A LITTLE PLAY FOR MARCH

Russian Revolution Begins
March 12th 1917

SCENE I—MARCH. A badly-lit room in the house of the Tsar's Army headquarters at Pskov. It is early morning. Outside, the ground is covered with winter-worn snow. Seated alone at a small table, and dressed in the uniform of Commander-in-Chief, sits Nicholas II. In his hand he holds a letter; it is from the Tsarina in distant Petrograd.

"*Things are not going well in the city . . . but you must say to the workers that they must not declare strikes; if they do, they will be sent to the front as a punishment. There is no need at all of shooting. Only order is needed, and not to let them cross the bridges . . . Alix.*"



He is still reading the letter when there is a knock at the door and a Cossack ushers in an elderly general. He addresses the Tsar in French.

"*A telegram has arrived from Khabalov in Petrogad,*" he announces gruffly. "*The strikes are increasing. Nearly half the workers are out and raids on bakers' shops and police stations are almost of hourly occurrence in the Viborg district. Khabalov is worried because the Cossack patrols seem to be too friendly with the working people. He desires your direct command, sire.*"

The Tsar is looking out of the window at the dull March landscape. He continues to do so. "*Your direct command, sire,*" repeats the general after two minutes.

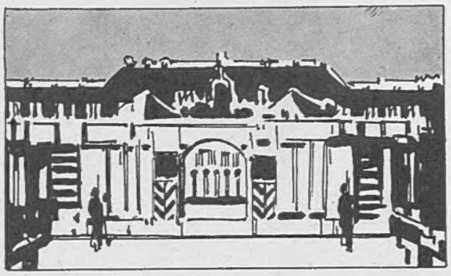
The Tsar turns slowly to face the general, gazing at him with worried eyes.

"*What sort of command should I give, I wonder?*" he asks.

"*Khabalov must use force with the strikers before it is too late.*"

"*I suppose so,*" says the Tsar, his forehead wrinkling as he nods. But when the general has gone he shakes his head in sad bewilderment.

SCENE II—MARCH. A corridor outside the Tsarina's study in the palace at Tsarskoe Selo, near Petrograd. An elderly lady-in-waiting has just come through the double doors. She pauses, with worried look, to speak with another lady-in-waiting.



"*It is the first time I have ever seen her show weakness,*" she says in a low voice.

"*Why?*"

"*She has just written this to the Tsar: 'many troops have gone over to the side of the strikers—concessions are necessary.'*"

"*But will the Tsar ever get the telegram?*"

The first lady shrugs her shoulders.

"*Not if it goes the way of so many of our telegrams . . . why, we are not even certain where the Tsar is to-day!*"

SCENE III—MARCH. A street corner in Petrograd. In the background the early-setting sun crimsons the tops of the great buildings along the quays; in the foreground a group of shabbily clothed workmen are standing.

"*It is dangerous to stand here on the corner,*" says one.

"*Why?*" asks a man in a tattered coat, too big for him. "*All the regiments are already with us—the Pavlovsky, Litovsky—even the Preobrazhensky have refused to march against us.*"

"*Then who did the shooting this afternoon?*" asks a third.

"*What shooting?*"

"*You haven't heard, comrade? Why, nearly two hundred were shot dead!*"

"*Yes,*" adds a newcomer, "*but not by the soldiers. It was done by cadets from the Guards Regiments with the police.*"

"*Not long to wait now!*" cries one of the men.

There is noise of rifle-firing in the distance.

SCENE IV—MARCH. A lobby in the British Embassy. Two men in civilian clothes are talking.

"*But I don't understand. Whom exactly is in charge of Russia to-night?*"

"*Nobody. The Duma Committee has selected a Provisional Government, but it's the Soviet and Socialist Committees that really count. All the Petrograd garrison are for the revolution, the Tsar is stuck somewhere away in the snow, the soldiers at the front know nothing about it all, the railwaymen won't transport regiments sent to attack the Petrograd strikers.*"

"*But what about the Tsar?*"

"*Two old Duma johnnies went down to try and get him to abdicate in favour of the Tsarevitch . . . the whole thing is one glorious mess-up, really Russian. Not even a revolutionary leader in sight. Come and have a drink.*"

SCENE V—MARCH. Midnight in the Tsar's room at Pskov. Ten generals and two men in civilian clothes are facing the Tsar. He is the least solemn of those present; he even smiles.

"*I have refused to place the responsibility on my young and delicate son. That is why,*" with a gesture to a paper on the table, "*I have abdicated in favour of my brother, the Grand Duke Michael. The responsibility of saving Russia is now his!*

"*Now please leave me.*"

Exeunt, leaving the Tsar by the candle-lit table. Presently, he begins to write.

"*To my troops. Whoever thinks now of peace, whoever desires it, that man is a traitor to the fatherland.*"

The Tsar sits musing.

"*Will they accept Michael? Am I really under arrest, I, the Tsar? Has my rule been so cruel? Ah, but poor Alix and I deserve our rest now. England—was it the Isle of Wight? Yes, and it will be nice to see Georgie and May again.*"

The stage grows dark until all is black; but there is no descent of

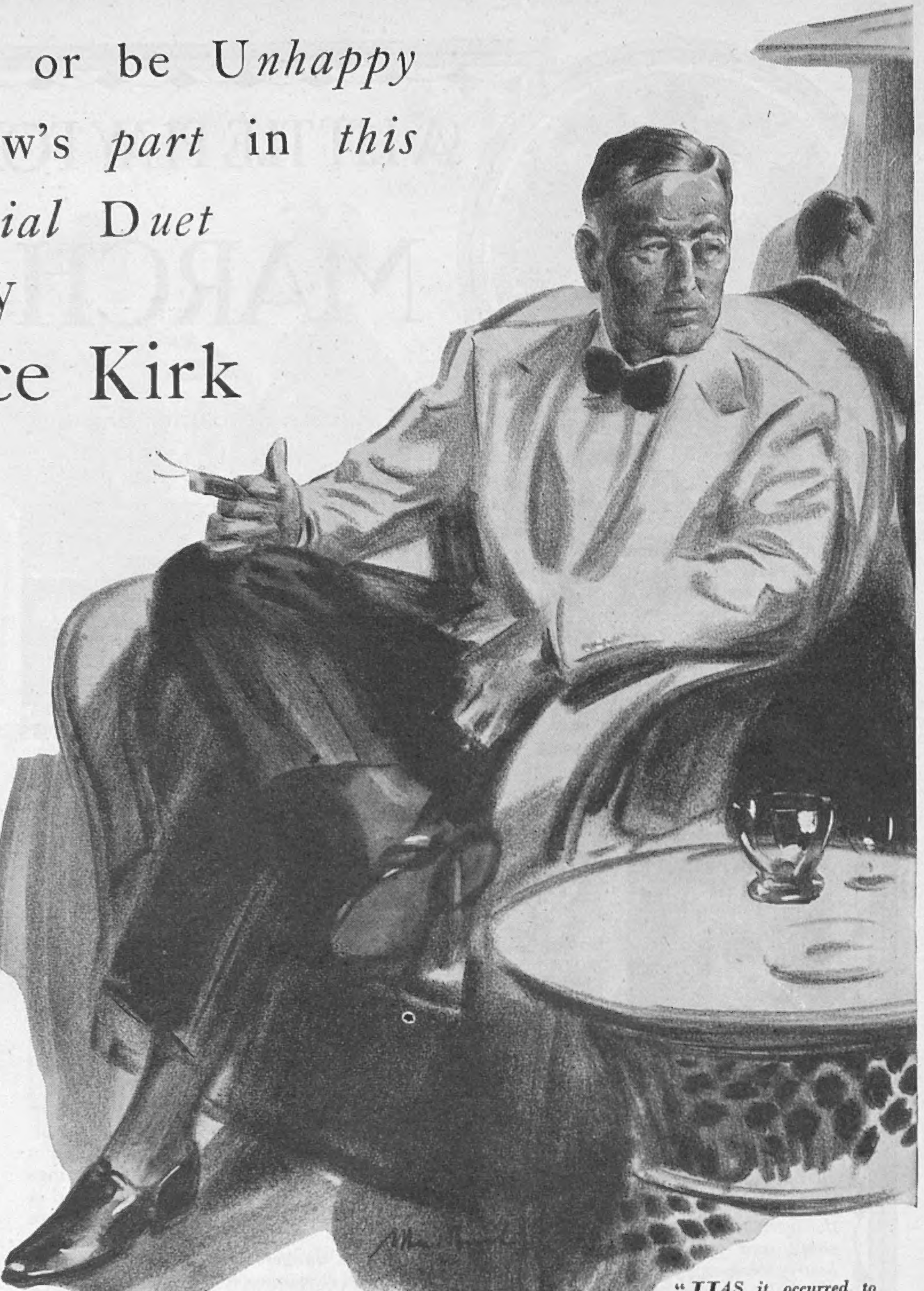
THE CURTAIN

To Lie a Little or be Unhappy Much was Andrew's part in this Matrimonial Duet

By

Laurence Kirk

Indian Love



"HAS it occurred to you that I might want to shoot him?" he asked. "I'm a rather jealous man, Livia"

LIVIA had never met with much resistance. Everything had always fallen into her lap. Wherever she moved men were always there, like a bag of cherries at her side, waiting patiently to be nibbled. True, she did not always choose the right cherry. Her first husband had been a rotter and she had had to throw him away after only a year's marriage; but fortunately he was the kind that expected to be thrown away and didn't make any fuss about it. Livia had taken all that in her graceful swinging stride, and now she had already been married two years to Andrew Cameron. A very different proposition Andrew from the deceptively charming Rudie. Nothing plausible about him. A good safe solid reliable person. Too safe possibly! Livia was looking thoughtful as she leaned over the side of the ship and gazed out into the starry Eastern night.

There was a man beside her, a shy, very handsome young subaltern, who was going back to his regiment after his first leave. Several of the men on board were like him just as several of the women, like Livia, were going back to join their husbands after spending the hot weather in England. Livia had made two stipulations when she had agreed to marry a penniless Indian Army officer. One was that she should go back to England every year and not into any Cats' Home up in the hills (she had an income of her own, so that did not make any strain on Andrew's resources). The other stipulation was that if they found they couldn't make what she called a "go" of it, they should divorce without any ill feeling.

Meanwhile the subaltern glanced adoringly at her from time to time. He had long since decided, even before leaving Marseilles, that she was the most marvellous woman of 1937, and she was looking more than usually lovely that night with a glamorous dress that showed off to perfection the golden tan of her skin.

That combined with the knowledge that they would all be dispersing at Bombay the next day had made him unusually bold. He had specially taken her to that secluded corner on the boat deck so that he might have the opportunity of pouring out his love for her.

And now he was finding, in spite of the starry romantic night coupled with the seductive warmth of the tropical air, that his love didn't pour very well.

"It's beastly to think it's all nearly over," he said.

She answered casually, still gazing at the horizon.

"Oh well, India's a good place in the cold weather, and Bangalore's a good station."

"I wish I were going to Jhansi with you."

"Jhansi's not much catch if you only knew!"

"No, I dare say not. . . . But I mean. . . . You. . . . I mean. . . . I say, can I do anything for you at Bombay to-morrow. Customs and all that, I mean."

"Well, I expect my husband will be meeting me."

"Oh!"

"It was very kind of you to offer."

"Not at all—I'd do anything . . . I mean . . . I say, I really am coming up to Jhansi for polo week. You will be there then, won't you?"

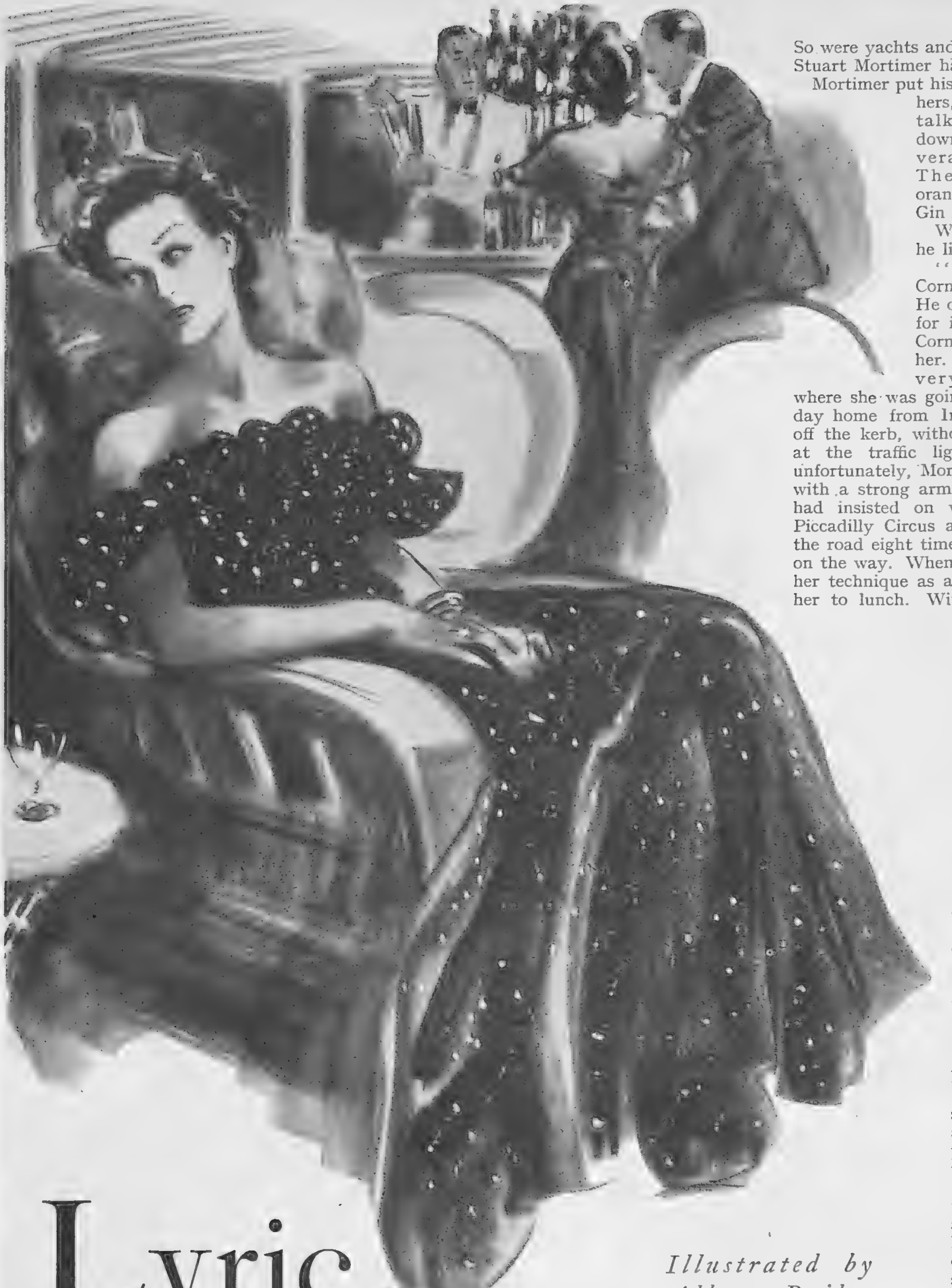
"Honestly I'm not at all sure that I shall."

"But you can't go away in polo week!"

"I may. . . . And now I really must go down and pack."

"Oh, I say. Won't you have just one more dance?"

"No really, I must get busy. I haven't



Lyric

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

done a thing yet. Good-night. It's been a lovely voyage."

She was now holding out her hand to him. He stared at it for a second, toying with the mad idea of sweeping it aside and crushing her in his arms.

But he didn't.

"G-good-night," he stammered. Then he went on, "I—I— I bet your husband will be jolly glad to see you."

With that he turned briskly and went down to his cabin. There he kicked his topee under the bed and counted his money to see if he had enough left over for a strong whisky. There wasn't, and he sat disconsolately down on the bed, murmuring: "Damn it, muffed it again."

LIVIA after all did not go down to pack. She stayed where she was gazing at the phosphorescent waves for a moment, then she gave the rail three significant little taps with the knuckle of her left-hand, turned round and went down to the lower deck. There another man came up and spoke to her. He was older than the subaltern, so much older that the latter had never regarded him as a possible rival for Livia's affections, although he had often seen him talking to her. The subaltern did not yet know that a little grey over the temples was very attractive to women. So were yachts and villas at Cannes, and Stuart Mortimer had all of these things.

Mortimer put his arm casually through hers, and they strolled, talking lightheartedly, down the deck to the open verandah by the bar. There he ordered an orangeade for her and a Gin Phizz for himself.

When the drinks came, he lifted up his glass.

"To Hyde Park Corner!" he said shortly. He often drank this toast, for it was at Hyde Park Corner he had first met her. Livia had never been very good at looking where she was going, and her very first day home from India she had stepped off the kerb, without bothering to look at the traffic lights. Fortunately or unfortunately, Mortimer had been there with a strong arm to save her; and he had insisted on walking with her to Piccadilly Circus and making her cross the road eight times in a proper manner on the way. When he was satisfied with her technique as a pedestrian, he asked her to lunch. With his grey over the temples, his two Rolls-Royces, his voice that could be as caressing as Tullio Carminati's, and her own husband seven thousand miles away, it was hardly to be expected that a girl like Livia should not be impressed with all this attention.

For a while they sipped their drinks in silence, then he suddenly leaned forward and spoke in an earnest tone.

"Livia, my dearest!"

"Yes."

"You're not regretting your decision?"

"No."

"Not wavering?"

Livia shook her head.

"I'm every bit as strong minded as you are," she said. "As you'll find out in time!"

"Oh, I've found that out already," he answered lightly, leaning back. Then he continued in a more serious tone. "All the same I wish you hadn't decided to do it this way. What is the point of seeing him again? It can't do him any good. It can't do us any good."

"I think it would be mean and cowardly to do it in a letter."

"I'm not so sure about that. Remember he knows nothing at all so far. He thinks you're coming back to him; he'll be there to meet you."

"I know. That's exactly why I must see him."

"We could slip off the boat before he arrives, and go on to Colombo by train. Oh, Livia, my sweet, please just this once do as I say."

Once again Livia shook her head.

"No, I've got to tell him myself, and

let him abuse me if he wants to. I was perfectly straight with him when I married, and I'm going to be straight now."

Mortimer made a gesture of resignation.

"Well, what exactly do you think you're going to say to him?"

"Just tell him the truth. Say that however hard we've both tried, our marriage isn't a success."

"But perhaps he thinks it is a success."

"Oh Stuart, surely he must see! . . . I'll make him see. If necessary, I'll tell him I'm not a fine enough character to spend my life buried in an Army Cantonment."

"My dear, that's nonsense. You've a right to your own life."

"Anyway I'm going to talk to him."

Mortimer smiled at her rather grimly, and still looking at her, took a sip at his drink.

"Very well," he said, "you're going to talk to him. What happens after that?"

"He goes back to Jhansi, and I come on and join you in Ceylon."

"And supposing he decides to come on to Ceylon, too, and shoot us both up!"

"Oh, he won't do that," Livia laughed. "He's a real soldier. Duty first. Women second. Manœuvres are just coming on too. He'd never miss that merely to shoot you."

Mortimer did not smile.

"Has it occurred to you that I might want to shoot him?" he asked. "I'm rather a jealous man, Livia."

"Are you, darling?"

"Yes, I am. When we're married I'm going to keep you to myself. No bumping into strange men at Hyde Park Corner then."

"I didn't do the bumping," Livia said. She was looking at him searchingly as though trying to divine what kind of a husband he would be. At the moment she was rather excited at the prospect of a jealous one. Andrew had never shown enough of that vice: he was almost insultingly delighted when she made a success with other men.

"I'm jealous because I love you," Mortimer went on.

Livia laughed.

"Perhaps I'll be jealous too for the same reason!"

He just touched her hand and then stood up.

"Very well then, you've decided. You'll come on to Colombo by the next boat." Livia nodded, and he ended in that caressing tone which she found so enthralling.

"I'm going to take good care that you never regret it."

LIVIA had a lot of things which she might have thought over when she went down to her cabin. She might have wondered, for instance, whether she had really been quite telling the truth when she said in that lighthearted tone that her marriage with Andrew hadn't been a success. It certainly hadn't been a failure like the first. They had got on very well in a restricted way, and the restrictions hadn't been the fault of their love, but of the narrow circle in which they were obliged to move.

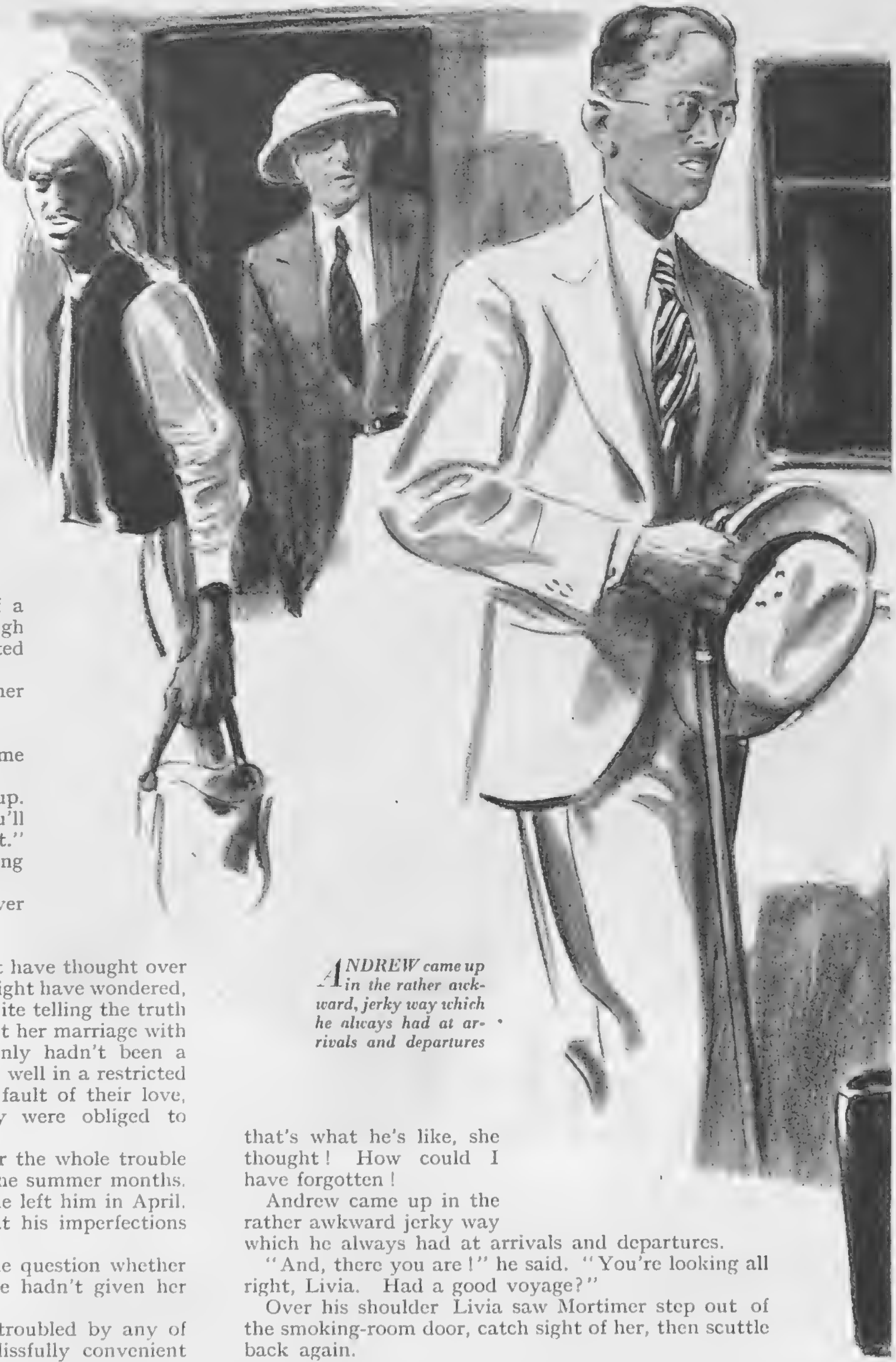
Again she might have considered whether the whole trouble wasn't simply this long separation during the summer months. She had been in love with Andrew when she left him in April. It was since then, during his absence, that his imperfections had become so accentuated.

And finally she might well have faced the question whether the ease and simplicity of her first divorce hadn't given her rather a taste for divorcing.

However, as it happened, Livia wasn't troubled by any of these thoughts. She had one of those blissfully convenient natures which see one side of a question, her own side, with startling clarity, and the other not at all. She was in love with Stuart Mortimer, and that was the end of it. If life insisted on giving her everything she wanted, she was the last person to quarrel with it. And now she undressed contentedly with a lazy yawn or two, and finally lay down on her bed and slept peacefully.

Later on she did wake up for a moment and found herself trying to visualise Andrew. But he wouldn't come to life before her eyes at all. Odd details of his appearance, some of his mannerisms were there: his rimmed spectacles which gave him such an undashing, unmilitary appearance, the wisp of hair that always broke loose when he became animated, the way he took his cigarette case from his pocket. But that was all. He was a dim, distant, remote figure as he appeared before her. Livia took this to mean that he had ceased to be of any importance, and she dropped back to sleep again as peacefully as ever.

But the next morning when she saw him peering round the decks for her, she found herself smiling to recognise how completely and abundantly himself he still was. But of course, that's what he's like, she thought! How could I have forgotten!



ANDREW came up in the rather awkward, jerky way which he always had at arrivals and departures

Andrew came up in the rather awkward jerky way which he always had at arrivals and departures.

"And, there you are!" he said. "You're looking all right, Livia. Had a good voyage?"

Over his shoulder Livia saw Mortimer step out of the smoking-room door, catch sight of her, then scuttle back again.

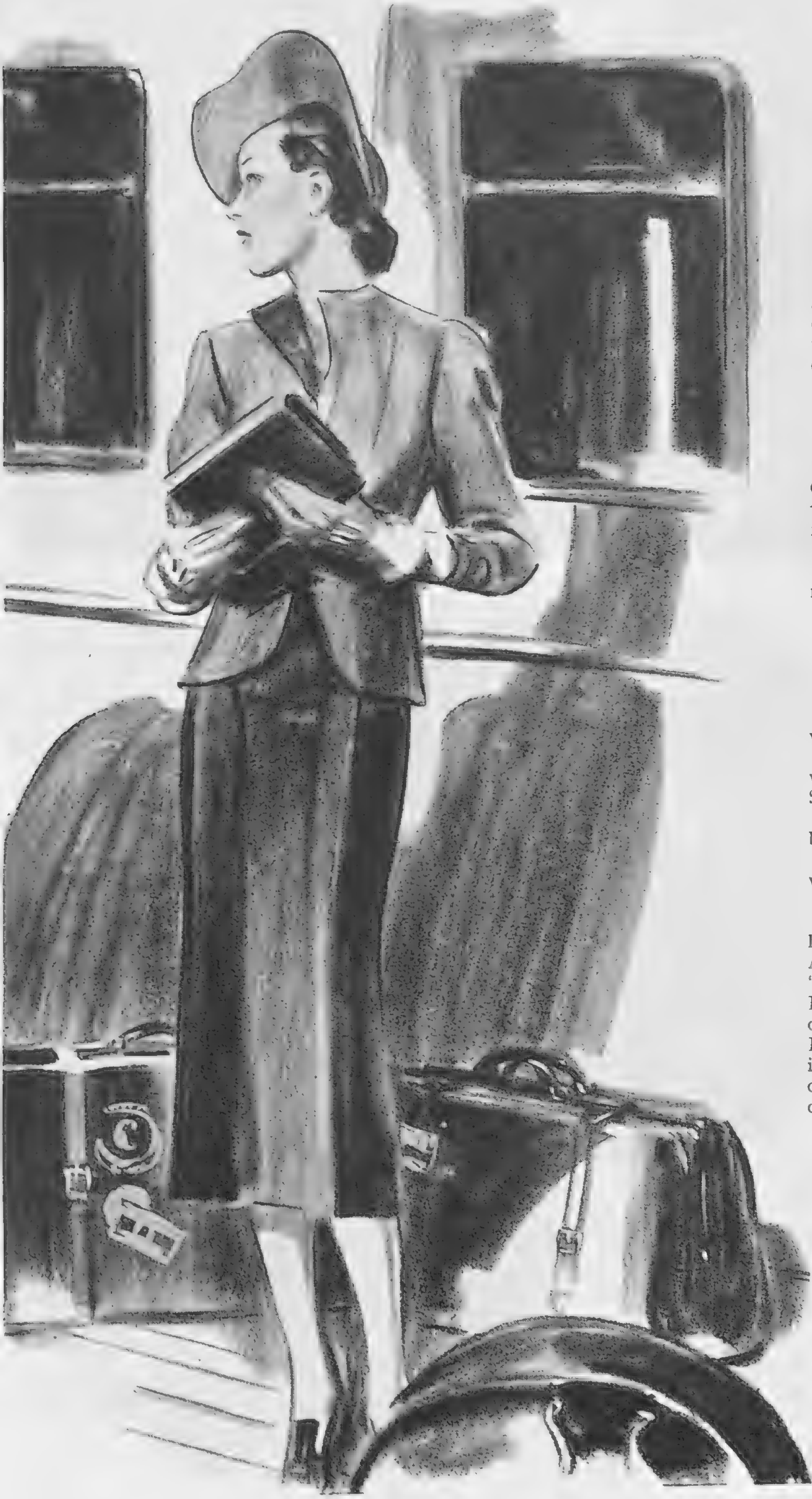
"Yes, it's been quite a good voyage," she answered.

LIVIA never knew how she got through that day at Bombay. Andrew was at his most awkward, and it seemed to upset the usual easy rhythm of her own progress. She had intended to tell him the very moment they got to the hotel, but the place was full of people they knew, Tony Wellings of the 16th and Peter Dawson of the Gurkhas, and they all had to exchange their news. After lunch she thought she would have an opportunity when they went up for their siesta, but Andrew had an appointment then; so that chance was missed. When he did come back he brought two more friends with him, and they all went off to the club and watched the tennis.

By this time Livia had realised that the telling of Andrew wasn't going to be at all the simple business she had imagined. There was a spark of something there that made it difficult. All the same as she glanced round at the army officers and army wives at the club, and heard all the army talk, she couldn't help feeling how glad she was that she was escaping from it all. And in spite of that spark of something Andrew was really behaving in a way that ought to have made it easy for her to begin. Hardly a word about how glad he was to have her back. All he did was to tell her disgusting details about his last bout of prickly heat, or else to give depressing lists of all the things that had died in the garden of their bungalow.

By dinner time, with the approach of night already hot upon them, Livia was getting desperate. But then at last when they were invited to join yet another party, Andrew did insist on dining with her alone. He even said he was damned if he was going to share her with anyone else after not seeing her all these months, and Livia gave him a shamed but grateful look.

They dined in the open on the terrace of the Tajmahal Hotel, and Indian sounds and Indian smells came wafting up from the streets below. At first their talk flowed easily enough; but with each new course it faltered more and more, and finally drifted into silence. It was then over the coffee that Livia took a pull at herself.



"Andrew!" she said suddenly, leaning forward. "I've got to have a talk with you."

She looked up at him and was surprised to see that he was leaning forward in exactly the same earnest serious attitude as herself.

"Yes," he answered in a hollow tone. "We've got to talk. I've been waiting all day for an opportunity to tell you."

Livia drew a deep breath.

"After all, it isn't as though this kind of situation hadn't arisen before," she continued in her best woman-of-the-world manner. Then she suddenly stopped. There was something odd about Andrew's attitude. It was almost as though it were a clumsy caricature of her own. "How do you mean?" she went on rather sharply. "*You've* been waiting all day for an opportunity to tell me!"

He was now fingering his coffee spoon.

"Something's happened," he said at last.

"Well, go on."

"It's something serious."

She glanced at him anxiously for a moment. Oh I hope he hasn't had some real misfortune, she thought, something that's going to make me sorry for him, and give up everything I want.

"You haven't had any bad news, Andrew?"

"No, no, it isn't bad news. It's good news. I mean. I mean."

"Andrew, for heaven's sake . . . !"

"I've met someone I like, Livia."

"Well, we're always meeting people we like!"

"But this was a woman, Livia."

"A woman!"

"Yes, a widow; she stayed in Jhansi all the hot weather."

Livia felt a queer sensation on her skin which was not unlike the beginnings of prickly heat. She stared at him in utter amazement.

"Andrew, are you trying to tell me that you've been unfaithful to me?"

He turned his coffee spoon carefully in a clockwise direction.

"Yes," he said at last. "I am."

It simply never occurred to Livia at this point how enormously this simplified her own situation. A practical woman no doubt would have said: "Well, that's all right, Andrew. As it happens I've found someone I like too, so we can both go our separate ways and wish each other luck." But Livia's mind didn't work in that way. It was instinctive, emotional, dramatic, incapable of this cold businesslike attitude. Besides it was really disgusting of Andrew to let himself be caught by some nasty cheap little widow who planted herself at Jhansi in the hot weather.

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" she was saying, and her injured womanhood echoed through the words. "Oh!" she went on. "And you said just now that you weren't going to share me with anyone!"

"Well, I had to get rid of those people somehow," Andrew said simply.

She gave him a freezing look, then for a while she adopted the rôle of the examining magistrate.

"How long has this been going on?"

"It started about a month after you left."

"Only a month after I left!"

"Yes, Livia."

"Couldn't you be faithful to me even for a month?"

(*Continued on page* 98)

Hitler. Lives now like a country squire, and does no more work than he has to do. Does not smoke or drink, but is not exactly a sparse eater

PRIVATE LIVES

Intimate Glimpses of those in Supreme Power

"DICTATORS versus the democracies! Dictatorships are a menace to world peace! Bolshevism is the bacillus of death! Fascism means the destruction of our freeman's civilisation!"

Et cetera.

The Anglo-Saxon world just now is filled with these cries. And one gets a mind picture—which movie cameras and news cameras confirm and extend—of an assorted group of modern Cæsars, uniformed, striding, taking the salute of marching legions, orating to the people in authoritarian tones magnified a thousandfold by microphones and loudspeakers, and making a great stir generally in public.

The picture, however, is only a moon picture. You look up at the moon and you have the illusion of seeing a whole radiant ball hung in the night sky. But what you see is only half the whole. The moon only exposes to the view of our world its public side. The other half it hides away in the darkness of space: its secret self, always turned away from earth eyes, which have never beheld what might be called its private life.

THE dictators are like that. The world knows much about their public lives, very little about their private lives. But they have private lives—they have their toothaches and stomach aches, their rows with the wife and arguments with son and daughter, their jokes and their nights out. They are, in fact, quite human, although the myths with which their propaganda men encompass them and they cunningly weave around themselves are designed to make the world, and especially their own folk, believe that they are superhuman; beings who, if they walk around among men, patting little ones on the head and wounded soldiers on the shoulder, only do so in the manner of a god condescending to mingle for a while with mere mortals.

Djugashvili—Stalin, to you—is easily the most mysterious of all the dictators. It would take a large volume to do justice to the private life of the boss of the Bolshevik. I have heard the most extraordinary stories told about him in Moscow, and the curious thing is that few of them are as bizarre as the authenticated stories of his early life as an underground conspirator. Last year, presiding at a conference of Red generals, he suddenly pulled an automatic and shot one of the men dead. The others remained silent and still. "He was a traitor to us," said Stalin, putting away his gun. The conference proceeded.

To an Anglo-Saxon, this sounds incredible. One tries to imagine Mr. Neville Chamberlain bumping off Mr. Anthony Eden during a Cabinet meeting, while Sir Kingsley Wood adjusts his glasses, Sir Samuel Hoare rubs his ear, and Lord Swinton blows his nose. The imagination, however, flinches from the fantasy. But, then, it is very difficult for an Anglo-Saxon imagination to picture and accept as real all the phantasmagoria of the Stalin purges.

YOU will see Stalin, in his Red Tsar rôle, at his impressive best on one of those occasions when he and his oligarchs are on parade in Red Square for a march past. There they are, the Red leaders, on top of the granite saluting base over Lenin's tomb, a dozen men lined up against the Moscow skyline with the Kremlin sprawled hugely at their backs and, on the lower dais, the military chiefs. Bearded old bespectacled Kalinin, Kaganovitch, the transport boss, Ordjonikidke, the heavy industry commissar, bulky Molotov, Prime Minister and Stalin's right-hand man—all wear plain clothes. Stalin alone among them wears a uniform—a plain drab military tunic and topcoat, as befits the autocratic ruler of the world's second largest empire, containing 170,000,000

Mussolini. Does not smoke. Prides himself on his fitness

Carmona. Has not even time for domestic life. He is a bachelor, and an ascetic

# of the DICTATORS

By C. Patrick Thompson

Stalin. The private life of this man is concealed behind a wall. He has some comrades but no intimate friends and lives in guarded seclusion

people of 150 different nationalities and the greatest unexploited mineral wealth on the planet.

The private life of this man is concealed behind a Chinese wall. He has some comrades, but no really intimate friends. In Moscow he lives in guarded seclusion in his suburban house at Gorki. Mornings, early, between seven-thirty and eight, he motors to the Kremlin. His personal bodyguards sit on either side of him in the car, a closed bullet-proof vehicle, moving at high speed. His car is preceded and followed by open military cars containing armed guards of the Ogpu. In the Kremlin he works, and if necessary sleeps in his private suite. His workroom is a big bare apartment, and he sits at a big bare desk, with a huge portrait of Lenin back of him. Work is his life, and his motto is : "The State is Me."

They tell a story of him in Moscow . . . at least, this is the tale told me by the Ogpu chauffeur of a resident foreign-correspondent friend of mine. An important Ogpu chief in Leningrad was awakened in his quarters at midnight by a sudden invasion of armed men. "Get up and dress—you must come with us to Moscow!" ordered an Ogpu general, who had come by special train from the Moscow command, at the personal order of Stalin. The arrested man spent six weeks in the headquarters prison of the Moscow Ogpu command before he was cleared of suspicion. He demanded to see Stalin. "I will see him," said Stalin.

THE man was taken through the relays of picked guards who block the way from the Kremlin outer portal to the private quarters of the dictator. Stalin rose to greet him, and offered his hand. The Ogpu man burst into a gust of reproaches and complaints. Stalin raised his hand and silenced the visitor.

"Listen, comrade," he said. "You see me here, alive. I am fifty-eight. I began my work as a revolutionary forty years ago. I survived the knout, the Tsarist secret police, six Siberian exiles, the war, our revolution, and all the plots and conspiracies against us between 1917 and 1937. I have not done this by taking anybody on trust! I have had to act first, and ask questions afterwards.

"I do not care for myself. But if I go, our Russia goes. The Germans will take the west, the Japanese the east, and a puppet Trotskyite government will take over the centre."

The Ogpu chieftain departed, completely reconciled, and told the story all round. It did Stalin much good. Maybe he knew it would or, again, maybe he was just being simple and sincere.

MOST of the Europeans and Americans who have talked with him have formed the opinion of a shrewd, intelligent man, reserved, talking little, uninterested in expressing his opinions, with an occasional streak of good humour. A man well aware of his own worth. In fact, he may lack culture, but he has common sense—that is, the common sense of a militant revolutionary who takes things and men as he finds them, has contempt for talkers, and intends to stay alive and on top in a country and among a half-savage people whom he understands.

Looking up from a plate of *boeuf* Strogonoff and giving the laconic order which put the eight leading Red Army generals up against the wall before a firing squad, means nothing to the man who in his twenties led the Bolshevik fighting-squad in the Caucasus, and on one occasion held up a Cossack-escorted load of money proceeding from the Treasury to the State Bank in Tiflis,

(*Continued on page* 124)

Ataturk. Works like a galley slave but likes his nights out

Mirza Reza Khan. Physically the most impressive of the dictators. Lives moderately and plain

Very BIG Chief

By Arthur Mills

"HE'S a what?" asked the great man.

The girl with superfine silk stockings glanced at the card again: "A Deputy Provincial Commissioner."

"What's that? A door-keeper, do you mean? Why should I see him?"

"Commissioner," the Secretary repeated; "he has come by appointment from the Colonial Office."

"Who made the appointment? I didn't." Max Schloss nipped the end off a cigar, tilted back his chair, and put his feet on the desk.

"I think it has to do with obtaining natives for crowd work for *King of Africa*."

"Well, I don't hire crowds; get the Casting Director on the phone; he may be interested."

Mr. Schloss's secretary tried to phone the Casting Director. "He won't be back till three," she said.

A page boy came in and put another card on her desk. She looked from the card to the soles of the shoes of the great man. "It is Mr. Gilbert Carew."

"Who's he?"

"He wrote the novel we are making the film from," the page boy whispered in her ear: "He has been here since nine o'clock," she added.

"What do I want to see him for? Ah! That reminds me," Max Schloss took his feet off the desk. "Get the script writers here at one; I want to have a story conference."

"They've been here since nine, when you said they were to come."

The great man looked at his watch. "Good heavens, it is a quarter to one. I must go to lunch. Have the script writers here at two; and get that waiting-room cleared out; say I'm in conference and can't see anybody else to-day."

"You won't see Mr. Dorkin?"

"Certainly not. I never see authors."

"He's not an author; he's——"

"I don't care what he is; I can't see him." Mr. Schloss went out of the room banging the door, leaving the secretary to clear up the mess.

The *African Adventure* of a *Film Producer*

She spoke to the two script writers first. "Two o'clock," was all she said.

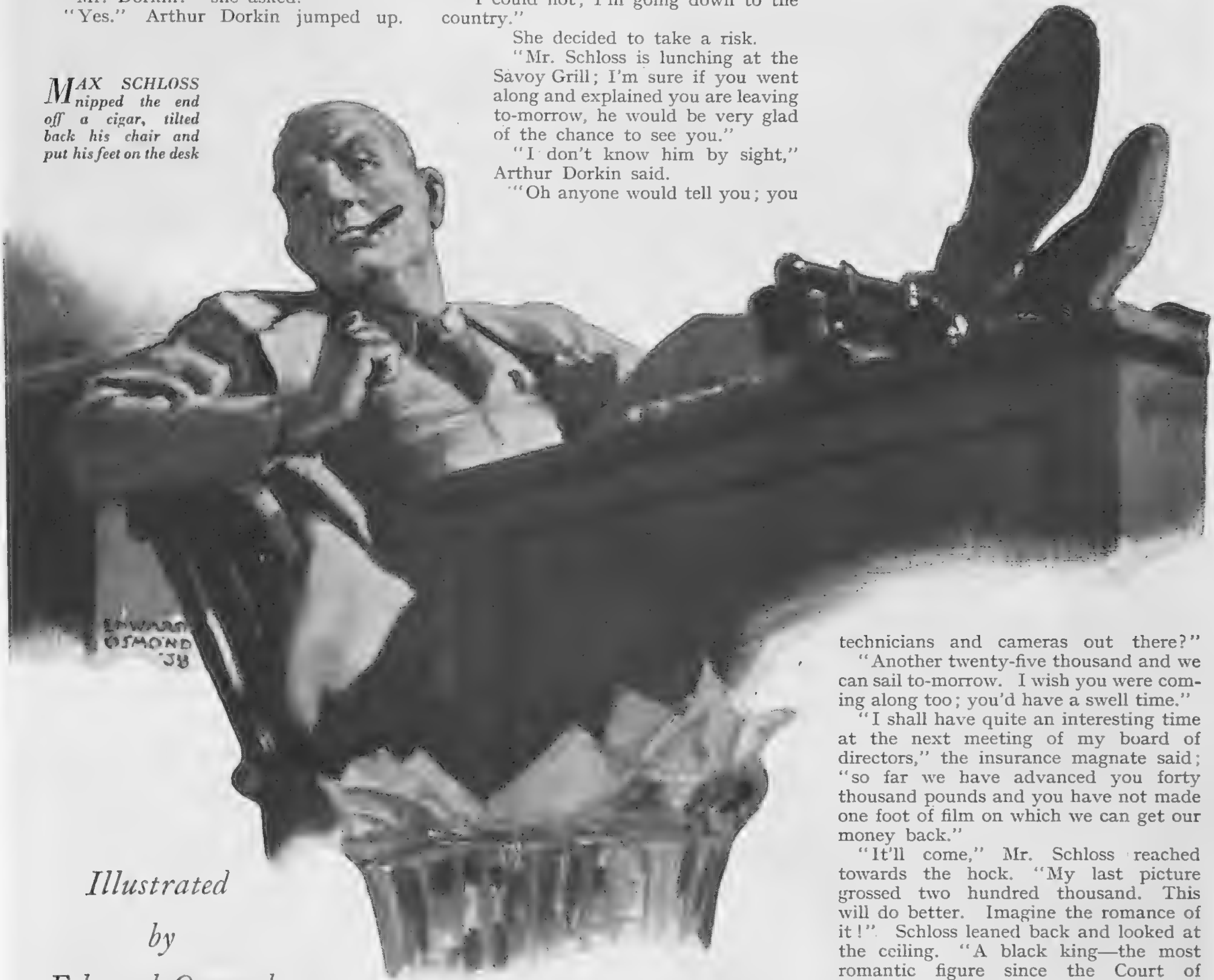
The script writers nodded; they had done nothing for two months but report at nine a.m. for which they each drew £100 a week, so it was all right with them.

Mr. Schloss's secretary looked round at the others, the novelist to whom the company was indebted for the story had left; but a man with a well-defined stomach, wearing a nicely-cut, not very new, blue suit was still sitting in a corner twitching his feet.

"Mr. Dorkin?" she asked.

"Yes." Arthur Dorkin jumped up.

MAX SCHLOSS nipped the end off a cigar, tilted back his chair and put his feet on the desk



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

The great man's secretary worked up an engaging smile. "Mr. Schloss is terribly sorry he won't be able to see you to-day, but he has a sudden rush of business and has to go to a board meeting all the afternoon."

"I've been here since nine o'clock," Arthur Dorkin said.

"I know you have," the secretary said sympathetically. (Nine a.m. was the stock time every one was told to come.) "And Mr. Schloss was hoping to see you very much; it is most unfortunate. Perhaps to-morrow——"

"To-morrow I am returning to Africa; I came at the suggestion of a friend of mine in the Colonial Office who said that Mr. Schloss was making an all-British film with scenes laid on the West Coast. I understand the company are going to make part of the film in my province."

"Oh yes, Mr. Schloss is going out himself; you are sure to see him there." The secretary reflected for a moment. This case seemed rather different from novelists and script writers. The unit was going out to the actual place where this funny fat little man lived and Mr. Schloss might want to talk to him.

"Could you come back this afternoon?"

"I could not; I'm going down to the country."

She decided to take a risk.

"Mr. Schloss is lunching at the Savoy Grill; I'm sure if you went along and explained you are leaving to-morrow, he would be very glad of the chance to see you."

"I don't know him by sight," Arthur Dorkin said.

"Oh anyone would tell you; you have only got to ask the head waiter which is Mr. Max Schloss's table."

"Well I——" Dorkin began.

"I should go along if I was you; I'm sure it would be a good thing."

AT the Savoy Grill Max Schloss was entertaining the managing director of an insurance company. The party was likely to be tricky for the insurance company's manager had the full authority of his fellow directors to tell Schloss that the company would not advance another shilling.

He had in fact just said as much when a bottle of hock, priced at 35s. on the wine list, arrived in an ice bucket.

"It will be the greatest story ever offered to the public of two continents," Schloss pleaded. "We are going to film the life story of the last King of Africa. Think what that means; he has got a hundred wives; we will show every one of 'em; two thousand warriors; we'll take a shot of them in a fight; witch doctors, medicine men, ju-ju! I tell you, it'll be a smash. In one scene we will have one thousand of his subjects do a dance out in the open."

"How are you going to get your technicians and cameras out there?"

"Another twenty-five thousand and we can sail to-morrow. I wish you were coming along too; you'd have a swell time."

"I shall have quite an interesting time at the next meeting of my board of directors," the insurance magnate said; "so far we have advanced you forty thousand pounds and you have not made one foot of film on which we can get our money back."

"It'll come," Mr. Schloss reached towards the hock. "My last picture grossed two hundred thousand. This will do better. Imagine the romance of it!" Schloss leaned back and looked at the ceiling. "A black king—the most romantic figure since the Court of Solomon."

The managing director of the insurance company noticed a short rather plump man walking with a certain air of consequence towards their table.

The short man came up. "Mr, Schloss?" he asked.

Schloss nodded, not very cordially; he was scared of strangers in well-worn blue suits.

"My name is Dorkin; I was told I should find you here. Can I speak to you for a few minutes? I'm Provincial Commissioner in the country you are coming out to."

"Glad to meet you Mr. Jorkin; I'll be seeing you out there maybe." Max Schloss turned his attention back to a plate of oysters in a way that made it clear the interview was at an end.

Arthur Dorkin stood irresolute; he had expected to be invited to sit down; he was not used to being treated this way. "I understand you are coming out to my own province," he said.

Schloss squeezed some lemon juice over an oyster. "We'll be along."

"You will need permits and carriers. I shall be glad to help you in anyway I can," Dorkin said firmly.

"That's fine." Schloss speared another oyster and popped it into his mouth; then he turned round in his chair with his back to Arthur Dorkin. There was no mistaking this gesture.

Arthur Dorkin knew people at other tables were watching; his high complexion turned a purplish colour; he shuffled from one leg to the other; at length he said, "Good-day, Mr. Schloss."

"What—er—Oh Good-day."

"Who was that fellow?" the insurance magnate asked, after Dorkin had gone.

"He says he's a Provincial Commissioner."

"What's that?"

"I dunno; have some hock?" Schloss took the bottle from the pail.

ARTHUR DORKIN left the Savoy jittering with rage. If that greasy film producer had struck him in the face with his open hand Arthur Dorkin would hardly have considered himself more insulted. He had been kept waiting in an ante-room the whole morning and then, when he presented himself at lunch time, he had been treated like an interloper. Now nothing outraged Arthur Dorkin, Provincial Commissioner of Kimpo, Gold Coast, more than failure to realise he was a person of importance. He did in fact represent the king in an area of 20,000 square miles; the officer commanding the troops had to put himself under his orders in case of emergency, traders had to report at his office on arrival in the province, doctors, missionaries and P. W. D. men were subject to his decisions, junior political officers called him sir, and the Naga Longa, King of all the Longas, the last existing semi-independent African monarch, was expected to accept his advice on all matters pertaining to relations between black men and white.

Arthur Dorkin strode to the Colonial Office and went at once to his friend's room. He related what had happened. "What exactly is the position between this film man and the Colonial Office," he asked.

"There isn't any."

"He hasn't any official status?"

"No; he is taking this film company out at his own expense; the Government aren't backing him in any way; I merely put you on to him because he wants to use your territory to make his film and I thought you might like to meet him before he came out."

"As he wouldn't see me I don't know what he wants," Dorkin said.

"Quite," said the C.O. official. "Well, there are no official orders that he is to be helped, beyond the ordinary routine of seeing that any white man travelling through your province doesn't come to harm. How has the old Naga been behaving lately?"

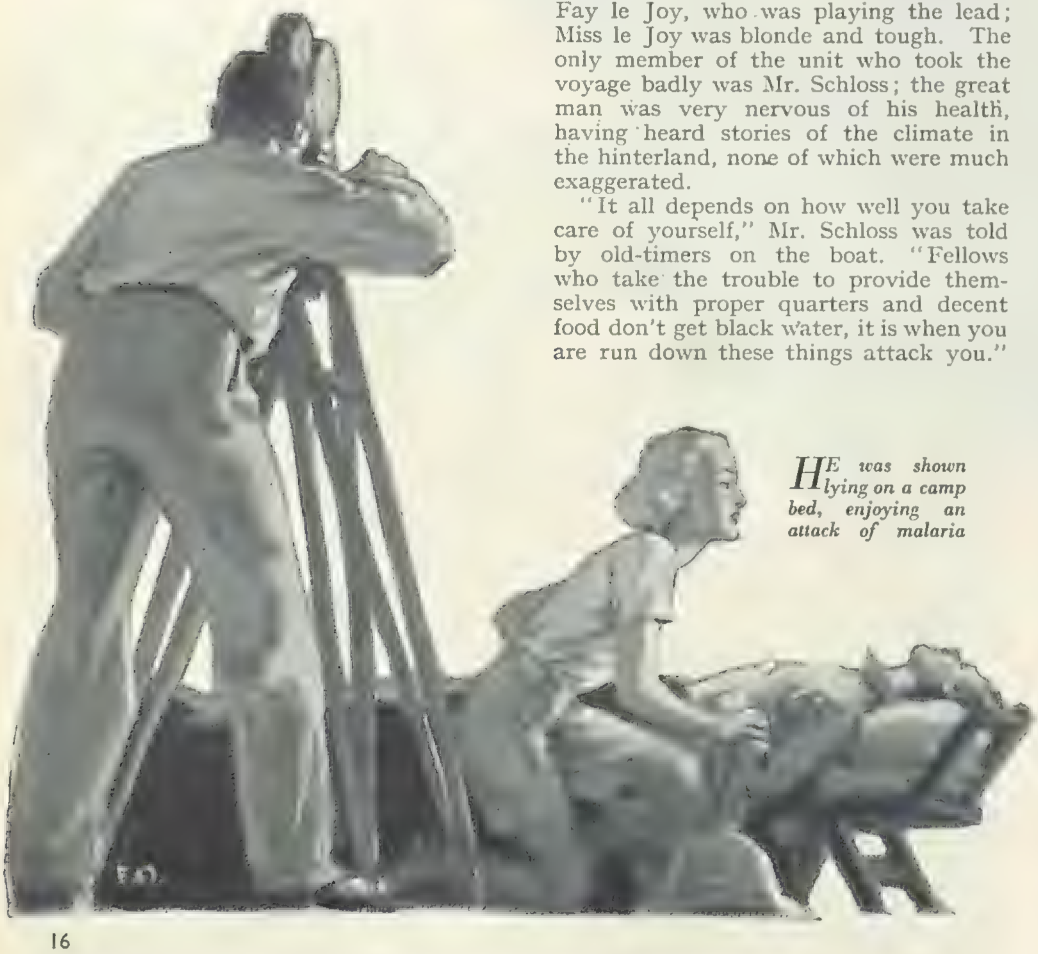
"Not too well; he has opened up that fetish grove again we closed down; Lord knows what goes on there; I wouldn't go into it myself without a company of infantry. If this fellow thinks he is going to make a film of the Naga he may get a set back; the old boy isn't partial to cameras."

"That's his show," Dorkin's friend said.

"It is," Arthur Dorkin agreed.

MR. SCHLOSS and his unit made a good voyage out to Takoradi. There was only one lady in the party; Miss Fay le Joy, who was playing the lead; Miss le Joy was blonde and tough. The only member of the unit who took the voyage badly was Mr. Schloss; the great man was very nervous of his health, having heard stories of the climate in the hinterland, none of which were much exaggerated.

"It all depends on how well you take care of yourself," Mr. Schloss was told by old-timers on the boat. "Fellows who take the trouble to provide themselves with proper quarters and decent food don't get black water, it is when you are run down these things attack you."



HE was shown lying on a camp bed, enjoying an attack of malaria

"How do I get proper quarters?" Mr. Schloss asked.

"Oh the Provincial Commissioner at Kimpo will see to that."

"What is his name?"

"Dorkin; keep on the right side of him and he'll look after you."

Mr. Schloss remembered the fat little man in the blue suit; he wished he had been more expansive, but figured that a case of Lanson and a cigar now and again ought to make things all right.

At Takoradi Schloss was met by his advance agent. The agent had arranged for the party to proceed to rail-head that day, stay the night and continue their journey to Kimpo in three cars with a lorry to carry their baggage.

"What's the hotel like at Kimpo?" Schloss asked.

The agent smiled. "It is a bush station, Mr. Schloss; there is no hotel."

"Well, where do we sleep?"

"They have huts for travellers; you've brought beds of course?"

"Beds!"

A secretary stepped forward. "We've got beds, nets, blankets, cooking utensils and crockery in the baggage, Mr. Schloss."

"In Texas we used to travel with a couple of blankets and sleep on the ground," Miss le Joy said.

Schloss turned on his leading lady. "This isn't Texas."

The unit proceeded to Kimpo. Three miles out, a youth, driving a car with a Union Jack on the bonnet, met the party. He informed Schloss he had been sent from the Provincial Commissioner's office to show him their quarters; then he led the party to a group of beautifully clean, thatched huts each furnished with a table and two chairs.

"Well it's no Ritz," said Mr. Schloss, scraping at the earth floor with his foot.

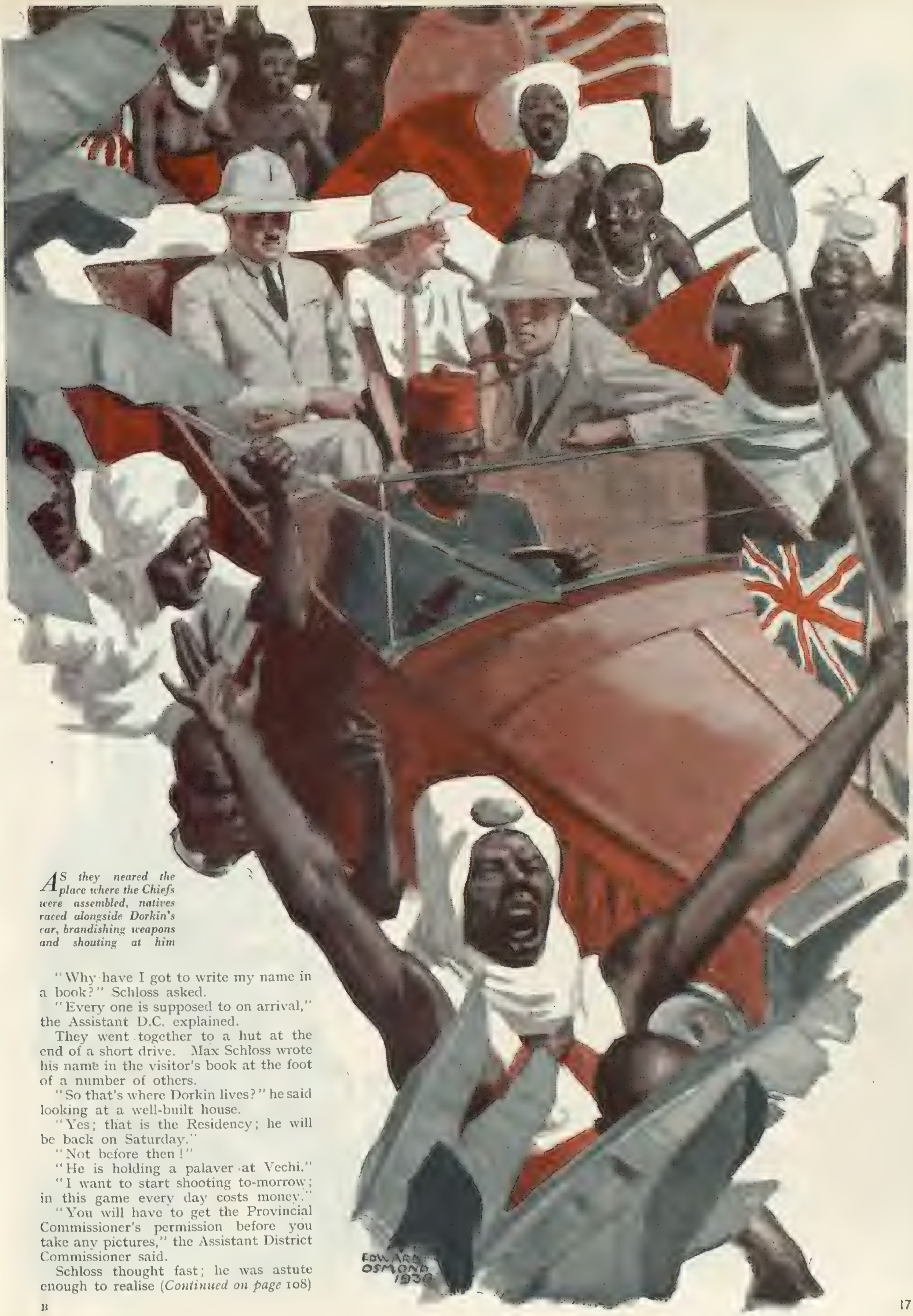
"Would you care to come and sign the book while they are getting your stuff in?" the assistant D.C. asked.

"What book?" Schloss inquired.

"Mr. Dorkin's book; he is the Provincial Commissioner."

"Oh Dorkin! I met him in England; swell fellow; I'll go right along and see him now."

"He's away at the moment, but if you just sign your name in the book that will be all you need do."



As they neared the place where the Chiefs were assembled, natives raced alongside Dorkin's car, brandishing weapons and shouting at him

"Why have I got to write my name in a book?" Schloss asked.

"Every one is supposed to on arrival," the Assistant D.C. explained.

They went together to a hut at the end of a short drive. Max Schloss wrote his name in the visitor's book at the foot of a number of others.

"So that's where Dorkin lives?" he said looking at a well-built house.

"Yes; that is the Residency; he will be back on Saturday."

"Not before then!"

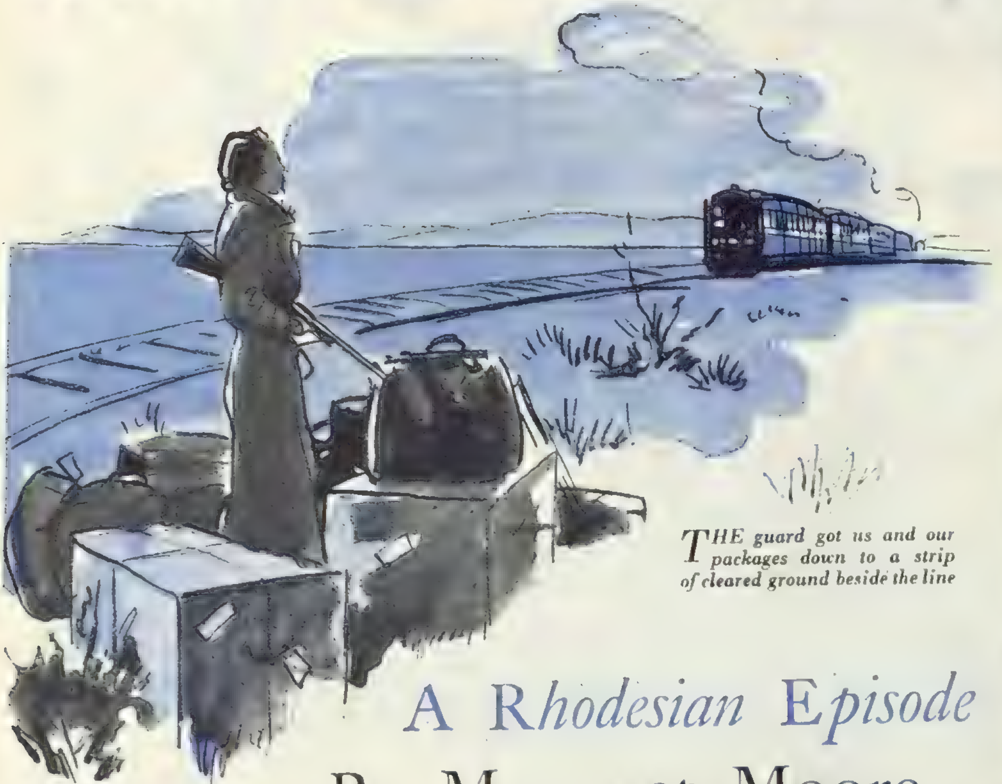
"He is holding a palaver at Vechi."

"I want to start shooting to-morrow; in this game every day costs money."

"You will have to get the Provincial Commissioner's permission before you take any pictures," the Assistant District Commissioner said.

Schloss thought fast; he was astute enough to realise (*Continued on page* 108)

Bound For Eden



THE guard got us and our packages down to a strip of cleared ground beside the line

A Rhodesian Episode

By Margaret Moore

EVERY year thousands of brides leave England for lonely corners of the earth. The bride-boats steam away with them to Shanghai or to Montreal, to Cape Town, Bombay or Sydney—no matter where. All these hopeful passengers are bound for the same port—Eden!

They wave good-bye to friends and relations standing on the quay. They look forward to letters and presents. Have they qualms? Of course not! They are only going home—and home is the lovely spot he has so often described in his letters. They have a photograph, of course. It may be a small mud-fort perched on a rock in Kohat, or a tin roof in the blue haze of the Australian Bush—for them the picture is Eden—"A Garden of Eden just built for two, with no one to mar our joy!" No one, indeed, with the nearest neighbour two days off and no telephone to bring her nearer.

What are they going to say about it in a year's time? Do they stop to think, when their new-initialled luggage has been disembarked and put on the train to go up-country, that other luggage is coming down—shabby portmanteaux with faded lettering? Soon the porters will be stowing it on the homeward-bound ship.

Do this year's brides wonder what the women are like who follow it up the gangways? Whether they look sorry to leave? Or weary and disillusioned, glad to get away from it all?

"My dear, it must have depended on themselves, whether they were adaptable," the new brides will say.

But it hasn't. I promise them it hasn't.

The least adaptable women usually make the best show. Once in Rhodesia I called at a little house of sun-baked brick. One corner had been cracked by an earthquake. The garden had been washed into a gully half a mile away. My hostess took me into her parlour. It had furniture from Tottenham Court Road, cushions of pink silk, and lace curtains tied back to show a few leggy sweet-peas wilting on the fence. On a tapestry pouffé by the empty fireplace she wrote letters as if she were still in Dulwich.

"Why do you go home?" she asked me. "You can get everything here, if you try."

Yes, she succeeded. And I failed. Why?

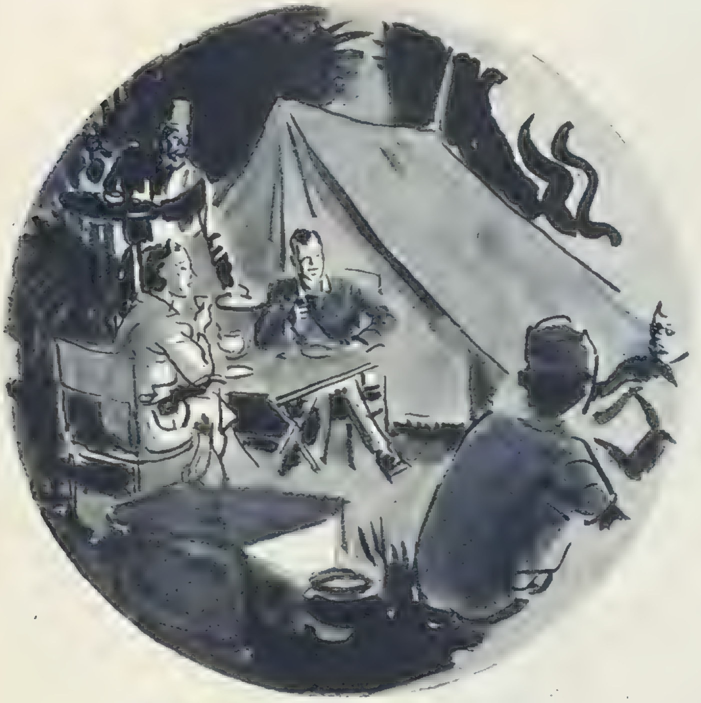
In a way, I was given a better start than she was. We had already been married a year when the offer came of a job in Rhodesia.

The offer, it must be admitted, was a wild one. My bachelor brother-in-law and two friends had bought a lake. It took their fancy when as soldiers they worked on a boundary commission between the Congo and Rhodesia. And now, as civilians,

I PLODDED into Eden alone with the trailing procession of servants and carriers behind me they planned to make their homes in this beautiful spot, and earn money growing scent. Essential oils are valued in ounces so precious that the heavy cost of carrying them through the African forest need not be reckoned. A profit of £10 an acre could be made growing orange-blossom, eucalyptus, tansy and other herbs. They had bought 27,000 acres (some at 1s., the rest at 2s. 6d. per acre). There would be plenty for all.

One of the partners was already on a farm learning to plough with native oxen. Another, more optimistic, was studying double entry. My husband and I were to bring out stores and machinery, and any knowledge we could pick up. I studied on a herb-farm, in a doctor's dispensary, and in a blacksmith's forge. We visited a distillery in Poplar, bought geranium cuttings in Grasse and rose-trees in Corsica. It was a relief when everything was packed. The blessedness of that long rest on the ship!

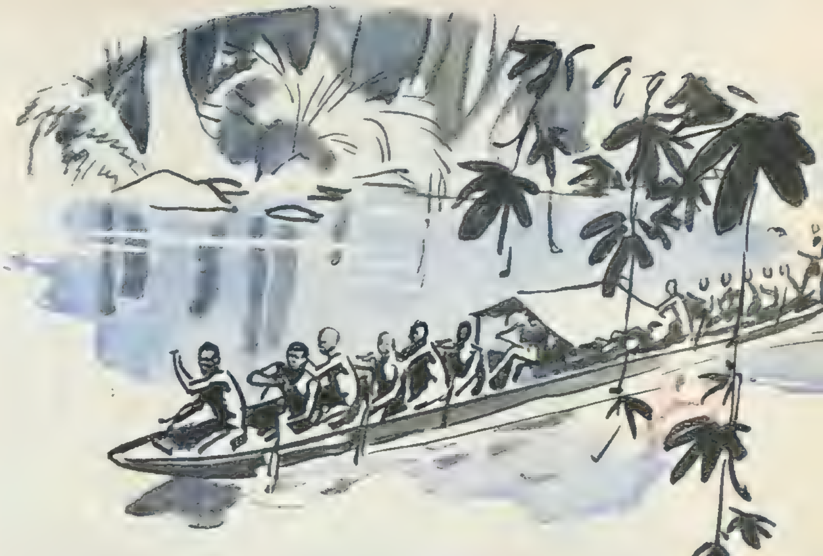
We sailed into Cape Town one divine morning in late November. We had time to see the big shops and make ourselves sick on delicious fruit before we got into the train to go up-country.



WE stepped out of the tent and dined off tinned stew beside the camp-fire

Day after day, night after night we travelled in the heat and the dust. Kimberley, Mafeking, the Falls, Livingstone—and still two more days to face! Then, at four in the morning, with half-an-hour to go before the train would be stopped for us at some halt with an unspellable name, my husband reverently took his 8 mm. Mannlicher from its case and began loading it. I remembered a small brother unpacking his butterfly-net at Carmarthen when we were on the way to our annual holiday at Pendine Sands.

Illustrated
by
A. Sindall



THE paddlers might have been figures in an Egyptian frieze as they bent over their oars and chanted songs

"You won't really have to use this, but keep it by you," he said.

The guard got us and our packages down to a strip of cleared ground beside the line. There was no station, no lamp, no voice. We seemed to be in a blank Universe when no Voice yet had said: "Let there be light." Our train drew out—a tiny tube that glowed as it passed, taking with it a last sixty yards of the world I knew—bells, lamp-switches, attendants, water in taps, doors and locks. My eyes followed it into the swallowing darkness. Then I waited for the dawn to disclose our Eden. What would it be like?

A wind rustled unseen trees—the African forest! There were lions, leopards, snakes! I realised that for the first time I was alone with my skin and my gun. I called to my husband, but he had gone to find someone. I couldn't even hear his footsteps. I put out my hand to touch our pile of luggage, and decided to sit on it. Instantly there came a loud hiss from under me. Something cold and moist lashed my ankle. I must have leaped yards through the darkness. My ankle was unhurt, but wet. Something rolled and bumped along after me, hitting my boot—a soda siphon! . . .

A lantern came swinging towards me, carried by a cheerful, red-headed young man. He was the agent who had been collecting our carriers and stores. He guided us over a hundred yards or so of uneven mud to his house. Not a mansion, but it *was* four walls and a roof, and I was glad to be inside it.

I helped to get breakfast—tea, bacon, home-made bread. He reached for a jug set to cool outside the window.

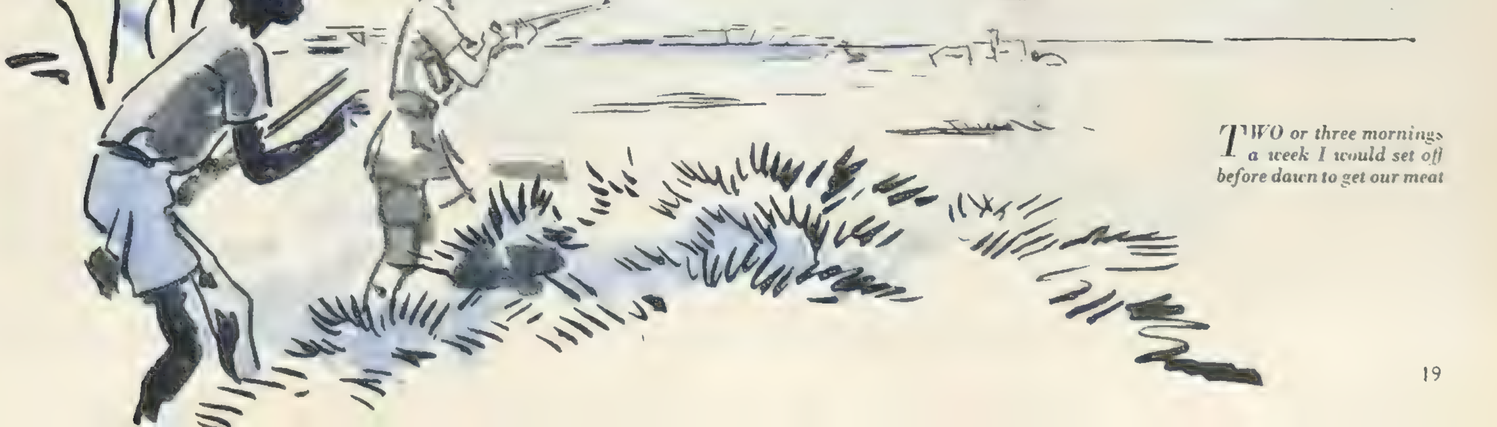
"Oh, hell!" he shouted, "a hyena has drunk the milk!"

After we had eaten, we asked our way. He brought a map and I was thrilled when he pointed to a spot marked with a red circle.

"Look—you only have an easy four-and-a-half days on the main road—ten days on the river—say five more through the forest to your lake."

The main road had an encouraging sound. It proved to be five inches wide—a mere trail worn by the bare feet of generations of natives padding through the forest. But my husband set off on his bicycle as confidently as if he were on the Edgware Road.

By day the forest was not alarming. The trees here were small and gnarled, with moss and stones between them. It was like a woodland scene in a pantomime. My husband, on his bicycle, dwindled and then vanished in the grey distance. So I plodded into Eden alone with the trailing procession of servants and carriers behind me. *(Continued on page 104)*



TWO or three mornings a week I would set off before dawn to get our meat

BALLERINA

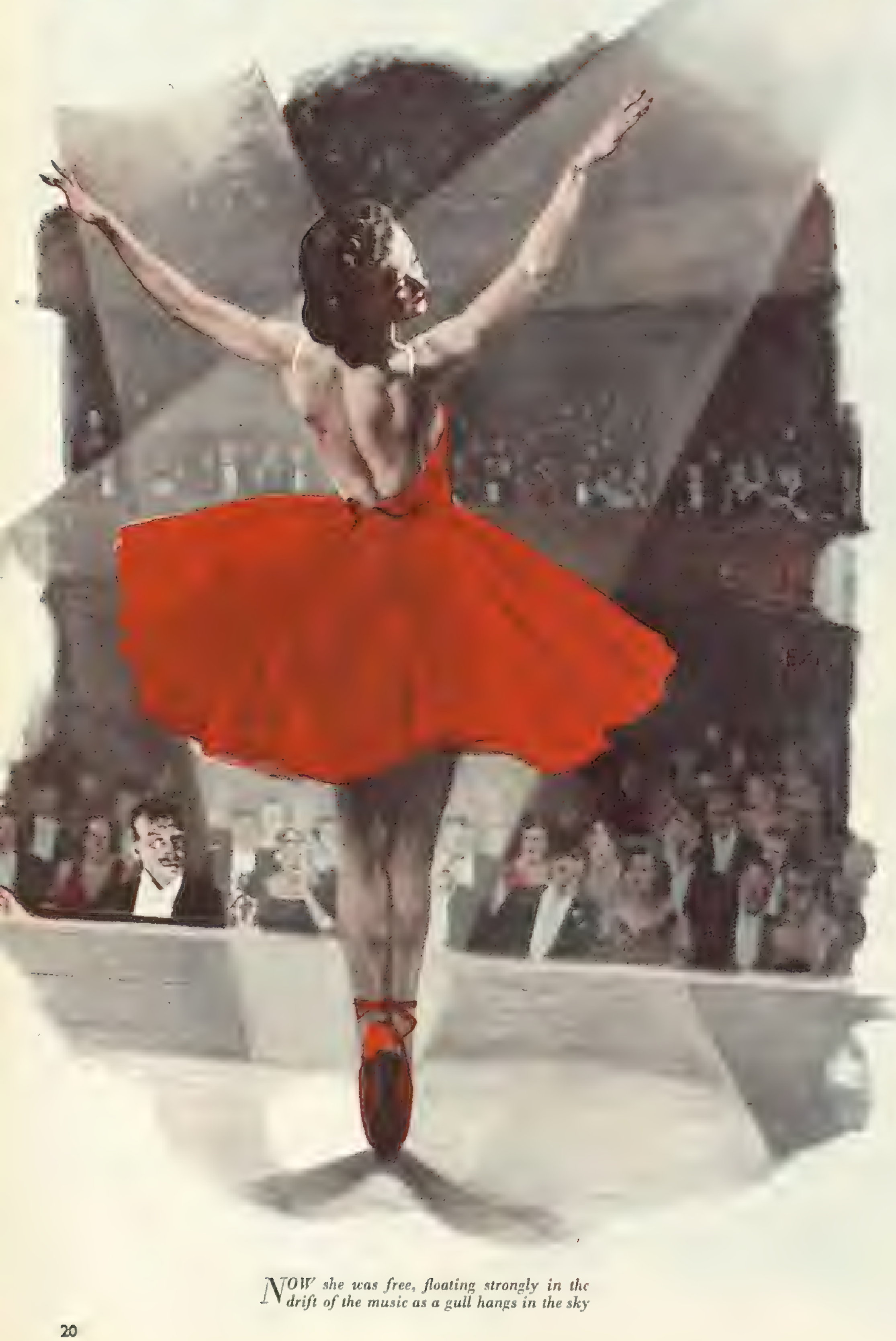
Natásha's *Faded* Youth

THE distant crescendo of the orchestra told her as soon as she came out of her dressing room that there was no need to hurry, but she did hurry, fluttering down the passages as if she had already missed the entry and flicking at the creases of her skirt as though little Sonya had not gone over them twice with her long competent fingers to allay her fears. But that was what she distrusted about Sonya, her calmness, the competence she managed to suggest with every movement, it was all directed to reassuring her as a doctor might reassure a panic-stricken invalid, whereas the only reassurance she wanted, she kept insisting, was the knowledge that her costume and make-up were perfect. Sonya was sometimes very dense. Cornered and picked on for some specific point, the cross tapes of her shoes, a strain on her tights, instead of seeing to it at once she surrounded her more generously than ever with unwanted words of comfort. It was maddening, and as she hurried round to the right, past the SMOKING FORBIDDEN notice, each flick she gave to her dress was a denunciation of Sonya's impertinence.

The bass strings were still tumbling and lifting below the tumult of the brass as she reached the wings. The repetition of this moment over thirty years had told her exactly how long she had to wait before her rapid flight of steps should invade the silence of the stage. She liked to hold back till the last, last moment possible, the diver heightening the beauty of his plunge, vaguely conscious that out there in the black sea of faces people were whispering: "It's Natásha—I think."

And now the subject of her irritation changed from Sonya to something urgent and physical trembling in the air around her. It was as if the fierce white glare of the lights sunk in the stage fifty feet in front of her, joined with the slowly swinging beams of the spotlights and the shafts which pointed down from the front wings, and all of them together had become the eyes of the audience fixed mercilessly on her body. In her youth, knowing its perfection, that had tightened her limbs into a single coherent instrument, brought her already conscious of her power into the first steps of the *adagio*. But now it was more complex. Even in the soft yellow light of her dressing-room she could see the parallel lines coursing deeply below the powder on her forehead, and there was a queer limp look about the skin, as if the blood had been withdrawn, leaving it fixed and changed for eternity. And she would close her eyes for a moment, to open them again suddenly, trying to look at it impartially as a stranger might who had no fixed ideas already on what he would discover. Then, for a moment, she was relieved and seemed to see the same feature that had smiled out from the pages of European magazines for twenty years. But even while she looked and spoke soothing words to herself, she noticed that her eyes had caught a fresh detail on the reflected face; she tried to avert them as from a horror, but something forced them back bringing, now, her whole mind with them, so that she bent almost hungrily forward to see more closely. Then slightly turning her head into a three-quarters profile she noticed, perhaps, that a tiny group of downward pointing marks like arrows had appeared where the skin of her cheek dropped downwards from the ear.

So the glare of these lights that once had been a joy was now more dangerous. On bad nights when



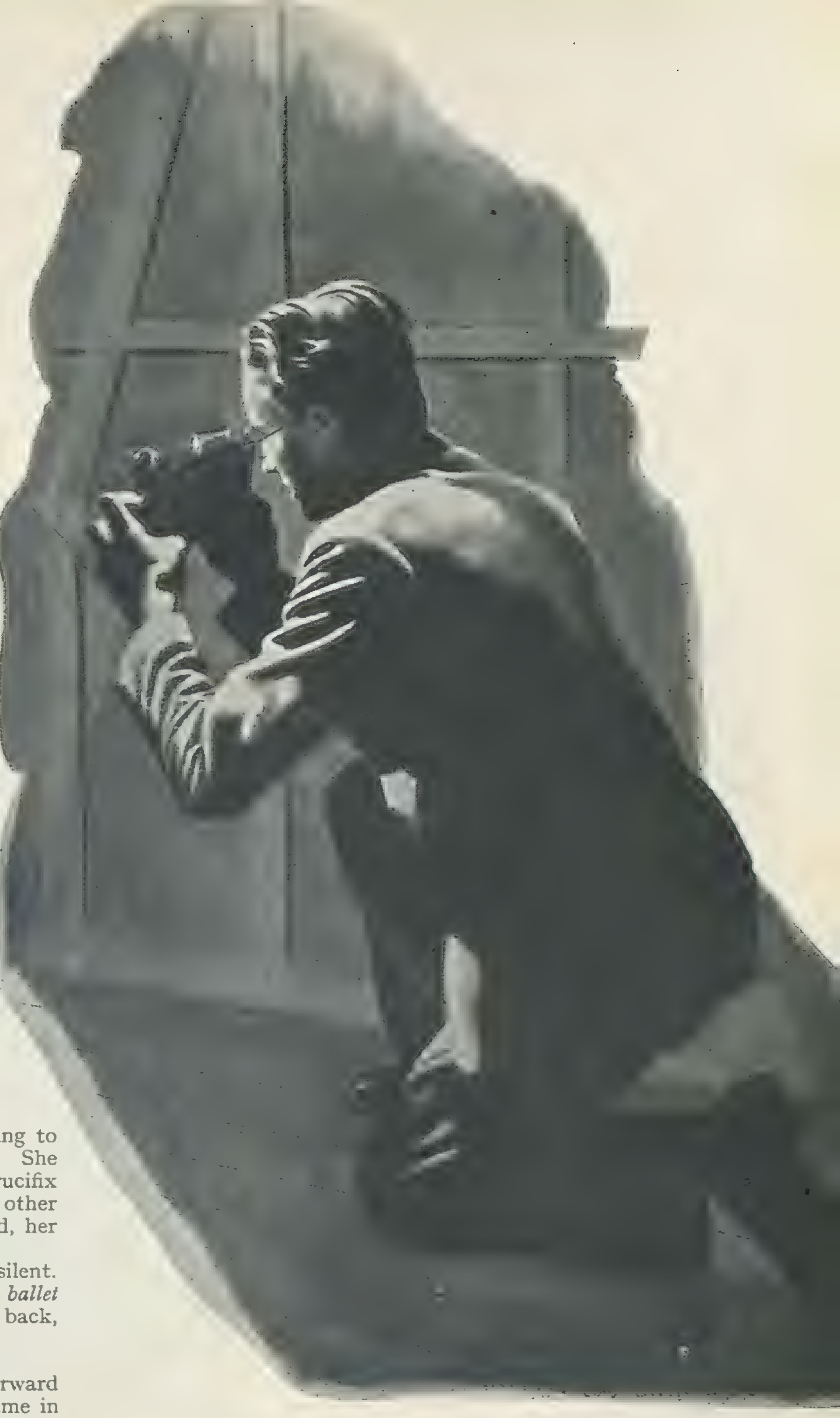
NOW she was free, floating strongly in the drift of the music as a gull hangs in the sky she was depressed she had almost to shout against them as if engaged in some nightmare argument with herself. Her arguments were true, part of herself knew that, but something else inside her stayed obstinately unconvinced. No doubt, she said to herself, the lights here were a hundred times stronger than in her dressing-room, but the audience was a hundred times further away, even the front row of the stalls beyond the orchestra beyond the fore-stage and the footlights was two hundred feet from where she danced, and on her good nights it seemed as if the controlled uproar of the orchestra was in itself a tangible curtain of gauze which protected her. And her body, she thought to-night, it was there where the spotlights met the sidelights and the footlights, and her face was not isolated, but merged into it like a limb.

S*wan* Song *was* and F*aded* Glory

By Tangye Lean

But more potent than these arguments was the ritual she was already performing with her legs. Raising first one, then the other, feeling the knee lifted high, turned outwards, then two deliberate beats with the foot which touched lightly the supporting leg like a reassuring caress. Her torso bent forward and back, and she seemed to stand aside and watch with a new calm as if she had satisfied some urgent demand. The orchestra's theme was now careering to its end and in a moment everything would be quiet. She pressed the little finger of her left-hand against the gold crucifix which lay hidden between her breasts, and with the other slowly crossed herself as she always did, her eyes lowered, her mind all but free now from the weight oppressing it.

Her time was now. The auditorium was tense and silent. On the stage she could hear the shuffling of the *corps de ballet* as they changed position. One moment longer she held back, then fled into the lights.



IN the wings opposite Sonya, a man crouching slightly forward had his hands up to his face and pivoted round as she danced. She was being photographed

THE middle-aged music critic who leant slightly forward in his box at that moment had come in late. He came in late so regularly that the press-agent who watched over the fortunes of the ballet had found it necessary many years ago to safeguard the temper of the audience surrounding his seat by giving him a box. But A. A., as he signed his reviews, would have felt wronged if anyone had accused him of chronic unpunctuality, for he was aware of no general tendency in his behaviour, only of isolated situations which made a delay advisable that particular time. To-night, as an instance, he had been dining with his son. Twenty-two year old Miles, he suspected, had inherited none of his own somewhat uncreative but certainly artistic gifts. He worked solidly at the final examination which was to qualify him as a Chartered Accountant, and remained in many ways a mystery. A. A. found it more difficult than he cared to admit to understand him, partly because he had high standards of understanding, and demanded of a person that he should be able to feel his way into them as he did into a symphony, exploring with a welcome feeling of certainty the development of a theme, recognising the full and logical implications of a final movement. And in this he was much less successful with Miles than with a composer he scarcely knew, for some irrelevant gesture, a sharp movement of his hand, a redness about his face, would fix his attention and block the path. A peculiar state of relaxation was what he needed, a state which could not be commanded, but which sometimes amid favouring circumstances opened out in front of him like the dawn of a perfectly fine day in March. It had come this evening as they sat together over their brandy in the Coq Doré.

"We'll go behind afterwards and see Natásha," he had said, and felt a little sheepish because he was implying that they were free to go or not, as they wished, whereas he knew she required it of him.

But Miles for some reason was sympathetic. "That'll be nice," he said. "I should like to meet her again."

And A. A. was suddenly more relieved than he could say. For on the rare occasions that they agreed, it was as if some tension were relaxed at the inside of his throat. Normally he could hear Beethoven assaulted or Conservatism or Corot, and the arguments in their defence would stay paralysed at the root of his tongue; he would refuse to talk about them, jolting the conversation off on to other lines, only retaining in himself the conviction, like a load of guilt, that their justification existed. But Natásha had a quite peculiarly unstable place in his loyalties. Coming out of the theatre to a bar in the interval, he would perhaps overhear some balletomane expounding her greatness, her historical position, to a newcomer.

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

Then he swallowed the words eagerly, even pretending to be pushed against the speaker by the crowd, for he knew that his notice would be restrainedly enthusiastic, and what he heard seemed to cancel out the bias of his friendship. (Natásha kept press cuttings, and twice had shown him the ecstatic enthusiasms that her influence had inspired in Latin critics.) But those words did far more than justify his reviews; they restored her youth and prestige, annihilated the twenty years that had passed since a war-strangled Europe had raised her almost to the pedestal of a Madonna. It was true that she herself did everything she could to foster this vision—by the indifference she showed to the number of bouquets in her dressing-room, the casual reference to an invitation from a peer—but coming from her own lips and seeming to him evidently calculated, it had the opposite effect and could only remind him of the days when she frankly loved the profusion of a florist's shop which was her dressing-room.

YET the damage she might do her own cause by pleading it, was nothing to that wretched time when he had brought Miles (perhaps his motive had been that Natásha was not dancing that night, so he risked no assault) and they had met her in the foyer at the first interval. Miles had not recognised her, and saw only in that expression of almost savage delight, with which she greeted his father, the irritating relief of a lonely and unattractive woman on seeing an acquaintance.

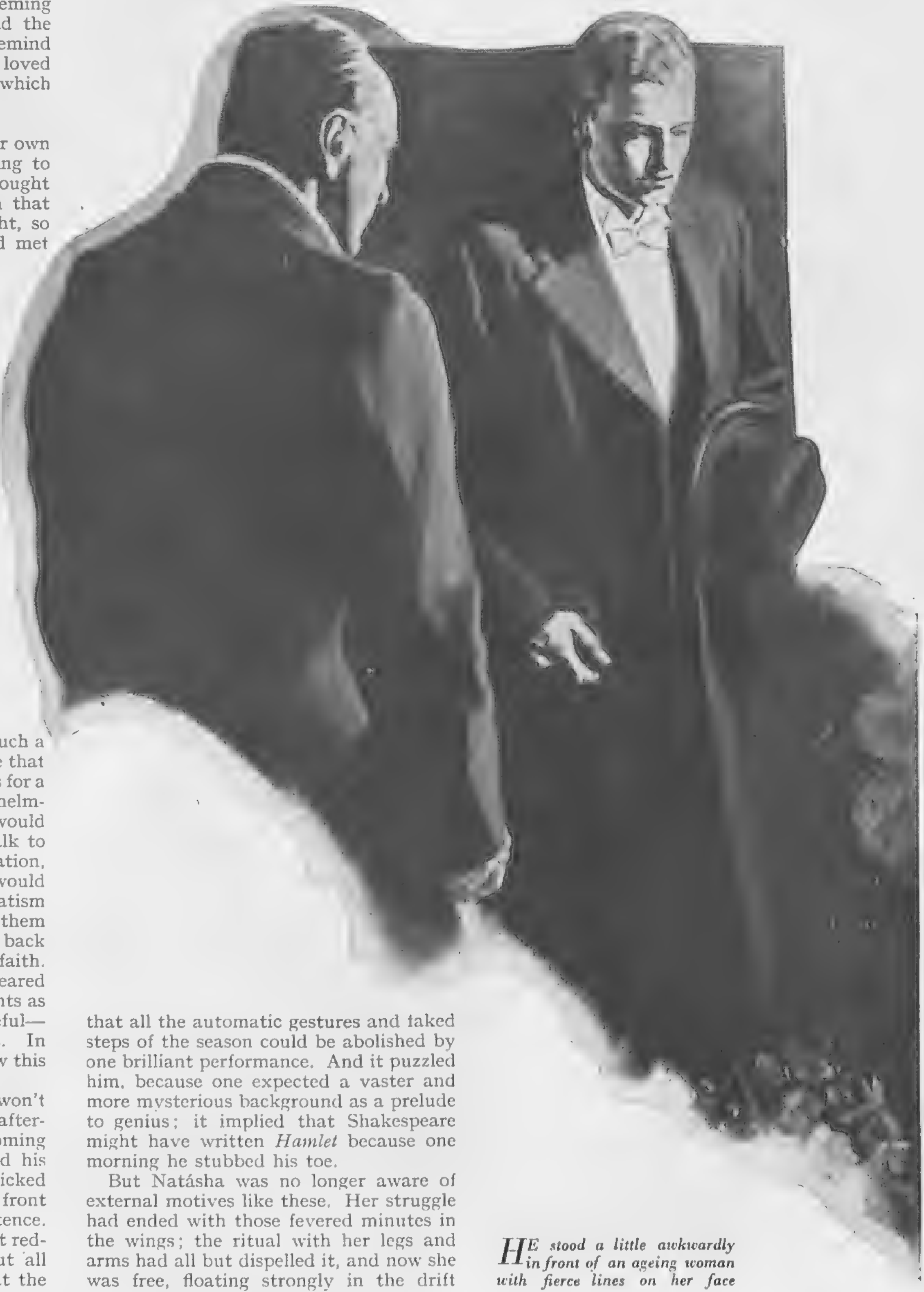
Even when he was introduced, her name prefixed by Madame and devoid of christian name, seemed unknown to him, and merely reinforced his impression that the acquaintanceship was slight. He had been barely civil, kept glancing away from her face at an auburn-haired girl behind her, and finally as they were going back to their box, said to his father as if to reproach him for his charity: "It's extraordinary how exhausting it is responding to the inanities of an unattractive woman, I don't know how you manage." That had been such a shattering blow to Natásha's prestige that A. A. had not gone behind afterwards for a fortnight. For suddenly and overwhelmingly he accepted it, and doing so would have felt impossibly dishonest to talk to her on the basis of fervent admiration, which was the only one she would tolerate. Beethoven, Corot, Conservatism—he might not be able to defend them against Miles, but doggedly at the back of his mind they retained his faith. Natásha, on the other hand, had appeared to him in those few agonising moments as the vain and stupid—not even graceful—woman that she seemed to Miles. In time she recovered, but only to renew this erratic alteration in his mind.

"In any case," he said now, "we won't stay long. There's a last night party afterwards at Mitenka's, and she'll be coming on." A moment's uneasiness stirred his calm, for he noticed that he had picked on the most probable difficulty in front of them and declared its non-existence. Miles would be wanting to meet red-headed Irina, and not only her but all that profusion of young women that the ballet offered him. Already he was smiling his thanks. And that was what A. A. had wanted, only the price, it occurred to him, might be dangerously high if Natásha perceived it. Her hatred of parties grew with her age. But he refused to pay attention to mere possibilities now. They sat on smiling over their brandy till long after the curtain had risen.

As soon as she came on he could see that she was dancing unusually well. It was a thing that had always astonished him that the motive behind a great performance could be entirely trivial: a feud, perhaps, in which she might be more sinning than sinned against would be settled to her own satisfaction by perfect dancing as a knight in the age of chivalry would have vindicated his honour by armed combat. Or a last night like this; it must seem to her, he thought, that all the automatic gestures and faked steps of the season could be abolished by one brilliant performance. And it puzzled him, because one expected a vaster and more mysterious background as a prelude to genius; it implied that Shakespeare might have written *Hamlet* because one morning he stubbed his toe.

But Natásha was no longer aware of external motives like these. Her struggle had ended with those fevered minutes in the wings; the ritual with her legs and arms had all but dispelled it, and now she was free, floating strongly in the drift of the music as a gull hangs in the sky, its wings foreseeing the changing currents as they approach, touching and interpreting them with the certainty of a deep and impersonal intuition. There were nights when her contact with it was intermittent, when the boards below her feet seemed to take on a separate existence, and hostility threatened from the great black aperture where the audience watched. But now the music and the floor of the stage were as much in her power as the slow unfolding of her legs; almost, she felt, they were part of herself, the boards rising obediently to receive the gift of her points, the music flung out around her like a dress; and this certainty quivering through her body overflowed in her smile and held the audience poised spiritually with herself.

But to-night as she felt herself still



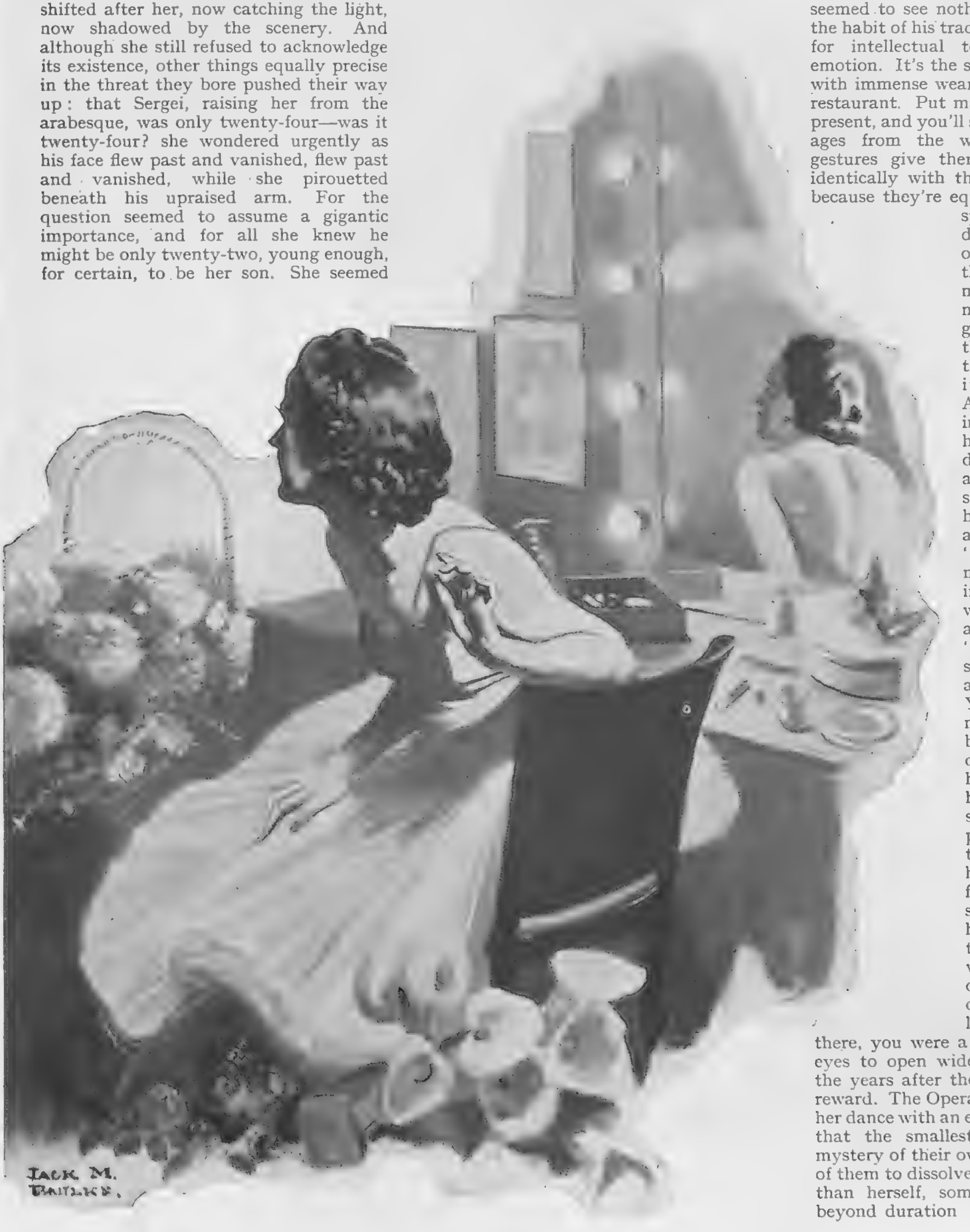
HE stood a little awkwardly in front of an ageing woman with fierce lines on her face gaining in control she was aware dimly that something was different in the scene around her. Only in isolated flashes could she think of it, and at first could not discover what it was. Sergei, her partner, had come on in his usual costume, Landau vaguely lit by the orchestra lights was conducting normally, in the left-hand wings Sonya stood watching. Then in a spare second at the end of an *enchaînement* she isolated it. In the wings opposite Sonya a man crouching slightly forward had his hands up to his face and pivoted round as she danced, pointing steadily at her with a metal cylinder which glinted in the light. She went into the *pas de deux* with the knowledge that twenty, fifteen, ten feet away she was being photographed.

She tried at first to ignore it, shutting her mind against it like a door, but as she moved on about the stage the little tube shifted after her, now catching the light, now shadowed by the scenery. And although she still refused to acknowledge its existence, other things equally precise in the threat they bore pushed their way up: that Sergei, raising her from the arabesque, was only twenty-four—was it twenty-four? she wondered urgently as his face flew past and vanished, flew past and vanished, while she pirouetted beneath his upraised arm. For the question seemed to assume a gigantic importance, and for all she knew he might be only twenty-two, young enough, for certain, to be her son. She seemed to be back in her dressing-room peering hungrily into the glass, the downward pointing arrows by her ears struck her, then the knowledge that her argument in the wings about the distance of the audience was false. She remembered her sittings in photographic studios. For ten years past they had been getting longer, more carefully prepared, and the results were steadily more cloudy. "It is the fashion, madame," they said, shrugging, and she accepted it but only with part of her mind, for she knew that, too, was false. And she felt hypnotised by that man with his features twisted up behind the camera, some tension seemed to exist between them that the cylinder pointed at her so steadily; it was almost as though her movements were directed from outside.

Suddenly her foot slipped and for a moment she was off her points. It gave her mind a wrench, and she realised that she must hold fast to her surroundings or something else would happen. She began spending her strength on the effort to regain control, her eyes searching the patterns of the stage for danger, her mind looking ahead at the music to make certain of the final beat. But she did it in desperation, in the fear that she could not watch everything and aware that she was faking steps. Opposite Sonya once she began to blurt out a demand for the man's removal, but only the first words escaped her because she nearly tripped. And now she was like a tightrope walker who has lost his balance, the only thought in her head the necessity to struggle through to the end, the gestures she made limp and uncertain under the cold eye of the camera

A. A., watching her, could see no reason for the gradual deterioration. He glanced at Miles, but Miles came so rarely that he seemed to see nothing And obedient to the habit of his trade, A. A. began groping for intellectual terms to control his emotion. It's the same thing, he thought with immense weariness, if you go into a restaurant. Put masks on all the women present, and you'll still be able to tell their ages from the way they eat. Their gestures give them away, express age identically with the lines you can't see, because they're equal, if less hackneyed, symptoms of the same decay. But the effort of forcing these bits of theory together was too much. Underneath, more powerful feelings grew. He remembered that first morning after they had slept together in Berlin after the Armistice, her staggering coolness after giving herself for the first time, distant, self-contained, as if in some essential sense she still guarded her virginity. And she always did guard it. "I'm not going to marry nobody," she said in her ridiculous English when, a widower, he asked her to marry him. "Nobody!" she shouted, "you might always have known it!" Yes, he thought, I might, but I didn't because I didn't realise quite how much passion her dancing absorbed, how stealthily, crazily, she looked around for people who were out to steal it. And that, he reflected, had been fundamentally unnecessary because she gave herself so completely to the audiences that there was little enough left over for individuals; often you didn't feel like one when she was there, you were a pair of hands to clap, eyes to open wide with admiration. In the years after the War she had got her reward. The Opera Houses of Europe saw her dance with an emotion so concentrated that the smallest gestures acquired a mystery of their own; she seemed in front of them to dissolve into something greater than herself, something transcendental, beyond duration

(*Continued on page 80*)



BEHIND *the* SCENES WITH *the* CRAZY GANG

By Margaret Chute

HARRY BRACK, the stage director. Picking up a telephone, he spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "Flies stand by. . . . Take it up!"

WAITING for orders. The electricians' platform and switchboard

Right:

A STAGE hand working the ropes that control the drop cloths

A FEW steps inside the stage door of the London Palladium stands a time-punching clock. Seems strange to associate the Crazy Gang with any kind of time-punching. Their wild vagaries in the comedy line appear unlimited; yet to make those same vagaries possible a large number of less crazy individuals have to punch time clocks and work to a very fixed schedule. Otherwise there would be no Crazy Gang at all.

Hundreds of thousands of audiences who have rolled, aching with laughter, in their seats at the Palladium, may imagine things behind the scenes are just as irresponsible as they are when the Gang get going on the stage. Well, in a way the irresponsibility is there. But linked with it comes terrific efficiency, barrack-square obedience to commands slick organisation that swings the amazing show through from overture to "The King" without a hitch, and still allows six heaven-sent comedians to run riot when and how they please.

Do not imagine for an instant that because the Palladium is run like clockwork behind the scenes the Gang themselves and their clever aiders-and-abetters put on long black beards and go about in mourning once they are out of sight of the footlights. Far from it. They are as tormentingly cracked in the wings and in their dressing-rooms as they have ever been in any of their Palladium revues; but none the less they conform to the brilliant system George Black has worked out for running a Crazy Gang show to a split second. Quite how they do it, I cannot attempt to explain. But it happens, and I have been permitted to watch it happening—which is something I hope to tell my grandchildren, if any, when we sit round the fire some evening in years to come. For a Palladium show, viewed from the wings, is indeed something to brag about.

WHEN George, the stage-door keeper, waved me through into the mystic territory beyond his office, I had to dodge a stream of people doing a Cup Final shove and scramble towards the stage. They wore clothes that revealed them as nursemaids, schoolgirls, dustmen, street cleaners, milkmen, bus conductors, scrub-ladies, and the rest of the well-assorted bunch of individuals who foregather in Berkeley Square for the opening scene of "London Rhapsody." Along unseen corridors the call-boy was yelling, "Everybody down for the Berkeley Square scene. Hurry up there, please!"

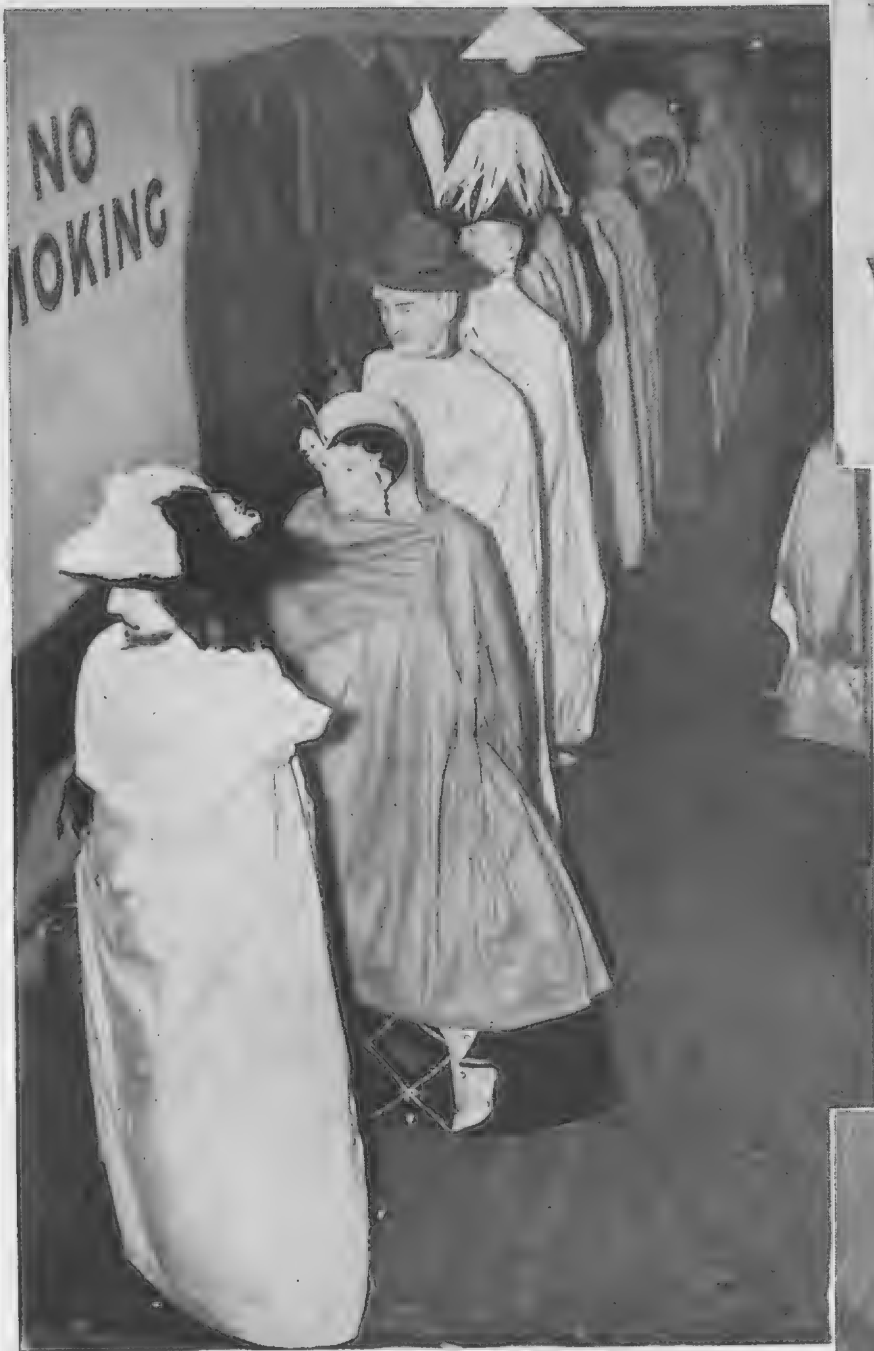
It was the nightly breathing space between the first and second show. Along the passage just beyond the stage entrance is a swing door; just past that swing door is another door on the left with a neatly framed card in its centre panel, stating "Nervo and Knox." Only a few steps farther is another door, with another framed card, stating "Flanagan and Allen." On to the end of the corridor, up a few steps, and yet another door announces "Naughton and Gold." There is no sense in fighting facts. One realises that one is, indeed, in the lair of the Crazy Gang.

Teddy and Jimmy called, "Come in!" They were eating caviare. What, caviare for a couple of East End street urchins? Most certainly, caviare; because it happens to be the favourite food of Messrs. Nervo and Knox—that, and tripe with plenty of onions. Teddy is Knox, the one who implores "Thethil" to "shut up shoving!" Jimmy is Nervo, the one who pulls the oxygen gag in the Flower Girls scene, " . . . the doctor ordered my brother oxygen. . . . Yes, Oxo in the morning and gin at night." Anyhow, they were eating caviare and discussing the day's work they had done at the studio on the new film that was occupying their day-hours, just to keep them out of mischief until it was time for them to start London Rhapsodysing at night.

Up at seven, all of them; in the studio by eight o'clock. A strenuous day in front of the camera and its scorching lights. Then into the theatre at six o'clock—two heavy shows and out into London's fresh air at midnight. There must *be* something in this crazy work, after all. Next door, Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen (Ches to us) were working out football pools—and eating caviare. They said they needed strengthening, because they had all been singing

(*Continued on page 27*)

A DRESSER puts the finishing touches to one of the chorus before going on the scene

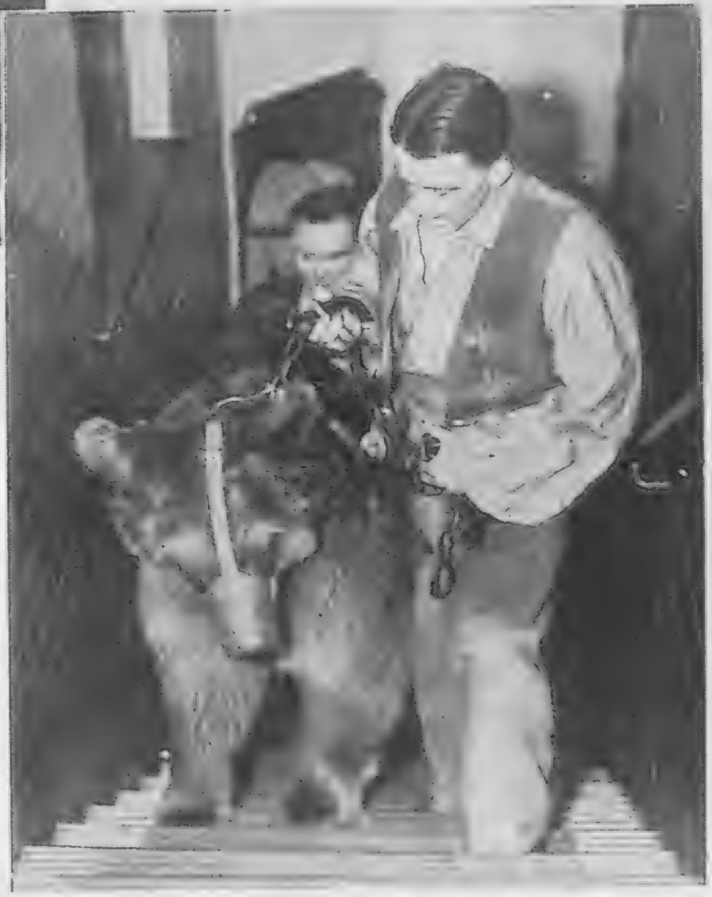


THE wax figures of famous people being got ready for the finale scene which takes place at Madame Tussauds

AWAITING their entrance. Chorus and others on the stage. Even to the experienced hand the moments of waiting can still be charged with tension

ROSA, the wardrobe mistress, with her assistants. She has over one thousand costumes in her charge

MOST of the scenery is "flown." Stage hands awaiting a piece of descending scenery



THE bear having finished his performance goes up the steps to his sleeping quarters on the roof

AVIEW of the audience at a first-night performance at the Palladium

TEDDY KNOX as a trooper in the Lifeguards

JUANITA and the Brothers Ganjou. This lovely blonde girl is thrown about with terrific force

All the photographs which accompany this article were taken while an actual performance was in progress

TEDDY KNOX and Jimmy Nervo in the Whitehall scene from London Rhapsody

Grand Opera from eight in the morning, and their tonsils were tired. Not believing a word of it (you should never believe anything any of them say, if you value your sanity), I went to say good evening to Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold. They were listening to the broadcast of a harp recital, and crooning softly to themselves, while caviare slid down their throats. Grand Opera, they said, was certainly a strain on the larynx.

GETTING ready for the show. Teddy Knox in his dressing-room

THE let-up between the two shows is not twenty minutes. While the call-boy was still shouting, "Everybody down for the Berkeley Square scene!" I left the Gang to its caviare and its football pools, and went to the prompt corner to watch Harry Brack, stage manager of the show, ring up the curtain. Above his head, in the midst of telephones, switches, list of scenes, time sheet and other necessary paraphernalia connected with his important job, I saw a calendar bearing the smiling faces of Flanagan and Allen with the single word "Oi!" in large letters. Must be hard to concentrate on work with things like that in the foreground.

At eight-fifty exactly Mr. Brack pressed a bell. From beyond the heavy curtains a noise of excited voices died down, and the sound of the orchestra burst through. Peeping from the prompt corner into the auditorium, tier upon tier of faces looked like a pink pattern on a dark carpet. The overture lasted one minute. On his time-sheet, Mr. Brack wrote down "8.50" in one column and "1" in another. Then for the starting time of the opening scene marked "8.51" in the first column, which records the hour at which each scene of the show begins, from the first night to the last.

TOKI HORVATH, the leader of the Boys' Gipsy Orchestra

JIMMY NERVO takes a rest and reads some of his fan mail

Picking up a telephone, he spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "Flies stand by. . . Take it up." There came a swishing sound, and the curtains rose out of sight. The show was on. During the opening number I had a look at the change room just beyond the prompt corner. It is merely an overhead railing, round which a thick curtain of string-coloured canvas material can be completely closed or thrown wide open. Inside there is a chair, and a shelf for make-up boxes and "props" that are brought down by dressers or the artistes themselves when they get ready for their quick changes. The canvas material, I noticed, was neatly bound with a strip of green at the top, and the gloves worn by the majority of the stage hands carried this same colour note. They were string-coloured, with a band of green round the wrist. Stage hands wear gloves in order not to finger-mark the delicate scenery and props they are handling with such speed.

Harry Brack told me there are nineteen men up in the flies, and a head flyman; those were the men who had taken up the heavy curtains, known in the profession as "tabs." On the stage, for scenery, there are seven men on each side, and for handling properties there are six on each side. While "Sing a Song of London" was still going on, the Gang came bustling from their rooms at the urgent insistence of the uniformed boy, whose neat dark jacket has "Call Boy" embroidered near the shoulder in gold.

The Gang scuttled behind some scenery, still occupied with caviare, and had a little rough and tumble among themselves just to get well warmed up for the show before the second scene began. Then they were on the stage, and roars from beyond the footlights demonstrated the joy with which that huge audience welcomed them. By that time the girls who wear such magnificent costumes in the Nell Gwyn Catherine of Russia and Lucrezia Borgia scenes had begun to assemble on the revolving stages behind the "cloth" masking the Gang and its activities.

Dressers came with the girls, and put finishing touches to their magnificent costumes. Pearls that appear to be dropping off are re-stitched, torn threads are made safe, velvet is brushed, fur is smoothed; and the girls are ready to face the public. Meantime, I found Cardini and the smart little page-boy (who is, in reality, his wife) having a preliminary flick or two with the cards he uses so magically on the stage. He told me the Gang tried their best to stick his cards together with glue one night, but he found out in time and got some other cards just before he stepped in front of the footlights. It must have been a narrow squeak. Imagine trying to do Cardini's tricks with cards smothered in glue.

The Gang came off, and Cardini went on; and I heard some anxious enquiries from Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold that sounded something like, "How is she? Will she be able to go on?" Naturally, I thought they were pulling a gag; but that time they were not. Juanita, the lovely blonde girl who is thrown about with such terrific force by the three Ganjou brothers, later in the show, had missed her footing during the first house, and her head had struck the stage—just where it was hollow—with a resounding crack that brought the audience gasping to its feet.

Everyone imagined she must have been seriously hurt; but she went on with the dance, and did her second dance later on. The Gang had heard about this accident and were genuinely worried. But word came down that Miss Juanita was all right, and would appear. So "the boys" beat it for their dressing-rooms to do quick changes. Teddy Knox, for his Dressmaking scenes, puts vivid red varnish on his nails; I went along to watch him do it. The putting on and taking off is a tiresome process, but he thinks it adds to the character he is playing. While he was varnishing hard, Jimmy Nervo, still in his first-scene clothes, sat reading letters, and their dresser, Percy, began to get their Flower Girl costumes ready. "Dust 'em carefully, Percy; we can't go on looking like a couple of tramps," said the boys.

Down in the prompt corner again, I found one of the Ganjou brothers hanging up a suit of dress clothes in the quick-change room, and putting out shoes, socks, tie, etc., all ready for his change in the Music-Hall scene. The Ganjous are Polish, I think; Juanita is English. This tallest Ganjou was showing us the terrible bruise on his chest, where Juanita's feet had (*Continued on page 96*)

Dramas *of the* Polar Wastes

PETER FREUCHEN, *who lived for many years in Greenland and married an Eskimo woman*

ADRIFT in the bleak Polar wastes on two square miles of floe, with less than a foot of ice under the tent which is your only shelter. . . .

Cut by bitter winds, blinded by blizzards with the lash of death in them, in sixty degrees of frost in a region of almost constant night. . . .

One doubts if human fortitude and endurance can excel this experience, which was the lot of four Russian scientists led by Ivan Papanin throughout the winter.

They landed on the floe near the North Pole in May to collect meteorological and other data; drifted seven hundred miles southward; were in dire danger lest the floe be crunched in the grip of giant icebergs or on the jagged coast of north-east Greenland.

Fearful of impending disaster, they had to redouble their watch, keep alert to every movement of the ice, prepare emergency equipment. Ice-breakers at Murmansk stood by, ready to sail to the rescue should the floe reach the unfrozen sea, warn the marooned men by radio as they approached the danger-point. If the ice-breaker could not penetrate far enough, it would send an aeroplane to pick them up.

Explorers have given us epic accounts of ordeals on the ice—epic in their stark simplicity, bred of the desolations in which they moved. Memorable among them is a Christmas Eve described by Peter Freuchen, who lived for many years in Greenland and married an Eskimo woman.

With sledge and dog-team he sets out from Cape York. Darkness comes down. On the treacherous ice-pans he loses his Eskimo companions. The dogs slither into water-holes. He gets on to thin ice which gives him no support, and is helpless. All about him it is dark and quiet as the grave. He becomes so cold that he can no longer stand erect on the load.

THE Soviet expedition ship "Chelyuskin," with one hundred and four persons aboard, on the point of sinking. The floes have closed in, locking the ship in an icy death-grip

THE castaways of the "Chelyuskin" had to camp on the ice floes for two months. The ice often split and divided the camp in two sections as shown in the above illustration

After what seems hours, he sees a tiny flare in the distance—the light of a match. Six others flare and die. Each time he beats a dog to make it howl, in the hope it will be heard. No other sound but the grinding of the ice-pans below him.

More hours of waiting, then, far off, a shout. *"Naw! Naw!"* he shouts back. He keeps shouting at intervals. At long last he hears, "I am coming." It is the voice of Asayuk, an old Eskimo who trekked with Peary.

But it is hours again before they get within talking distance. "I am drifting!" Asayuk explains. That is the horror of being lost on ice; you go where it takes you. The Eskimo uses his last matches. Freuchen tries to walk over to him, hitching his leg to a harpoon-line, then extending it with his whip, so that he

A*drift* on Ice Floes . . .

The C*helyuskin* Castaways . . .

Oxford Men *in an* Arctic Underworld . . .

By

Trevor Allen

A camp of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition at the head of the Lomme Glacier with the Stubendorff Mountains in the background

Frozen sea spray covering the Base Point Rocks (Oxford University Arctic Expedition)

may find his way back to the sledge if he fails. It is twenty-four hours, and "daylight," a dull red glare to the south, before they can contact and move off again towards safety.

FOUR years ago the Soviet expedition ship *Chelyuskin* was smashed in the Arctic ice of the Choukchi Sea, off Northern Siberia. The 104 aboard her—mostly scientists, but including ten women and two children—had to take to the ice and camp on it in extreme peril until they could be rescued by airplanes from the mainland. Picture the scene:

Dusk is descending on that grim solitude, a blizzard raging, and it is freezing cold. The floes have closed in, locking the ship in an icy death-grip. One giant crashes into her side; the port side is torn open at the forehold. Then she is torn below water-line. Water floods into the engine- and boiler-rooms; escaping steam hisses through the various rents.

Prof. Otto Schmidt, the leader, stands with Captain Voronin and the watch hands staring into the blizzard, listening to the groaning pack-ice. Nothing can prevail against that white devil. It is the end.

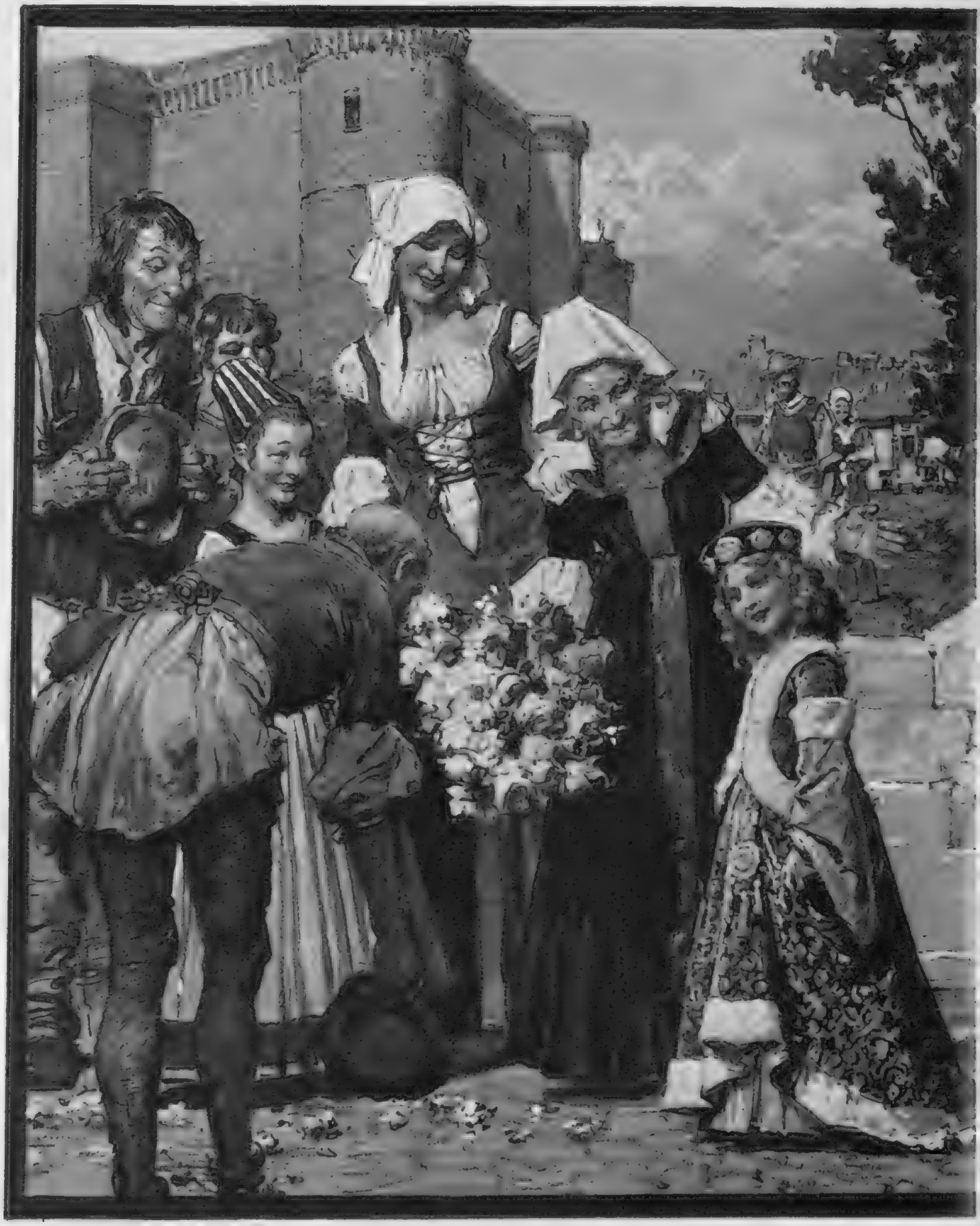
"Every man on the ice!"

Hurriedly, without panic, they abandon the doomed ship, (*Continued on p.* 93)

СССР
ДРЕЙФУЮЩАЯ
1937
ЭКСПЕДИЦИЯ ГЛАВСЕВМОРПУТИ

The main tent set up by the Soviet scientists, twelve miles from the North Pole, on a drifting ice floe. (In circle) Professor Otto J. Schmidt, leader of the Soviet Expedition to the North Pole, standing beside one of the giant monoplanes in which the party of scientists travelled

OLD TALES RETOLD



The extraordinary beauty of the two children to the point that they followed them

AMONGST the Kings and Queens of England whose lives have been an uninterrupted sequel of amazing adventures, Margaret of Anjou and her feeble husband, Henry VI., undoubtedly occupy a prominent place.

Born in France in 1429, daughter of René of Anjou and Isabella of Lorraine, who was a direct descendant of Charlemagne, Margaret's early days were fraught with tragedy, for political events shattered the unity and happiness of a family most sincerely affectionate to one another. Despite her tender age, her precocious understanding made her a fully conscious participant in the vicissitudes through which that tragic family was destined to pass.

THE disastrous battle of Bulgneville reversed the position of Margaret's father from that of a leader to that of a prisoner. He had fought like a lion, receiving severe wounds, and was captured whilst blinded by his own blood. He was kept prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy at Dijon and held to an extortionate ransom.

Whilst the distressed family was trying to satisfy the demands of the captor, the prisoner, who was a clever artist, found solace in embellishing the chapel of Dijon Castle with miniatures and painted glass. These, interestingly enough, are still in existence.

To gain a temporary release from bondage, René was compelled to bestow his nine-year-old daughter, Yolante, with part of the lands of Lorraine, on the heir of his rival, Antoine de Vaudemonte. This was not the only cruel condition involving his beloved children, because, unable to pay the heavy sum of money demanded by the Duke of Burgundy, he was obliged to give to the latter his two sons as hostages. Only the two-year-old infant, Margaret, remained; but she, too, became an item in the inhuman bargain, for she was betrothed to Pierre of Luxembourg. She was, however, permitted to remain the companion to her mother, who, with astounding fortitude, had left no stone unturned to obtain the release of her imprisoned spouse.

In 1436 the eldest brother of René, Louis II., King of Naples, died, and the succession to the throne fell to René, who could not leave France as he was unable to pay his ransom, and, instead of occupying the throne of Naples, was compelled to return to his prison. His eldest son was kept a prisoner with him.

Isabella of Lorraine was not, however, the type of woman to be subdued by these unending calamities. As the true descendant of one of the greatest warriors that the world has produced, she prepared by force of arms to assert her husband's rights as King of Naples. With her two children, Louis and Margaret, she took up her abode at Tarascon, on the banks of the Rhône.

The extraordinary beauty of the two children excited the poetic feelings of the Provençals to the point that they followed them in crowds whenever they ventured abroad. They sang songs in their praise and strewed flowers in their path as they walked. At night they lit bonfires before the Château to preserve them from infection.

They had not been at Tarascon long, however, before the place was visited by the plague. The devastation brought by this fearful scourge on the good-natured Provençals was ghastly.

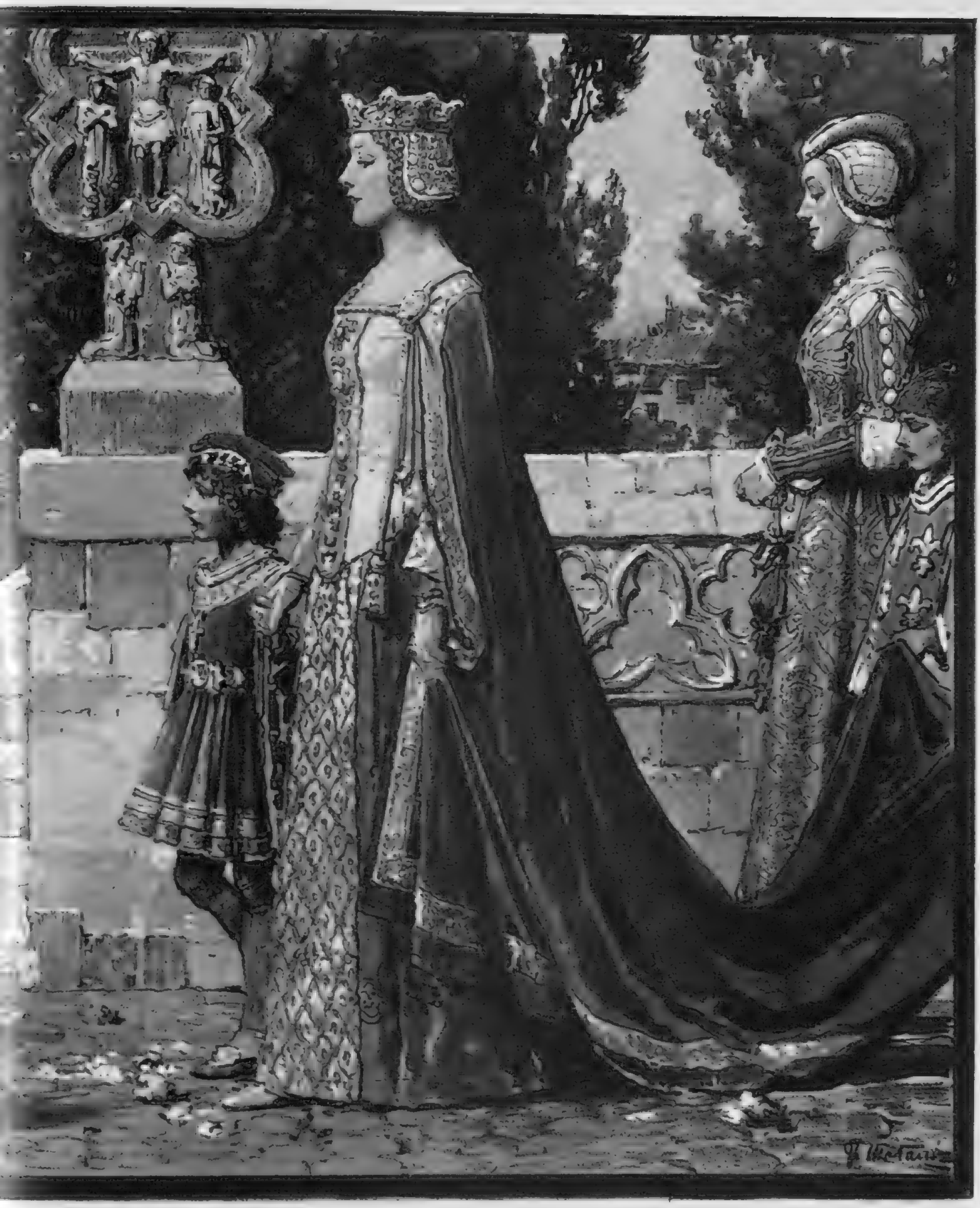
Isabella could not fight against this new enemy, and, terrified of the danger to which her two beautiful children were exposed, she took her departure, and on reaching Marseilles succeeded in embarking for Naples.

Isabella had already assumed the title of Queen of the two Sicilies, and when the ropes were detached from the moorings, and the vessel sailed out of the port, she felt that she was leaving behind her the country that, however beloved, had been for her only a vale of tears.

Tribulations of a Queen.

The Tragic Story of Margaret of Anjou.

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.



excited the poetic feelings of the Provençals in crowds whenever they ventured abroad

Full of hope, she was going towards her new and legitimate residence to prepare the path for her lord.

As they approached the shores where Vesuvius towers up into the sky, and the sun shines all the year round, a new disappointment awaited this stout-hearted Queen. Naples was prey to the same dread disease from which she had lately fled. The popular and picturesque quarters of the town were not resounding with the usual music of lutes and tambourines. There was instead an air of distress, fear and desolation.

Fortunately, the country around the capital was still free from contamination, and Isabella took up her abode in the ancient palace belonging to the family of Anjou, situated in Capua, less than twenty miles from Naples.

AFTER many vicissitudes, the King was released, and the family was reunited in Naples.

Margaret grew up to be most intelligent and of remarkable beauty. From her father she inherited a taste for many forms of art and culture. From her mother a strength of will and a queenly superiority that later in life gave her sufficient energy to withstand the blows from which destiny did not spare her. The combination of so many qualities and natural gifts made of Margaret the most renowned and respected Princess of all Europe.

Descriptions of her striking personality reached England, where, under the personal guidance of Cardinal Beaufort, the young Henry VI. was seeking a suitable companion to share his throne. He was a devout, gentle, and learned youth of far too sensitive a nature for his time, and it soon became general knowledge that Margaret of Anjou was likely to be chosen as his bride so that the inefficiency of the King could be compensated by the powerful personality of a Princess who would undoubtedly become a very energetic Queen.

Several miniatures and portraits of Margaret were shown to Henry, but the beauty displayed in these paintings was so perfect that he did not believe in them. He was, however, so interested that he commissioned a painter called Hans to produce portraits of Margaret and her sister, with a special recommendation that the likenesses should be without any embellishment.

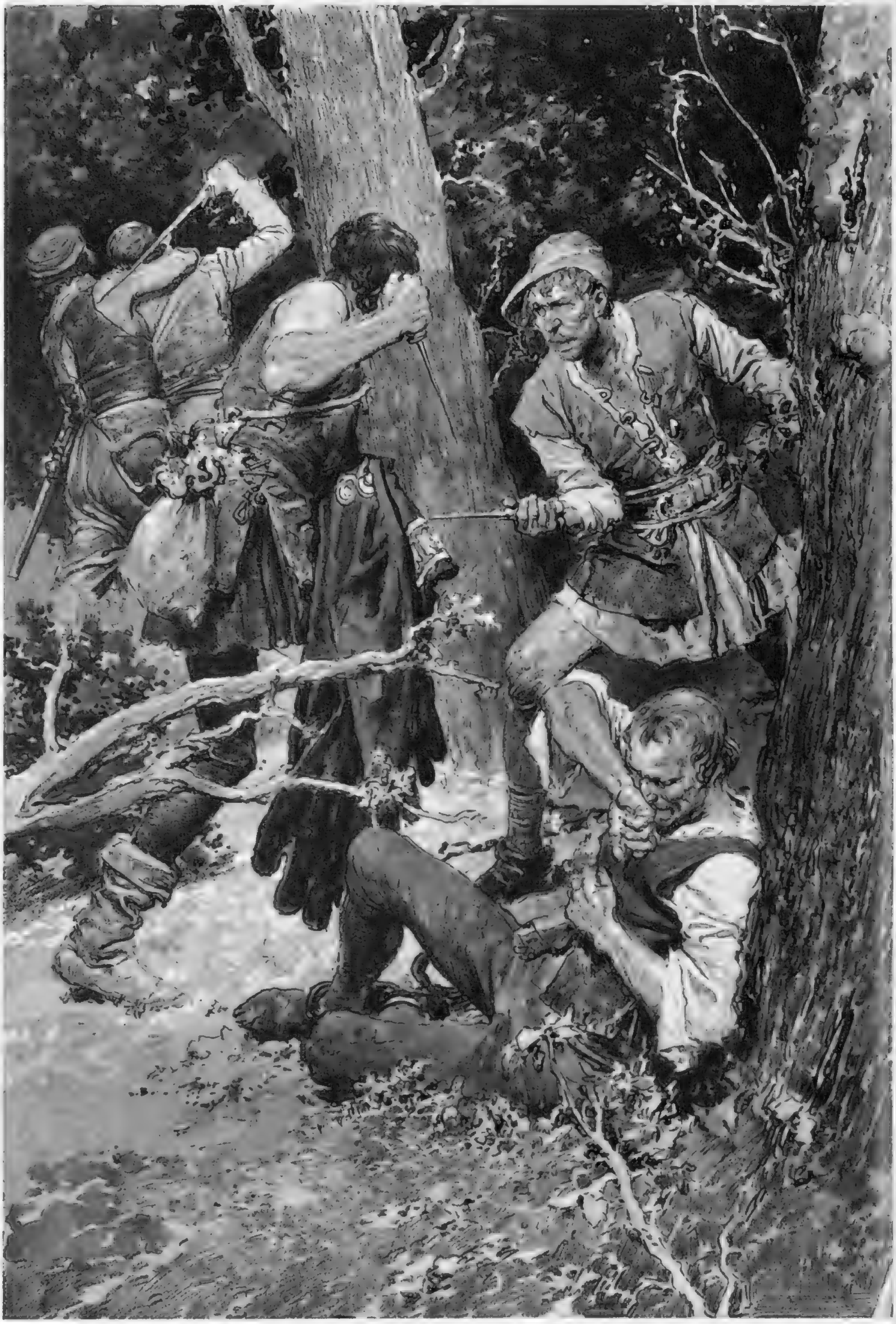
HENRY had reached the age of twenty-three and was still heart-whole. Many bold beauties had competed for the favours of the handsome young King, but he had repulsed them all.

The enthusiasm with which he at length accepted the suggestion of marrying Margaret of Anjou was ample proof that Henry was eager for a deep and binding union.

In November 1444 a preliminary marriage by proxy was celebrated at Nanci, the Marquis of Suffolk acting for the absent King.

On April 22, 1445, the proper marriage was solemnised in Titchfield Abbey. One month later, May 30, the beautiful young Queen was crowned at Westminster Abbey with a splendour that was quite beyond the financial resources of the British Court at that time. Strangely enough, never before or since has British royalty lived in such extreme poverty. The limited finances necessitated the most stringent economy at Court.

Amongst the many incidents provoked by the pecuniary difficulties on the occasion of the marriage, there was one which deserves special mention. A faithful subject had the unhappy idea of presenting the royal bride with a magnificent lion. Of course, from the moment that the animal passed into the care of the royal house, its feeding became another item in the already overstrained budget of the royal household. After a few meals which astonished the unaccustomed keepers, it was decided to send the king of beasts to the Tower. The bill of expenses is still extant, and runs as follows: "To John Fouke and Peryn Galyman, for the food and keeping of a



When the robbers commenced to fight as took advantage of the right moment,

lion, presented to the lady Queen, at Titchfield, together with the carriage of the same lion from thence to the Tower of London, for the expenses thereof, and of the said lion, £2 5s. 3d."

This marriage improved the relations between France and England, but did not alleviate the discontent that pervaded the atmosphere in England. There were crooked people in the Council of State as well as in Parliament. Intrigue and underhand proceedings were polluting many public offices, and there was a strong public feeling in favour of the Duke of Gloucester, then heir-presumptive to the throne.

TWO years had elapsed since the day that Margaret had set foot on English soil, and her marriage, although an accomplished fact, was still a matter of discussion for many, when in February 1447 an unexpected event provoked an alarming outburst of resentment.

Contrary to habit, Parliament assembled at St. Edmund's Abbey at Bury. The military might displayed, and the number of armed men that surrounded the royal pair on that occasion was so excessive that it was very obvious that a dangerous situation was anticipated.

The first day of the sitting proceeded quite smoothly, but on the next day, February 11, to the general astonishment, the Duke of Gloucester was charged with high treason and arrested.

This stern measure taken against the King's uncle surprised everyone, filling many hearts with fear and fermenting hatred among others. It especially incensed the Duke of York, who was ready to join the cause of the unfortunate Duke of Gloucester.

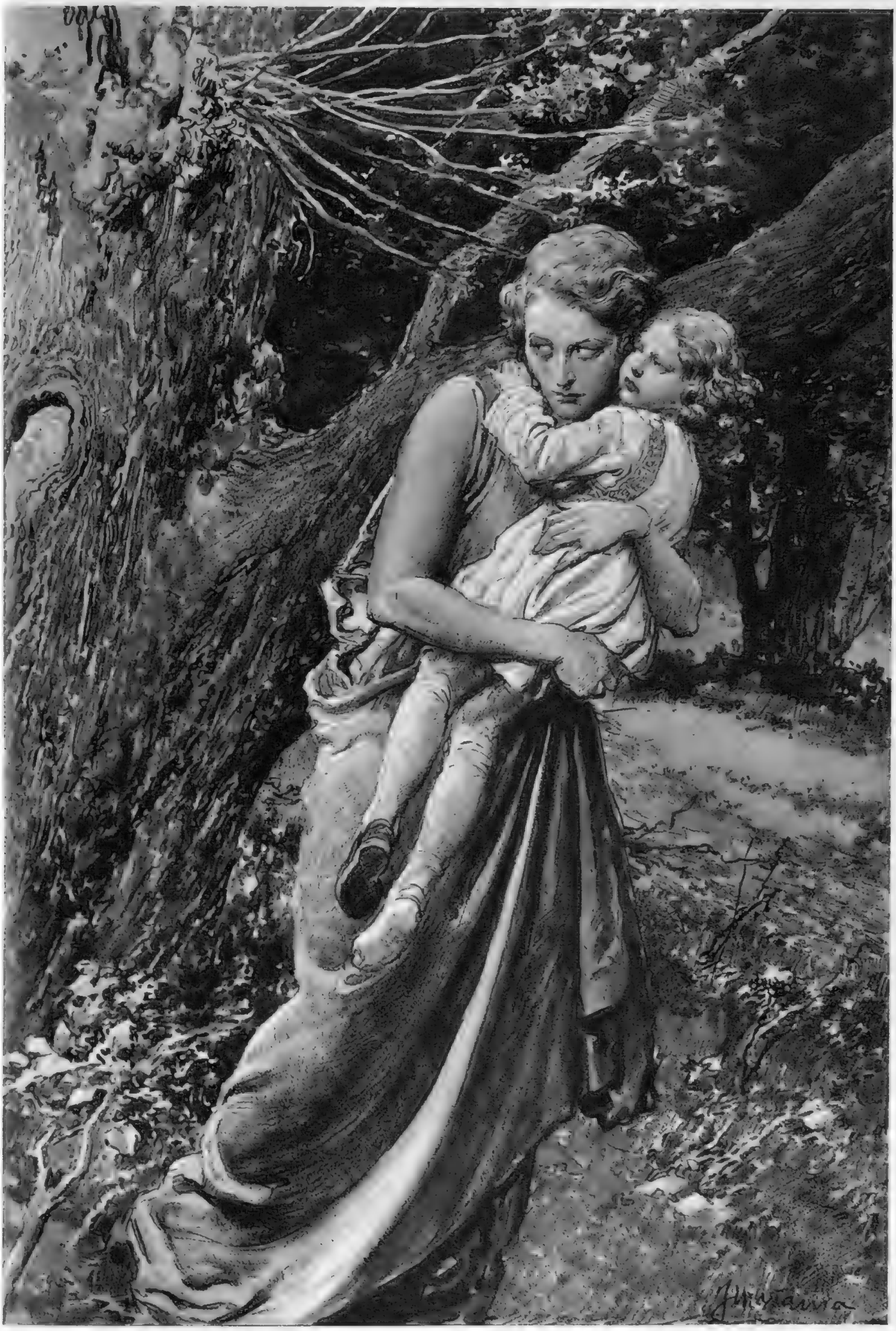
A LITTLE more than two weeks had elapsed, and no definite accusation had yet been formulated, when a second bombshell shook public opinion still more. The Duke of Gloucester was found dead in his prison. His body bore not the slightest sign of violence, and Parliament, in self-defence, kept his remains exposed to the public view for several days, and challenged medical examination in order to prove that he had not been murdered. But the circumstances of his death were not convincing, and the mystery remained unsolved.

Strangely enough, the marriage between the English King and the French Princess took place at a time when their respective countries were at war. An armistice was arranged between the two nations, and hostilities were to cease for two years. Many hoped that the presence of the Queen would be sufficient to prevent a renewal of the war—a hope which was shattered when, in 1449, the peace came to an end.

Indescribable were the violent expressions of feeling directed by the vulgar people against the Queen. They forgot that she had been invited to their country by the family of Lancaster; they took no account of her tender age, her genuine attachment to the King, nor the fact that she had been annointed and consecrated Queen of England, with all the formalities and ceremonies prescribed by tradition, and upheld by themselves. She was a French woman, and by this name was she mentioned.

The flames of antagonism were fanned by the Duke of York and the many enemies of the young Queen to such an extent that when the news arrived that the French had wrested almost all the towns of Normandy from the hands of the English, inflicting serious losses on them and putting them to rout, this gigantic setback was attributed to the secret machinations of the seventeen-year-old Queen, who, with her French devilries, had taken full advantage of her power over her weak-minded Consort, still intoxicated by her charms.

The more enlightened section of the community, however, realised fully the heavy burden of responsibilities which



to who should have the booty, Queen Margaret snatched up her son and made her escape

were falling on the immature shoulders of a Queen, called to the throne of England during such stormy times.

ONE may safely say that never before or since has England suffered such inferiority abroad or misery at home.

The King was inspired with wise principles, but he was too weak to enforce them, while although the Queen's sympathies were with her husband's people, she was too young to possess sufficient powers of diplomacy to parry so many difficulties.

The commercial resources of England had already been exhausted when a pestilence broke out, aggravating still further the pitiable state of the starving population. There was an under-current of revolution which threatened to break all bounds. It seemed as if the people were only waiting for a leader who would shout the fatal command. Such a one was Jack Cade, a popular hero and, as such, a man of the people. Then disorder, murder, and incendiarism burst out all over London, and for the first time the most peace-loving King that England had ever had resorted to arms, establishing that disastrous régime of " the King against his people." All this was but fresh fuel to the fiery and terrible struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster that raged between kindred people for well-nigh twenty years.

In the autumn of 1453 the news spread that the Queen was going to present the King with an heir, but the tidings were received with no great popular show of enthusiasm.

The gloomy aspect of public events had so played upon the health of the King that it was feared that little hope could be entertained for his life, while the unfortunate monarch's reason was considered irrevocably lost. In October, while his father hovered between life and death, the little Edward of Lancaster was born. This Prince, whom Speed has called with the pathetic title " the child of sorrow and infelicity," was already a new protagonist of the red rose. The Yorkists saw in that innocent baby the threatening prolongation of the fratricidal strife of the Wars of the Roses, and although they could not use lances and swords against this new enemy, nor aim their arrows at his cot, they used the degrading weapon of calumny against the infant, questioning his legitimacy and the honour of his mother.

Until then Queen Margaret had withstood many vicissitudes unflinchingly, but that splash of mud, hurled at what she held most sacred in life, aroused in the proud woman a hatred tinged with ferocity.

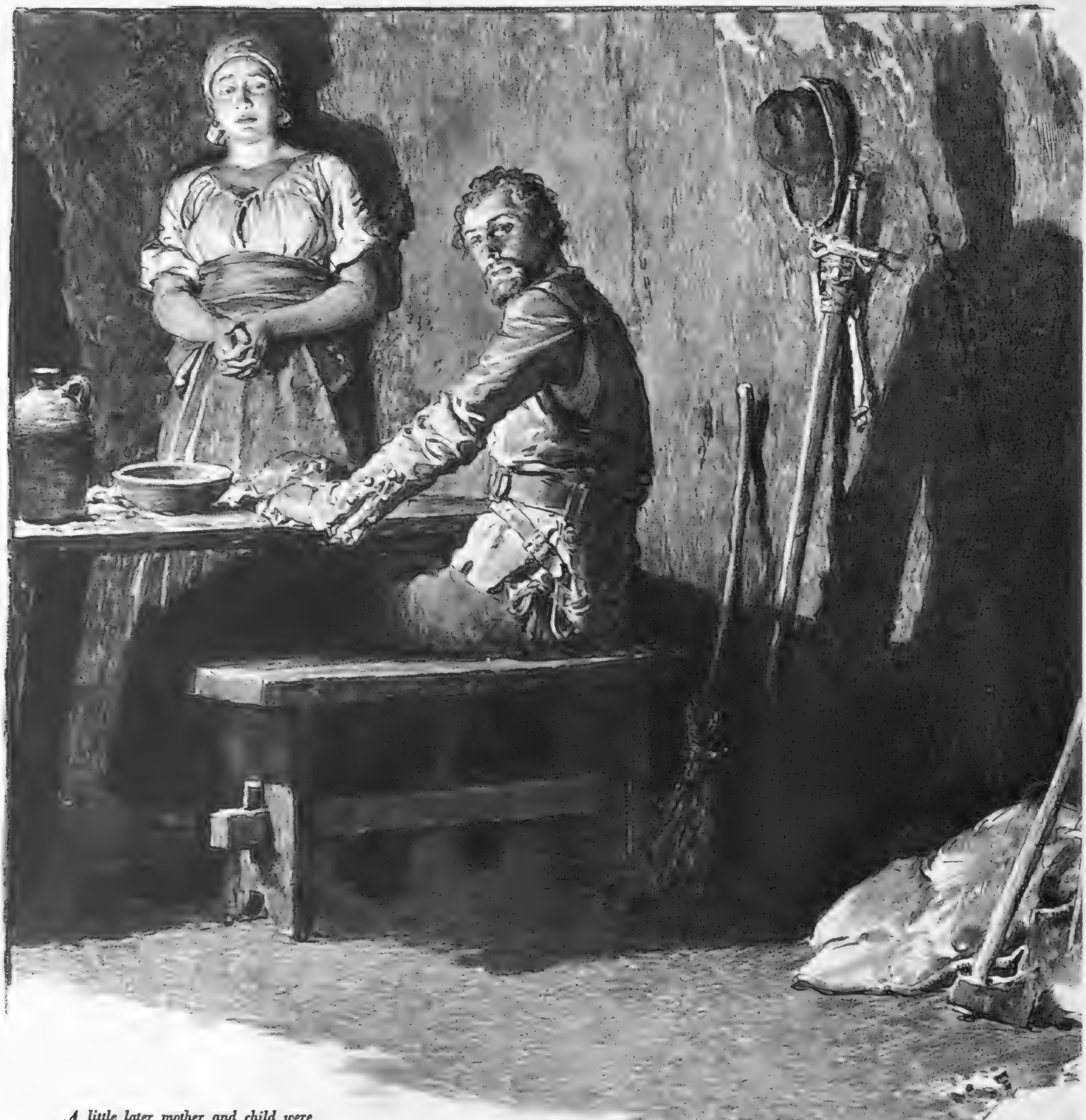
Recently she had sustained the loss of her mother, Isabella, and now, throbbing with indignation and bitterness at this fresh wound, she had never felt so keenly the necessity of a friendly word.

THE King did not show any signs of regaining his reason, and Parliament elected the Duke of York as Protector during Henry's illness or until the baby Prince Edward came of age. Thus the power was now completely in the hands of Margaret's enemies.

The supreme joy of motherhood made Margaret forgo everything, and devote all her care to the things which were for her above all the thrones in the world—her little baby and her sick husband, in whose recovery she had every confidence.

In the meantime, the Duke of York was taking full advantage of his new power. As time went on, the Yorkist claws were gaining a grip on the nation with renewed energy, until at last King Henry, as if emerging from a long dream, which had kept him away from this world for centuries, woke up. He had not the slightest recollection of what had happened during his illness. The past to him was made up of confusing images defying description.

There is a letter, written by an eye-witness, which describes the moment when Henry saw his son for the first



A little later mother and child were clasped in each other's arms

time. The following is an extract: " On monday at noon the Queen come to him and brought my lord prince with her, and then he asked, 'what the prince's name was?' and the Queen told him, 'Edward'; and then he held up his hands, and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been, whilst he had been sick, till now; and he asked who were the godfathers, and the Queen told him, and he was well apaid [content]."

As soon as the King was sufficiently well to leave his sick-room, the Queen persuaded him to go to the House of Lords and dissolve Parliament. His appearance had almost the same effect as would have the appearance of a ghost. The Duke of York and the leading members of his faction were not there that day, so the King sent an order to the Duke, demanding his resignation from office. Quite calmly, with no one daring to oppose the royal will, King Henry asked permission to resume the reins of government.

For the King, who needed rest and tranquillity, these were great efforts. He spent Easter at the Abbey of St. Alban, and when he was about to depart, having nothing else to give, regaled the Prior with his best robe.

On learning of this act of "extravagance," the Treasurer reminded the King that he had given away the only State robe that he possessed, and suggested that it be redeemed for fifty marks. King Henry agreed to this, but in order to make sure that the Prior would have his proper compensation, ordered that he should come to London to collect the money. It was in the presence of his Majesty himself that a most vexed Treasurer had to disburse the amount he had never intended to forfeit.

This return to life on the part of the King so alarmed the Duke of York that he retired to Wales and prepared to raise an army against him.

On July 9, 1460, two rival armies faced each other at Northampton. The King himself was present, and the result of the battle could have been quite different, if it had not been for the treachery of Lord Grey. His perfidy cost the lives of ten thousand men and the King was taken prisoner. Queen Margaret, who saw Lord Grey admit the Yorkists into the heart of the royal camp, and the subsequent annihilation of her troops, feared greatly for her child's safety, and clasping him in her arms, made her escape. She wandered about the country in search of a place where she could take refuge, but she deemed it unwise to trust anyone. It seemed to her that the whole world was trying to snatch her beloved son from her arms. She was stopped and robbed of her jewels, but while the thieves were ransacking her baggage, she succeeded in getting away.

Following many perils and narrow escapes, we find her hospitably received at Harlech Castle.

The King, after falling into the hands of the Duke of York, had been taken to London and forced to do what the Queen was fearing. He was compelled to disinherit his son in favour of the Duke of York and his heirs.

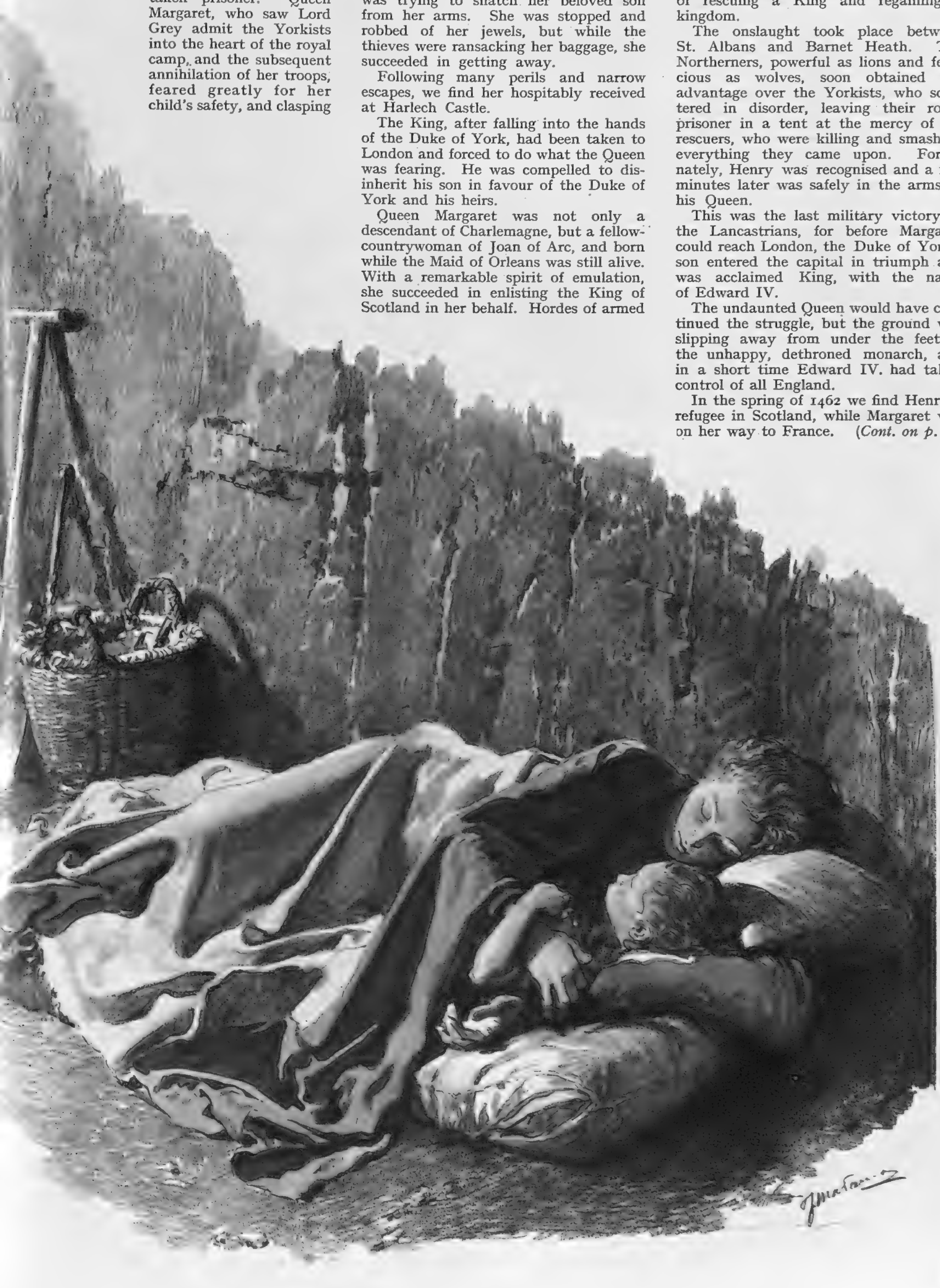
Queen Margaret was not only a descendant of Charlemagne, but a fellow-countrywoman of Joan of Arc, and born while the Maid of Orleans was still alive. With a remarkable spirit of emulation, she succeeded in enlisting the King of Scotland in her behalf. Hordes of armed Scots crossed the frontier and joined the Lancastrians. Within a short time the Amazon-like Queen was at the head of a considerable army, marching towards the capital, with a double gigantic task of rescuing a King and regaining a kingdom.

The onslaught took place between St. Albans and Barnet Heath. The Northerners, powerful as lions and ferocious as wolves, soon obtained the advantage over the Yorkists, who scattered in disorder, leaving their royal prisoner in a tent at the mercy of his rescuers, who were killing and smashing everything they came upon. Fortunately, Henry was recognised and a few minutes later was safely in the arms of his Queen.

This was the last military victory of the Lancastrians, for before Margaret could reach London, the Duke of York's son entered the capital in triumph and was acclaimed King, with the name of Edward IV.

The undaunted Queen would have continued the struggle, but the ground was slipping away from under the feet of the unhappy, dethroned monarch, and in a short time Edward IV. had taken control of all England.

In the spring of 1462 we find Henry a refugee in Scotland, while Margaret was on her way to France. (*Cont. on p.* 93.



Tristan da Cunha

Britain's Loneliest Outpost

By Harold J. Shepstone

A view from the sea of the settlement known as Edinburgh. It is situated at the north-west corner of the island at the foot of towering mountains

"Open your mouth, please." Medical officers from H.M.S. "Carlisle" hold a dental inspection of the teeth of the Islanders

A typical dwelling on Tristan da Cunha. Adjoining the cottage is the owner's barn or outhouse, where cattle are sheltered in rough weather

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, that lonely and hitherto much neglected island outpost of the British Empire, situated right in the centre of the South Atlantic ocean, bids fair to come into prominence in the future. It was recently visited by H.M.S. *Carlisle*, when an exhaustive survey was made of the island and its possibilities. There was a medical inspection of its hardy inhabitants; engineers measured the flow of water in the streams with a view to using them for electric power; agriculturists examined the sheep of the island for scab, and the potato crops for blight; foresters selected sheltered sites for the seven hundred young trees they brought out from the Cape; there was an inspection of the lighthouse which the islanders have built and which has since been placed on the Admiralty chart, while much interest was evoked in the landing-place which had been prepared for aircraft.

Those competent to judge declare that the day cannot be far distant when Tristan da Cunha will figure as an important halting-place for aircraft flying between the Cape and South America. Thus the talk to-day is not about the plight of the islanders and the desirability of evacuating them to the mainland, but rather what can be done to make this lonely outpost of the Empire more self-supporting in view of its recognised strategical importance.

Tristan da Cunha is one of the group of three islands situated midway between South Africa and South America, and 1320 miles from St. Helena, which is the nearest inhabited land. It is an extinct volcano, rising at its summit to a height of nearly 8000 feet, with a circumference at its base of 21 miles. In the summit is a crater-lake of icy cold water. The other islands of the group are Inaccessible and Nightingale, 4 square miles and 1½ square miles in area respectively, the former being some 10 miles and the latter 15 miles from Tristan.

The present settlement on Tristan is the most isolated outpost in the Empire. It is known as Edinburgh, and is situated at the north-west corner of the island on a narrow, grassy plateau about 9 miles long by 1½ broad, at the foot of towering mountains, and about 100 feet above sea-level. The population of the colony to-day is 187. They live in their own crudely-built stone cottages scattered around a small white-painted church. They depend mainly upon their crops of potatoes and on fishing.

The chaplain of the colony is the Rev. Harold Wilde, M.A., who has just returned to the island. He may be said to fulfil the rôle of governor, magistrate and missionary—the spiritual leader and director of the little settlement. Three years ago he started a "Five-Year Plan" in a praiseworthy effort to better the lot of the islanders. While it would be wrong to say that in the past they have been called upon to face actual starvation, they have nevertheless known what it is to be very short of food and to face privations and hardships sufficient to daunt the sturdiest of souls. Mr. Wilde's plan is an attempt to grow more crops and extend cattle-raising, and so provide a greater quantity of food.

"I feel sure," he told me, "that when the three islands are worked, we shall be able not only to keep ourselves in

WOMEN and children awaiting their turn to see the doctor. Last year H.M.S. "Carlisle" paid a visit to the island, and the medical officers held an examination

most things, but to have a good deal to barter. The two islands are very fertile and there is room for a great deal of expansion. Wood is fairly plentiful, water is very good, fishing is excellent, and the islands are over-run with birds; so that we have enough and to spare of both birds and eggs. During the last three years we have been very busy on Tristan. We have built a lighthouse, a store house, and two large huts out in the potato patches, which provide shelter and enable us to cook our meals whilst working on the potatoes. We have also laid the foundations for a hospital and chaplain's quarters, mounted an old gun that was used for protection against an attempted landing by Napoleon, made seats along our beaches, improved the sanitary conditions and built bridges over the waterways."

THE church of St. Mary which is the centre of the islanders life

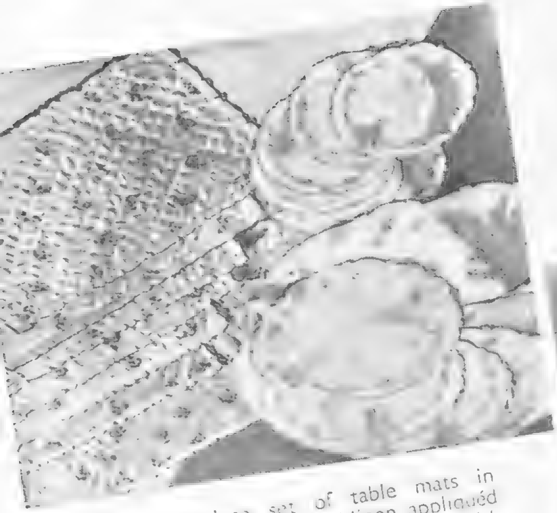
THE island was discovered by a Portuguese navigator, Tristan da Cunha, in 1506, who gave it his name. In 1816, when Napoleon was incarcerated on St. Helena, the island was annexed by Great Britain and a garrison, consisting of fifty Europeans and fifty Hottentots, was placed upon it. They found an Italian half-caste, by name Thomaso Corri, living there. He was the sole survivor of a gang of pirates who had settled on the island in 1811, under Jonathan Lambert, who styled himself "Emperor of Tristan da Cunha" and issued a proclamation inviting "all the world to trade with his kingdom, and bidding none molest or injure his sovereign rights."

THE Rev. Harold Wilde, the minister of Tristan da Cunha

Right:
TWO of the sturdy young girls of the settlement

The pirates are said to have brought with them a considerable amount of loot, the plunder doubtless of many wild affrays upon the Spanish Main. This treasure they are supposed to have buried between two waterfalls that descend over the cliffs on to the beach. The pirates were all addicted to rum, and there were frequent quarrels and fights between them—only one of them being found living on the island when the garrison arrived five years later. This old pirate in his cups would sing of the (*Continued on page* 76)

LINEN ALL OVER



1 Thirteen-piece set of table mats in champagne organdie and linen, appliquéd in various designs and colours, 29s. 6d. Quilted satin set of seven pieces, 35s. 9d.

2 Breakfast set for one, cloth, napkin, tea cosy, egg cosy in peach and cream, 6s. 11d.

3 Linen luncheon set in embroidered leaf design. Thirteen pieces, 17s. 6d. . . . Artificial silk and cotton cloth, with shimmering design. In blue, green, champagne and gold, 18s. 9d. Matching napkins, 25s. 9d. a dozen.

DINING ROOM

4 Gay breakfast cloth in checked crash, various colours, 6s. 11d.

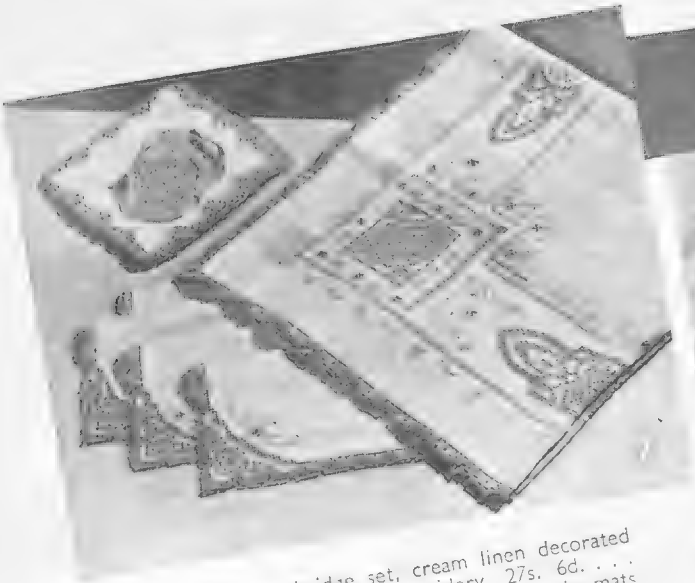
5 Pure linen hand-embroidered dinner sets, seventeen pieces, £4 19s. 6d.

6 Check glass cloths, 13s. 9d. a dozen. . . . Cloths lettered pantry, tea, kitchen, basin, housemaid, 13s. 9d. a dozen. . . . Coloured cloth for kitchen table in red, blue, green and gold, 7s. 6d. . . . Check dusters, 4s. 11d. a dozen. . . . Roller towel, 3s. 6d.

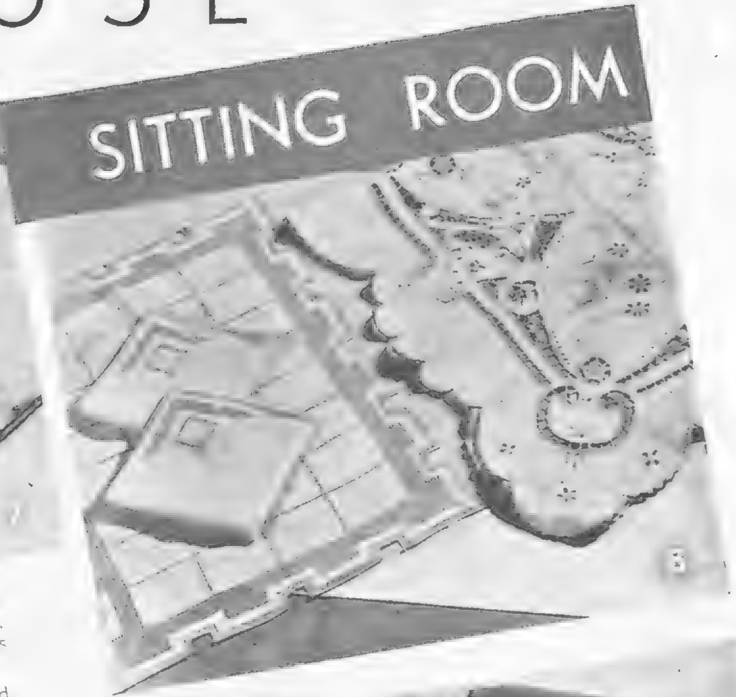
KITCHEN

The names and addresses from which these articles can be obtained will be sent to you on application to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

THE HOUSE



SITTING ROOM



7 Five-piece bridge set, cream linen decorated with mosaic and embroidery, 27s. 6d. . . . Cocktail set in real lace and linen, six mats and six spats, 10s. 6d.

8 Drawn thread trolley set, three pieces, 10s. 6d. Embroidered Richelieu linen tea cloth, 29s. 6d.

BATHROOM

9 Bath towel, 13s. 6d; face towel, 5s. 6d.; bath mat, 12s. 6d. These are green, but can be obtained in other colours in the same attractive design.

10 Rose pink bath towel, 7s. 6d.; face towel, 2s. 11d.; bath mat, 7s. 6d. . . . Velour bath mat in deep rose, with absorbent rubber on reverse side, 16s. 6d.

11 Coloured linen bed set (2 sheets and 2 cases) in green, pink, peach, lemon, blue. Single bed, 29s. 6d.; double bed, 39s. 6d. . . . White candlewick bedspread, 23s. 9d., could be dyed to any colour scheme for 7s. . . . Bright bedspread in patterned stripes, 19s. 11d., single bed.

12 Coloured cotton bed set (2 sheets and 2 cases) in rose, blue, pink, gold, green. Hemstitched, 21s.; two-cord, 23s. 6d.; five-cord (pastel shades only), 32s. 6d. These prices are single bed size.

BEDROOM

Books:

MARJORIE BOWEN
A GIANT IN CHAINS
MACNAB
The Last Laird
ROLAND WIL
RECAPTURE THE MOON
LAST FLIGHT
by Amelia Earhart

A Baker's Dozen

By Alan Seymour

ONE realises, after reading *Last Flight,* the enthralling resumé by the late Amelia Earhart of her career which was destined to terminate so tragically, that at least half her charm was due to her modest unselfconsciousness.

Last Flight is an important book. It is a historical document. It is also essentially a readable book because it is written with such kindly humour and understanding and chronicles so much which is of universal interest. Above all, it is an informative book—not intentionally informative, but incidentally so.

Amelia Earhart was the greatest woman flyer the world has known, yet she remained all her days utterly unpretentious and sincere. Success never spoiled her. The justifiable pre-occupation of great achievement never blinded her to an appreciation of the minutest details of human interest.

Last Flight is a short book and the publishers (George G. Harrap and Co.) charge nine shillings for it.

As an endearing epitome of a heroic career it would be underpriced at as many guineas.

World Birth (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) is the title of Shaw Desmond's latest book. It is a book by a deep thinker, written for deep thinkers.

The publishers describe it as "a constructive analysis of this Age of Transition . . . offering the startling hypothesis that Man is passing from a third into a fourth dimension and that the world wars are only the birth pangs of a New World which will have nothing in common with our world of to-day."

Many of the author's contentions are challenging, provocative—so much so that it calls for considerable strength of will not to quote long passages from the book and comment on them in varying degrees of approbation!

But underlying it all is an insidious plausibility amounting almost to logic. It would be reassuring to be able to regard Shaw Desmond's theories as Fact.

I OFTEN wonder how many writers of detective fiction are conscious that the appeal of this particular type of novel is to the *vanity* of the reader.

The reader is all the time subconsciously seeking the solution to the mystery. If he spots it, he glows with righteous pride of the "I told you so" sort; if he fails, his reaction is one of admiration of the author who fooled him.

Readers of *Mystery at Moor Street* by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) are likely to end the book with a profound admiration for the author, for no one but our old friend Inspector Higgins, with his humanity and his humour, would have had the pertinacity to penetrate the welter of lies and false clues with which he finds himself surrounded.

Mystery at Moor Street is swift-moving and breathlessly exciting—all the Higgins stories are—but it is more than this. It is an object-lesson in the elimination of the superfluous.

THE GOLD COAST
NORTHWEST PASSAGE
KENNETH ROBERTS
STOR and GO
World birth
SHAW DES
MYSTERY AT MOOR STREET
A DETECTIVE STORY
W.1.
PAUL McGUIRE
Child Royal
D. K. BROSTER'S
NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE

NIGHT Clubs form a fashionable background to crimes of violence in contemporary mystery novels, and the Caligula is probably a better background than it is a night club.

Anyhow, the Caligula provides Paul McGuire, author of *Cry Aloud for Murder* with an admirable setting for his new murder mystery *"W.1."* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

When, half-way through the story, a second murder occurs, the original case, which looks as though it is becoming simplified, takes on new complications which lead the reader far beyond the immediate environment of the hapless Caligula, eventually providing a motive of astonishing originality.

It has been said that only the humanly imperfect are ever perfectly human.

In the case of the tempestuous and ill-starred Mirabeau, whose political writings were to make him the most powerful man in France during the Revolution, his human imperfections made him perfectly *inhuman* by the standards of modern civilisation.

Self-indulgent but dynamically eloquent; bitter foe with moments of amazing sentimentality; physically hideous and yet possessed of an irresistible fascination, Mirabeau could have saved the royal family from death and France from anarchy, but he died worn out from every kind of excess at the height of his triumph, all Paris clamouring at his door. A great man thwarted by his own passions and vices—a giant in chains . . . and it is under the title *A Giant in Chains* that Marjorie Bowen has presented to us in her new historical novel, which Hutchinsons publish at 8s. 6d., the tragic and compelling story of Mirabeau who, rogue and libertine that he was, yet inspired Henriette de Nehra to love him with a splendid devotion.

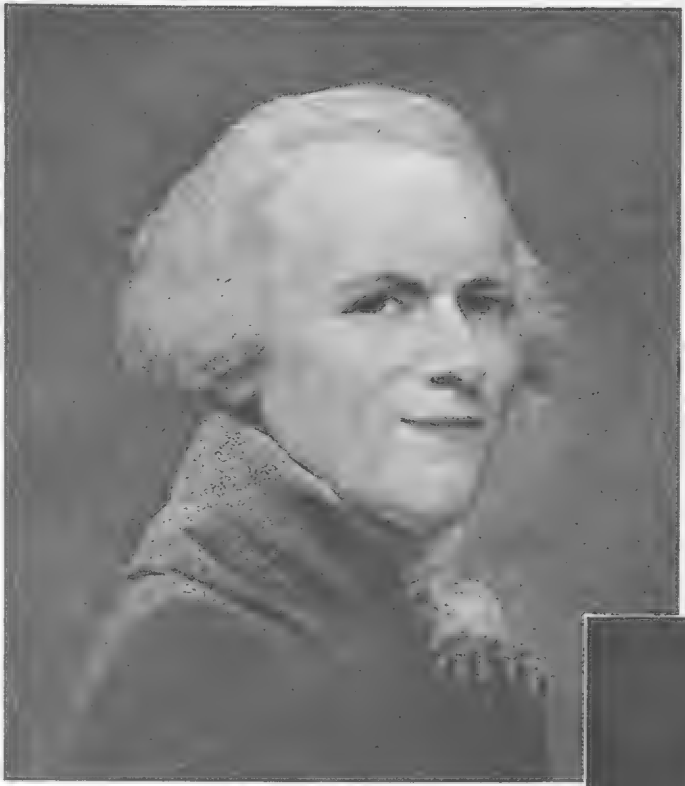
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS as a woman is familiar to readers of historical novels, yet of the girl who grew up into her tragic heritage, little has been told. Added interest, therefore, attaches to D. K. Broster's *Child Royal* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).

Miss Broster applies the paint to her wide (*Continued on page* 78)

A Page *from* History

R*obespierre* *at* H*ome*

By Harry J. Greenwall



Maximilien Robespierre
(from the portrait by J. B. Greuze)

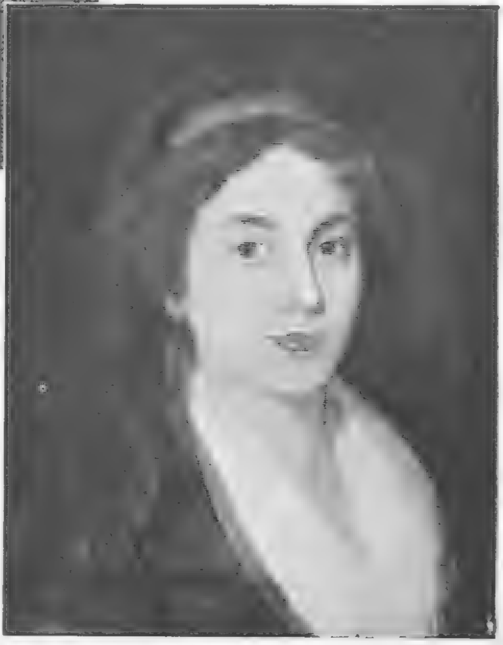
THE Rue St. Honoré in Paris is a peculiar sort of street. Perhaps it has not the *chic* of its opposite number, the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, but nevertheless it certainly has character. Instead of antique dealers and other luxurious trades that you find in the Faubourg St. Honoré, in the Rue St. Honoré you find a mixture of banks and restaurants and fur shops. If, by any chance, you have the feel for history in your bones, drop in some day at Number 398, only a few steps from the main Boulevard, and there, in the twinkling of an eye, you will find yourself in the background of history, in the hey-day of the French Revolution.

One summer afternoon, in the middle of July, 1791, the good citizen Maurice Duplay was standing at the door of his house, taking the air. Duplay was a cabinet maker, or perhaps just a carpenter, in a fair way of business. The house behind him was not his own, but he held it on lease, and was looking forward to the time when he would become the proud owner. He had a wife and four daughters. One daughter, Sophie, was married to a lawyer in the country; the other three young ones were sitting in the garden at home. Just look inside the courtyard: the garden is still there, although you may not recognize it because to-day it has a glass roof over it, and inside there is, I presume, some sort of a workshop, but in the summer of 1791, it was indeed a garden.

While Citizen Duplay was taking the air, he heard from afar shouts and cheers. In those days, there was quite a lot of cheering, but one never quite knew what to expect. The noise came nearer and nearer, and out of a side street came a citizen clothed in black and walking fast. He had his head bent and seemed to be running under a shower of rain instead of a rain of cheers. Behind him were running people, shouting and applauding. Citizen Duplay took one look at the man in black. He recognised him. He had met him, so he thought, at the Jacobin Club. Hat in hand, although all citizens were equal, Monsieur Duplay stepped up and asked the little man in black to come inside and rest for a while. The man smiled, and agreed with a nod. He entered the house of Citizen Duplay—and stayed there for three years. The little man in black was Maximilien Robespierre, the lawyer from Arras.

ROBESPIERRE had been living in Paris for two years. He had come from Arras, elected as a Deputy to the States General. He had a sister, Charlotte, whom he had left behind in the little town in the north. Robespierre at that time was being paid eighteen *livres* a day while the Assembly was sitting. He was supporting his sister and was sending her one third of the sum he received. According to a person who acted at this time as Robespierre's secretary, there was a woman, a mysterious and unknown woman, with whom Robespierre was in love. He was sending her a share of his stipend, and the balance, whatever it was, he was using for his own needs. Did any of this balance go into the pockets of Maurice Duplay, his host and supporter?

There is absolutely no proof that any money was paid to the carpenter. And what a day of woe it was when Maximilien Robespierre set foot in the house of this tubby little citizen! Various writers have painted Duplay's family in heroic tints, but frankly, there is little in history or in the archives which still exist in Paris, to support this suggestion. Monsieur and Madame Duplay, and Mesdemoiselles Duplay, were just citizens of the new Republic; otherwise they were very humble *bourgeois*. Monsieur and Madame Duplay had received very little education, but even in those days people wanted their children to be just a little better than they themselves were. Sophie had made what was, in the standard of life of the Duplay family, a good marriage; it was quite nice to be allied to a country lawyer. The other three daughters had been educated at a nearby convent. And that was the situation when that curious little lawyer from Arras walked into the family who soon became his adorers.



Eleonore Duplay
(Reproduced from the portrait at the Carnavale)

THERE are prints still in existence of the Demoiselles Duplay, Victoire, Elizabeth and Eleonore. The first two girls matter very little in the Robespierre history of this time, but Eleonore certainly does matter because until the day of her death, and from the moment when Robespierre's head fell in the basket, she considered herself the widow of the "Monster."

It was a neat little household in which Maximilien Robespierre found himself; the family was not rich. Duplay had been saving up in the proverbial French manner. He had put away enough to provide dowries for his daughters, and to enable him one day to retire to the country and *planter les choux.*

One can very easily picture the scene as it was that afternoon in the Duplay sitting-room. Citizen Duplay stood at the back, smiling and beaming. The sombre little man in black, very lawyer-like, sat at *goûter.* With their arms resting on the table, there sat Madame Duplay and the three daughters, looking at the lawyer with longing eyes, hoping he would speak. He did. He asked for an orange. He adored oranges, and one of his indoor habits was to exhibit his skill in peeling and dissecting an orange with one hand.

When Robespierre got up and said he must be going, the Duplay family, with one voice, begged him to stay. Robespierre accepted,

(*Continued on page 102*)

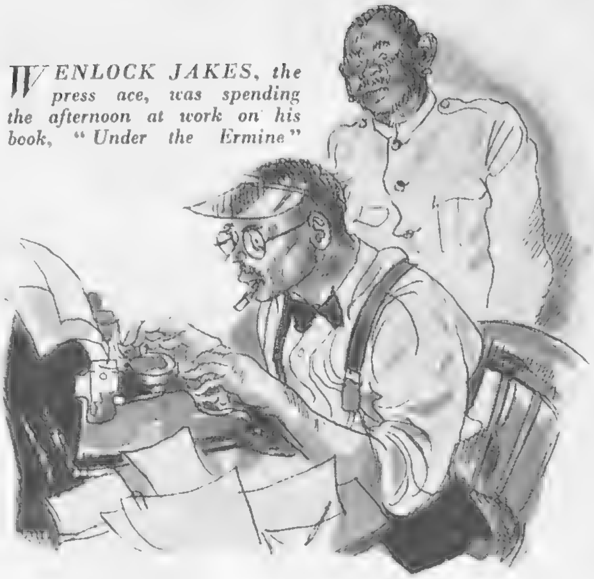
Hard News

A *Lesson* in J*ournalism*

By Evelyn Waugh

THE Hotel Liberty, Jacksonburg, Independent East Africa, was folded in the peace of Saturday afternoon, soon to be broken by the arrival of the weekly train from the coast but, at the moment, at four o'clock, serene and all-embracing. The wireless station was shut and the fifteen journalists were at rest. Mrs. Moab padded in stockinged feet across the bare boards of the lounge looking for a sizable cigar end, found one, screwed it into her pipe, and settled down in the office rocking-chair to read her Bible. Outside—and, in one or two places, inside—the rain fell in torrents. It rang on the iron roof in a continuous, restful monotone; it swirled and gurgled in the channels it had cut in the terrace outside; it seeped under the front door in an opaque pool. Mrs. Moab puffed at her pipe, licked her thumb and turned a page of the good book. It was very pleasant when all those noisy white men were shut away in their rooms; quite like old times; they brought in good money, these journalists—heavens, what she was charging them!—but they were a great deal of trouble; brought in a nasty kind of customer, too—Hindoos, savages from up country, poor whites and near-whites from the town, police officers, the off-scourings of the commercial cafés and domino saloons, interpreters and informers and guides, not the kind of persons Mrs. Moab liked to see about her hotel. What with washing and drinking and telephoning and driving about in the mud in taxicabs and developing films and cross-questioning her old and respectable patrons, and saying there was going to be a war, really there never seemed a moment a lady could call her own.

Even now they were not all idle; in their austere trade they had forfeited the arts of leisure.



WENLOCK JAKES, the press ace, was spending the afternoon at work on his book, "Under the Ermine"

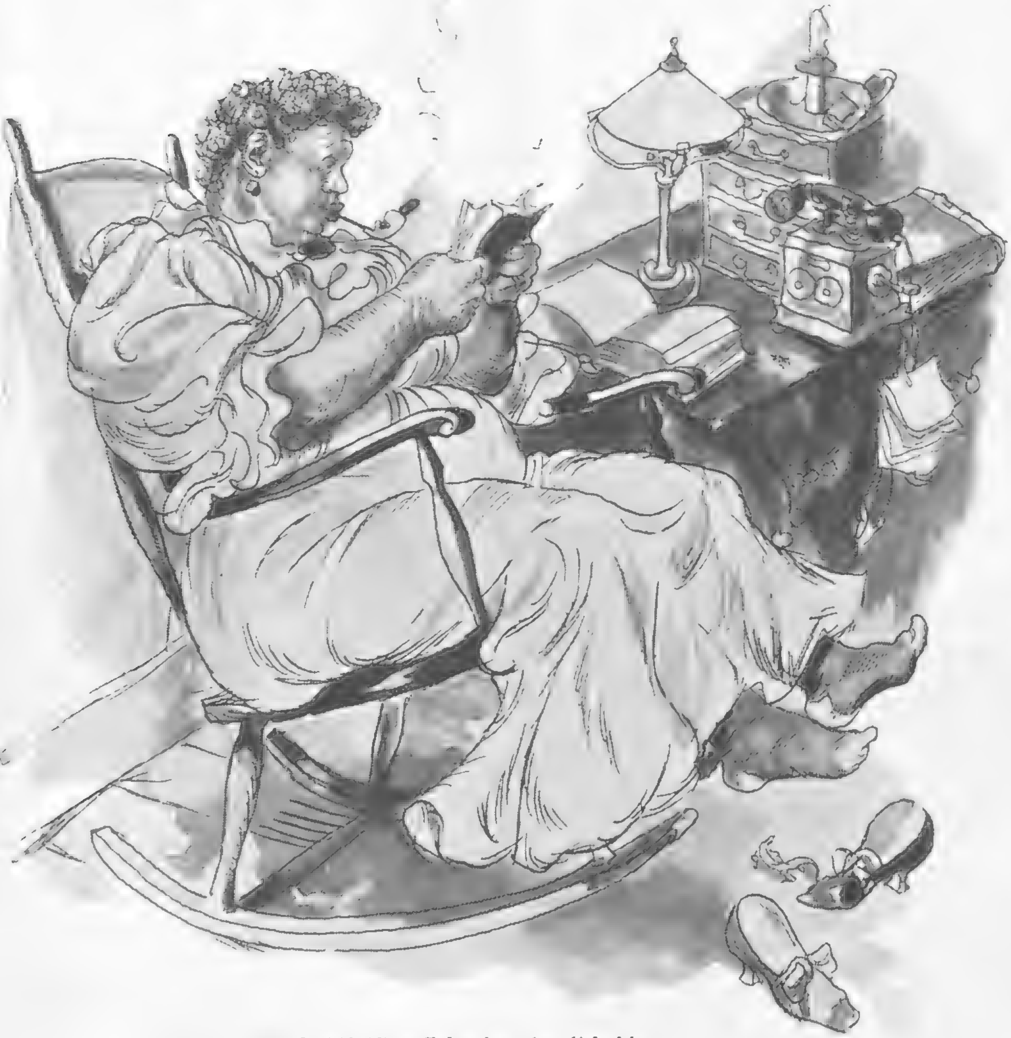
UPSTAIRS in his room, Mr. Wenlock Jakes, the American press ace, was spending the afternoon at work on his forthcoming book, *Under the Ermine*. It was to be a survey of the undercurrents of English political and social life. "*I shall never forget,*" he typed, "*the evening of King Edward's abdication. I was dining at the Savoy Grill as the guest of Silas Shock, of the* New York Guardian. *His guests were well chosen, six of the most influential men and women in England; men and women such as only exist in England, who are seldom in the news but who control the strings of the national pulse. On my left was Mrs. Hogbaum, the wife of the famous publisher; on the other side was Prudence Blank, who has been described to me as 'the Mary Selena Wilmark of Britain'; opposite was John Titmuss, whose desk at the* News Chronicle *holds more secrets of state than any ambassadors . . . big business was represented by John Nought, agent of the Credential Assurance Co. . . . I at once raised the question of the hour. Not one of that brilliant company expressed any opinion. There, in a nutshell, you have England, her greatness—and her littleness.*"

Jakes was to be paid an advance of $20,000 for this book.

IN the next room were four furious Frenchmen. They were dressed as though for the cinema camera, in breeches, open shirts and brand new chocolate-coloured riding boots cross-laced from top to bottom; each carried a bandolier of cartridges round his waist and a revolver-holster on his hip. Three were seated, the fourth strode before them, jingling his spurs as he turned and stamped on the bare boards. They were composing a memorandum of their wrongs.

"*We, the undersigned members of the French Press in Independent East Africa,*" they had written "*protest categorically and in the most emphatic manner against the partiality shown against us by the Press Bureau and at the discourteous lack of co-operation of our so-called colleagues. . . .*"

In the next room, round a little table, sat Shumble, Whelper, Pigge, and a gigantic bemused Swede. Shumble and Whelper and Pigge were special correspondents; the Swede was resident correspondent to a syndicate of Scandinavian papers—and more; he was Swedish Consul, head surgeon at the Swedish Mission Hospital, and



MRS. MOAB puffed at her pipe, licked her thumb, and turned a page of the Good Book

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

proprietor of the combined tea, bible and chemist shop which was the centre of European life in Jacksonburg, a pre-crisis resident of high standing. All the journalists tried to make friends with him; all succeeded, but they found him disappointing as a news source.

These four were playing cards.

"I will go four no hearts," said Erik Olafsen.

"You can't do that."

"Why cannot I do that? I have no hearts."

"But we explained just now . . ."

"Will you please be so kind and explain another time?"

They explained, the cards were thrown in and the patient Swede collected them in his enormous hand. Shumble began to deal.

Six other journalists of six nationalities were spending their day of leisure in this hotel. Time lay heavily on them. The mail train was due some time that day to relieve their tedium.

And the granite sky wept.

IN the rainy season it was impossible to say, within twelve hours or so, the time of the train's arrival. To-day it had made a good journey. It was still light when the telephone rang in Mrs. Moab's office to tell her that it had left the last station and would soon be there. Instantly the Hotel Liberty came to life. The hall-boy donned his peaked cap and set out with Mrs. Moab to look for clients. Shumble, Whelper and Pigge left their game and put on their mackintoshes; the Frenchmen struggled into Spahi capes. Six other journalists emerged from their rooms and began shouting for taxis. Paleologue, Jakes's jackal, reported for duty and was dispatched to observe arrivals. The greater and more forbidding part of the population of Jacksonburg was assembled on the platform.

AN expression of rather peevish bewilderment was common to all new arrivals at Jacksonburg, but one figure was remarkable even in that crowd. William Brake was twenty years old; his university career had lately come to an abrupt end in the middle of the summer term. He had "gone into journalism" backed by the editorship of an undergraduate weekly and an uncle who was an important advertising agent; for six weeks he had hung sadly about the *Voice* office, being sent occasionally to report deaths and births at the Zoo, more often to attend banquets which the paper did not intend to report. One morning after a telephone inquiry from the advertising uncle, the managing editor had remembered him. "What are we doing about young Brake?" he asked.

"Young Brake?" said the news editor.

"Sir Jocelyn Brake's nephew. Haven't you got him in the reporter room?"

"I'll ask," said the news editor.

"Yes, ask," said the editor. "Send him some place. Give him a break."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the news editor extravagantly.

He had found Brake reading the serial story.

"I'm giving you a chance," he said. "I don't quite know what yet, but it'll be a big chance. The first big story that turns up."

"Thank you very much," said William. Then the news editor went back to his office and forgot about William.

Six weeks later the managing editor said: "How about young Brake?"

"Young Brake? Yes, he's coming on nicely."

"What sort of stories has he had in the paper?"

"Well, I don't know that he's actually had any in *the paper*. . . ."

"Well, send him some place where he's bound to. Sir Jocelyn was asking again. Isn't there a little war anywhere?"

"Well, there's Spain and China."

"No, some *little* war."

"They say there's going to be a war in Independent East Africa. The Amalgamated America is sending Jakes."

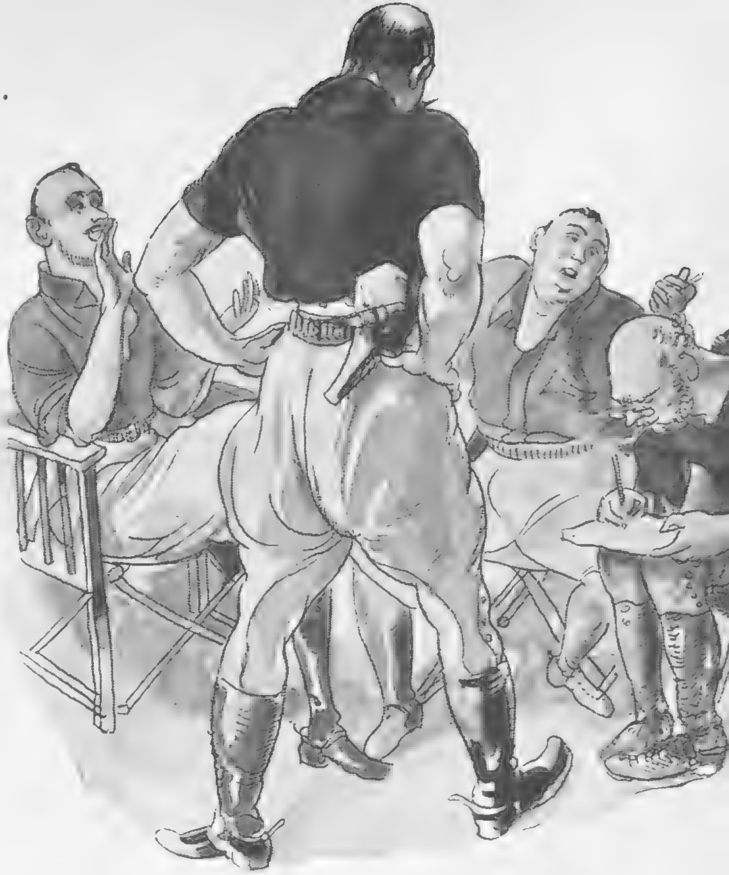
"That'll do. Send him off there. Send someone who knows the ropes to look after him."

"How about Corker?"

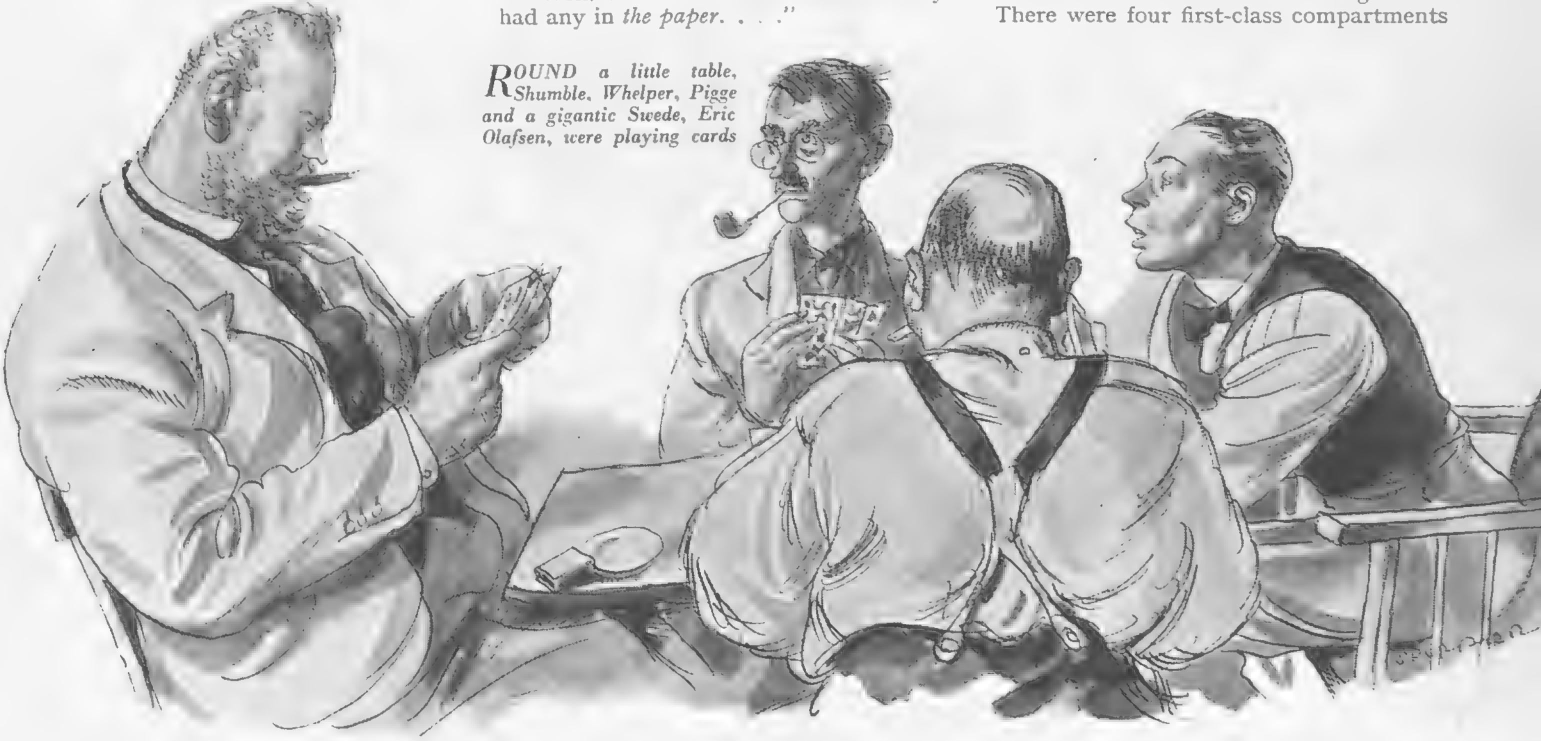
"Corker is just the man."

So here they stood, William and Corker, a month later, on the platform at Jacksonburg.

They had had a journey of constant annoyance. For three days they had been crawling up from the fierce heat of the coast into the bleak and sodden highlands. There were four first-class compartments



FOUR furious Frenchmen, dressed as though for the cinema camera, were composing a memorandum of their wrongs



ROUND a little table, Shumble, Whelper, Pigge and a gigantic Swede, Eric Olafsen, were playing cards on their train; one was reserved for a Swiss ticket collector. In the remaining three, in painful proximity, sat twenty-four Europeans, ten of whom were the advance party of the Excelsior Movie-Sound News of America. The others were journalists. They had lunched, dined and slept at the rest houses on the line. During the first day, when they were crossing the fiery coastal plain, there had been no ice; on the second day, in the bush, no mosquito nets; on the third night, in the mountains, no blankets. Only the little Swiss official enjoyed tolerable comfort. At every halt fellow employees brought him refreshment—frosted beer, steaming coffee, baskets of exotic dessert; at the restaurants there were special dishes for him and rocking chairs in which to digest them; there were bedrooms with fine brass bedsteads and a warm hip-bath. When Corker and his friends discovered that he was only the ticket collector, they felt very badly about this.

Some time during the second day's journey the luggage van came detached from the rest of the train. Its loss was discovered that evening when the passengers wanted their mosquito nets.

"Here's where that little beaver can be useful," said Corker.

He and William went to ask his help. He sat in his rocking chair smoking a thin, mild cheroot, his hands folded over his firm little dome of stomach. They stood and told him of their troubles. He thanked them, and said it was quite all right.

"Such things often happen. I always travel with all my possessions in the compartment with me."

"I shall write to the director of the line about it," said Corker.

"Yes, that is the best thing to do. It is always possible that the van will be traced."

"I've got a very valuable evening suit in my luggage."

"Unfortunate. The niggers love evening suits. I am afraid it is less likely to be recovered."

"D'you know who we are?"

"Yes," said the Swiss, with a little shudder. "Yes, I know."

By the end of the journey Corker had come to hate this man, and the rest-house curry had brought on an attack of nettle-rash. He reached Jacksonburg in a bad humour.

Shumble, Whelper and Pigge knew Corker; they had loitered together of old on many a doorstep and forced an entry into many a stricken home. "Thought you'd be on this train," said Shumble. "Your name's posted for collect facilities in the radio station. What sort of trip?"

"Lousy. How are things here?"

"Lousy. Who's with you?"

Corker told him.

"There's more coming," said Shumble. "They seem to have gone crazy about this story at home. Jakes is sending eight hundred words a day."

"*Jakes here?* Well, there must be something in it."

"Who's the important little chap with the beard"—they looked towards the Custom's shed through which the Swiss was being obsequiously conducted.

"You'd think he was an ambassador," said Corker bitterly.

The black porter of the Hotel Liberty interrupted them. Corker began to describe in detail his lost evening suit. Shumble disappeared in the crowd.

"Too bad, too bad," said the porter. "Very bad men on railway."

"But it was registered through."

"Maybe he'll turn up."

"Do things often get lost on your damned awful line?"

"Most always."

All round them the journalists were complaining about their losses. "Five miles of film," said the leader of the Excelsior Movie-Sound News. "How am I going to get *that* through the expenses department?"

"Very bad men on railway. They like film plenty—him make good fire."

So far as their profession allowed them time for such soft feelings, Corker and Pigge were friends.

"A brand new evening suit, cost eighteen of the best," said Corker, describing his losses, "and a dozen shirts—all put down to expenses."

Pigge listened sympathetically. The bustle was over. William and Corker had secured a room together at the Liberty; their sparse hand-luggage was unpacked and Pigge had dropped in for a drink.

"What's the situation?" asked William, when Corker had exhausted his information—though not his resentment—about the ticket collector.

"Lousy," said Pigge.

"I've been told to go to the front."

"That's what we all want to do. But in the first place there isn't any front, and in the second place we couldn't get to it if there was. You can't move outside the town without a permit, and you can't get a permit."

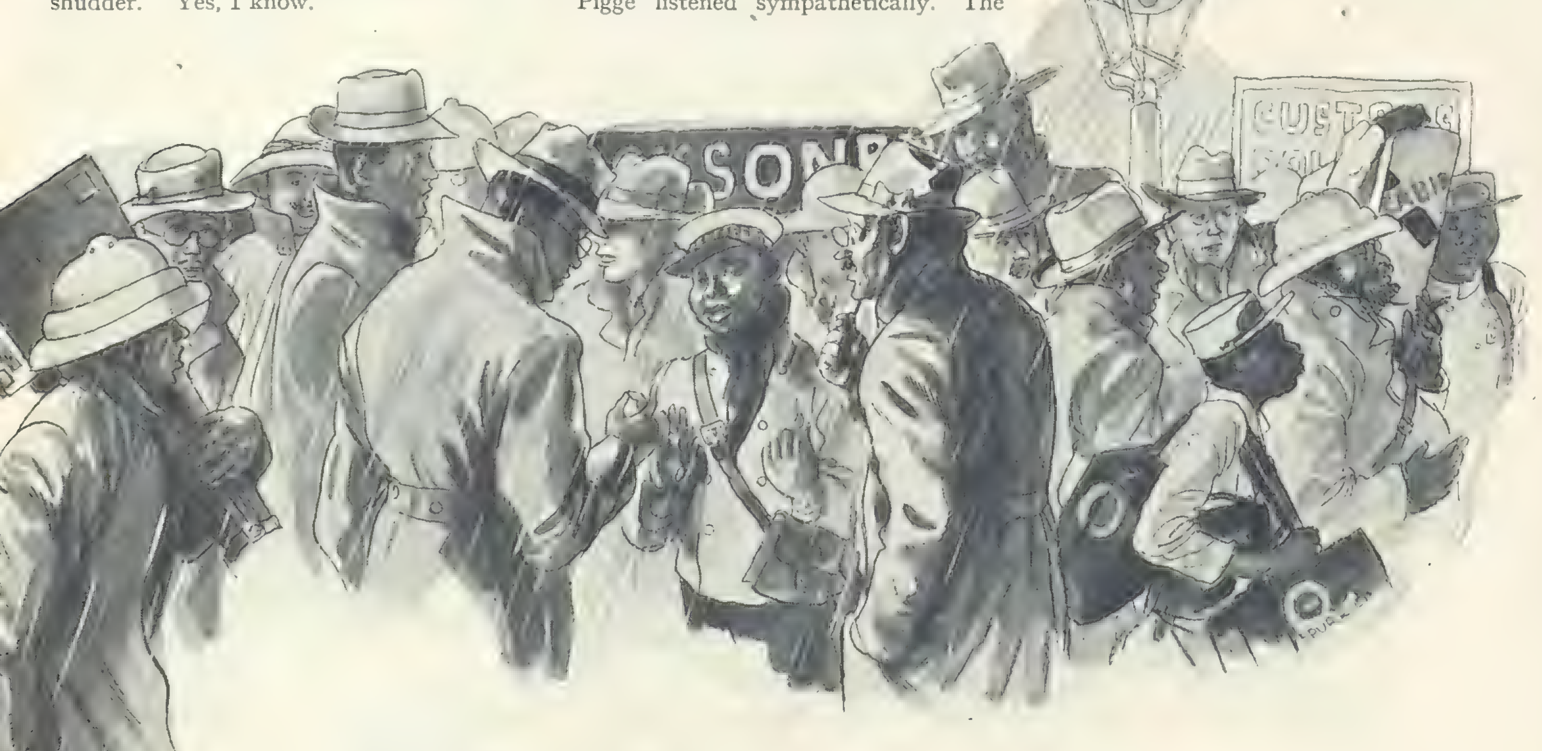
"Then what are you sending?" asked Corker.

"Colour stuff," said Pigge with great disgust. "Preparations in the threatened capital, soldiers of fortune, mystery men, foreign influences, volunteers . . . there isn't any hard news. The rebel headquarters are up country somewhere in the mountains. No one knows where. They're going to attack when the rain stops in about ten days. You can't get a word out of the government. They won't admit there *is* a crisis."

"What, not with Jakes here?" said Corker in wonder. "What's this President like, anyway?"

"Lousy."

"Got my hard news?" asked Jakes. Paleologue shook his head sadly. He was finding Jakes a hard master. For over a week he had been on his pay-roll. It seemed a lifetime. But the pay was fabulous and Paleologue was a good family man; he had two wives to support and countless queer-coloured children on whom he lavished his love. Until the arrival of the newspaper men—that decisive epoch in Independent East African social history—he had been dragoman and interpreter at the British Legation, on wages which—though supplemented from time to time by the sale to his masters' colleagues of any wastepaper



All round them the journalists were complaining about their losses he had found lying round the Chancery—barely sufficed for the necessaries of his household; occasionally he had been able to provide amusement for bachelor attachés; occasionally he sold objects of native art to the ladies of the compound. But it had been an exiguous living. Now he was getting fifty American dollars a week. It was a wage beyond the bounds of his wildest ambition . . . but Mr. Jakes was very exacting and very peremptory.

"Who was on the train?"

"No one except the newspaper gentlemen and M. Giraud."

"Who's he?"

"He is in the railway. He went down to the coast with his wife last week, to see her off to Europe."

"Yes, yes, I remember. That was the 'panic-stricken refugees' story. No one else?"

"No, Mr. Jakes."

"Well, go find some real hard news."

"Yes, sir."

Jakes turned his attention to his treatise. "*The dominant member of the new cabinet,*" he typed, "*was colourful Kingsley-Wood. . . .*"

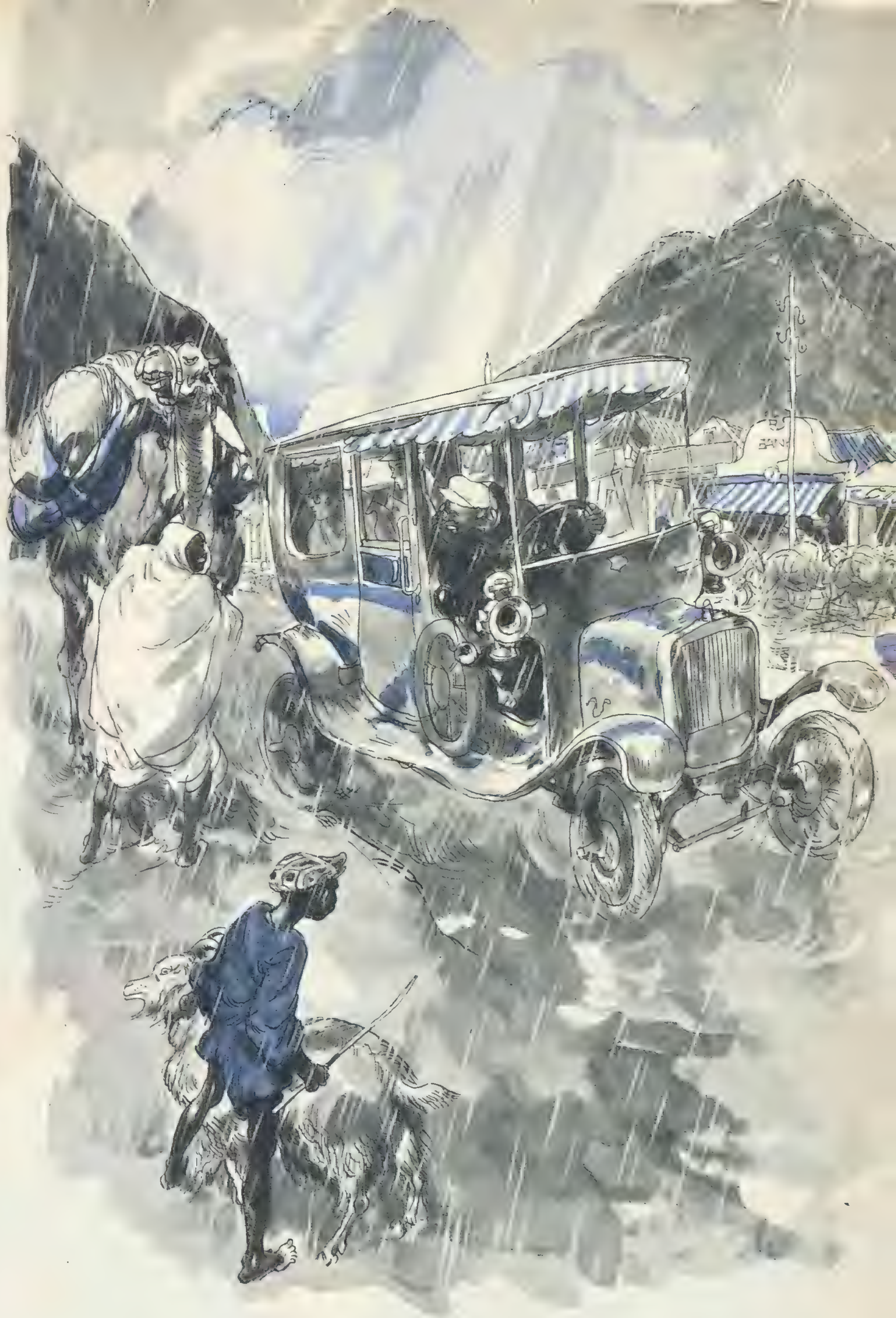
NOBODY knew exactly at what time or through what channels word went round the Hotel Liberty that Shumble had got a story. William heard it from Corker who heard it from Pigge. Pigge had guessed it from something odd in Shumble's manner during dinner—something abstracted, something of high excitement painfully restrained. He confided in Whelper, "He's been distinctly rummy ever since he came back from the station. Have you noticed it?"

"Yes," said Whelper. "It sticks out a mile. If you ask me, he's got something under his hat."

"Just what I thought," said Pigge, gloomily.

And before bedtime everyone in the hotel knew it. The French were furious. They went in a body to their Legation. "It is too much," they said. "Shumble is receiving secret information from the government. Jakes, of course, is pro-British and now, at a moment like this, when as chairman of the Foreign Press Association he should forward our protest officially to the proper quarter, he says he is writing a book."

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "it is Saturday night. No official will be available until noon on Monday."



THE car swerved off the motor road and bounced perilously among the caravans. The chauffeur turned back, shouted opprobriously at a camel driver and regained the tarmac

"The Press Bureau is draconic, arbitrary and venal; it is in the hands of a clique; we appeal for justice," replied the deputation.

"Certainly, without fail, on Monday afternoon. . . ."

A conference was held in his absence, in Shumble's room.

"We'll stay awake in shifts," said Whelper, "and listen. He may talk in his sleep."

"I suppose you've searched his papers?"

"Useless. He never takes a note."

In Jakes's room Paleologue threw up his hands hopelessly.

"Have his boy bring you his message on the way to the wireless station."

"Mr. Stumble always take it himself."

"Well, go find out what it is. I'm busy. . . ."

Shumble sat in the lounge radiating importance. Throughout the evening everyone in turn sat by his side, offered him whisky and (*Continued on page* 117)

A LIFE OF EASE

Among the many ideas, practical and artistic, which go to the making of a modern home, there are few things more original, more responsive to everyday needs, than the contemporary divan.

Its nearest counterpart among period furniture is the Jacobean day-bed, but the modern divan, as its name suggests, has achieved a degree of almost oriental luxury undreamed of in the Stuart or Hanoverian days.

With young people setting up house for the first time, it is more and more the tendency to prefer a smaller home and to furnish this intensively. Whether you have a town flat or a little house, the modern divan is an ever-faithful friend.

It enables you, if you wish, to equip a perfectly charming and attractive bed-sitting-room, or a dressing-room or boudoir which may be used as an occasional sleeping-room, or just a comfortable living-room which *could* be used to accommodate an extra guest for the night, if necessary.

A divan has the great merit of looking equally at home in a living-room or any kind of bedroom, or it can even be used in the window bay on a landing or half-landing.

This practical success is also reflected in the divan's price. Ten years ago the simplest model cost about £10, whereas to-day there are models costing less than £3. But this is as much the effect of popularity as its cause.

In its simplest essentials, a divan is just a box mattress on short feet, but the need for greater efficiency in making the most of space, the necessity of storage accommodation for bedding, and the demand for as much comfort as possible, have brought into being countless improvements on this elementary design.

The built-in divan-bed is found frequently in modern flats, and even in country houses, for if the bed occupies an alcove, a fitted treatment has obvious advantages on the score of space saving. In cases of this kind the divan generally rests upon a plinth which is fitted with drawers for spare bedding.

A movable divan has been introduced recently which gives similar storage

1

1. A divan with bookshelves at the head. An exceptionally simple and practical treatment

2. A conversation corner in a London flat. Upholstery is in a warm rust red corduroy

3. A practical suggestion with advantages where space is precious. A trunk bed consisting of a divan mattress on a box plinth with cupboards in it for the bedding

4. For the small sitting-room or the boudoir. A divan, bookshelves, cocktail cupboard and radiator treated as one continuous fitment

5. A day bed in pink satin and with a sycamore base. A free and very attractive interpretation of regency feeling

6. The back of this chaise-longue is adjustable to several positions, and there are two wheels underneath which make it easy to move from one part of the room to another

accommodation to a divan of the fixture type. The couch or bed consists of a rubber latex mattress supported on a mesh of steel springs, and in the plinth beneath are two bedding cupboards with panel doors which slide to and fro on one of the long sides of the divan.

Many modern interiors show the use of fitted divans which are combined with other furniture grouped round the walls, such as a writing desk, dressing-table or bookshelves.

There is also a divan with a removable headboard. With the headboard in position, you really have a bed without a foot panel. If the headboard is removed it can be used as a bedside table, for it is fitted with concealed folding legs. Another modern divan is constructed on the combination unit principle, the units being an angle arm-chair and a large rectangular pouffe.

An ingenious divan introduced recently is virtually five or six articles of furniture in one. It is designed for placing in the corner of a room and has cushions at the head and along one side.

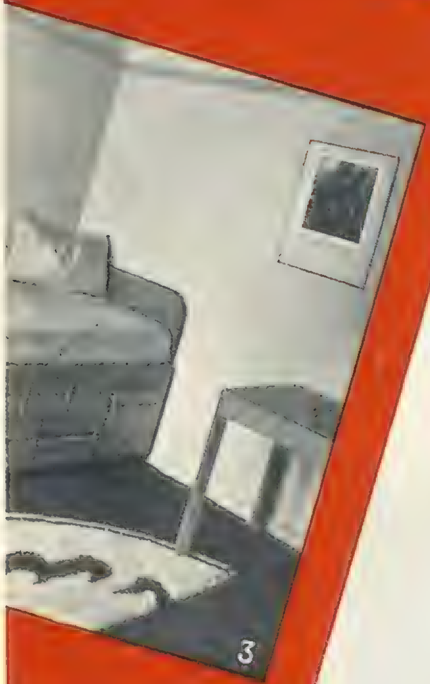
These cushions are wedge-shaped, thicker along the base than at the top, where they are hinged so that they can be raised through a complete semicircle. When this is done, the thicker part of the cushion is at the top, with its weight leaning heavily against the wall to keep it securely in position.

Lifting the cushions in this way is the first step in converting the divan for use as a bed, and in so doing, you also add some five or six inches to the width. At the same time you bring into view a fascinating series of fitments which had hitherto been hidden by the cushions. There is a cupboard for pillows, a recessed reading-lamp and bookshelf, and a fall-flap dressing-table with an adjustable mirror.

Another extremely good idea is embodied in the quilted sateen coverlet of the divan. This coverlet is attached on its underside to an eiderdown quilt, and it becomes a bed quilt by the simple process of turning it over.

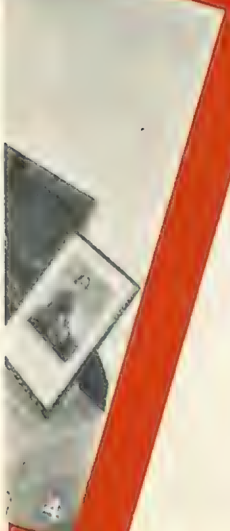
This divan-bed, therefore, is a convertible, many-purposes model of exceptional ingenuity, and among its minor advantages is the fact that with the hinged cushions round the walls, there is no need for numerous loose cushions, which are often apt to look untidy.

2


3

5

6


4

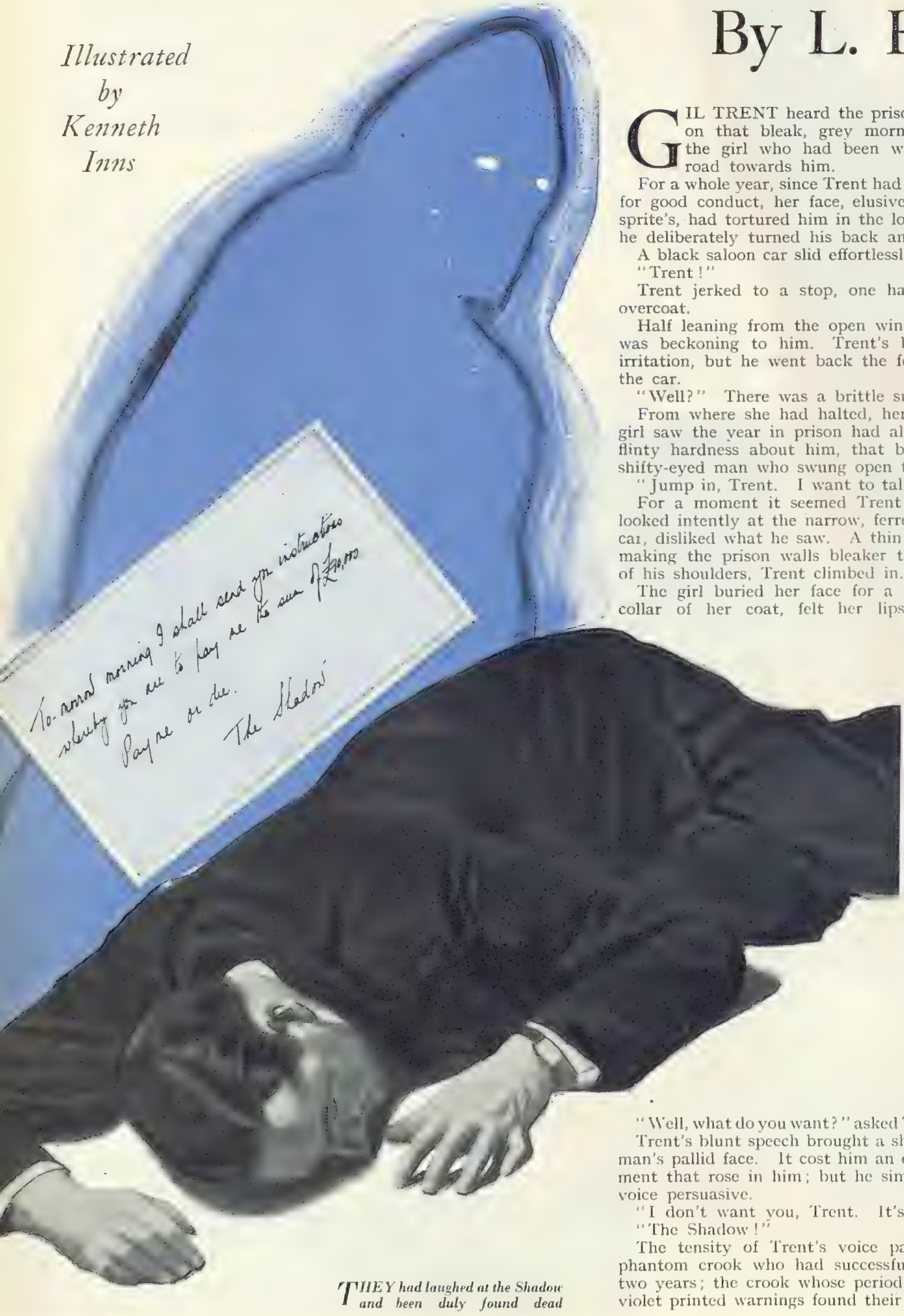
By Baseden Butt

Pay to *the* Shadow

A Mystery Story of Blackmail and Murder

By L. H. Hart

Illustrated by Kenneth Inns


To-morrow morning I shall send you instructions
whereby you are to pay me the sum of £10,000
Pay me or die.
The Shadow

THEY had laughed at the Shadow and been duly found dead

GIL TRENT heard the prison gates close behind him on that bleak, grey morning at the same instant the girl who had been waiting started across the road towards him.

For a whole year, since Trent had not merited any remission for good conduct, her face, elusive and haunting as a wood sprite's, had tortured him in the loneliness of his cell. Now he deliberately turned his back and strode away from her.

A black saloon car slid effortlessly into the kerb alongside.

"Trent!"

Trent jerked to a stop, one hand in the pocket of his overcoat.

Half leaning from the open window, the man in the car was beckoning to him. Trent's brows pulled together in irritation, but he went back the few steps to bring him to the car.

"Well?" There was a brittle snap in his voice.

From where she had halted, her face going strained, the girl saw the year in prison had altered Trent; there was a flinty hardness about him, that brought uneasiness to the shifty-eyed man who swung open the door of the saloon.

"Jump in, Trent. I want to talk to you."

For a moment it seemed Trent was going to refuse; he looked intently at the narrow, ferret eyes of the man in the car, disliked what he saw. A thin drizzle was springing up, making the prison walls bleaker than ever. With a shrug of his shoulders, Trent climbed in.

The girl buried her face for a moment in the upturned collar of her coat, felt her lips stiffen. In a moment she had recovered herself, began to walk rapidly to the nearby garage where she had left her low slung sports car.

Trent accepted a cigarette from the man beside him, lit it from the proffered match, watched the road begin ribboning under the leaping bonnet in front of him.

AFTER twelve months confinement there was something enormously satisfying about the sense of unleashed power flowing smoothly beneath him. Trace of a smile flickered about his hard-lipped mouth, vanished a moment later as he allowed himself a side glance at his companion.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Trent, breaking the silence.

Trent's blunt speech brought a shade of anger to the other man's pallid face. It cost him an effort to check the resentment that rose in him; but he simulated a smile, made his voice persuasive.

"I don't want you, Trent. It's the Shadow who does."

"The Shadow!"

The tensity of Trent's voice paid ample tribute to the phantom crook who had successfully eluded the police for two years; the crook whose periodical grey cards with their violet printed warnings found their way at intervals into the mail of England's wealthiest citizens.

"*To-morrow morning I shall send you instructions whereby you are to pay me the sum of £10,000. Pay me, or die.*

The Shadow."

That was all the cards ever contained.

Three men had laughed at the bizarrerie of the demands, boasted of the shipping firm they had helped to build, or the railroad that bore witness to their genius, or their wizardry on 'Change. They had laughed at the Shadow, and been duly found dead. Killed in circumstances that baffled Scotland Yard, and called them to ridicule in the Press by reason of their helplessness. Once, a killer had been caught, but he knew no more of the Shadow who had paid him to do the work than the police, and went to the rope cursing the elusive crook.

For two years this had gone on, though the public never learned of half the victims who had paid up rather than risk the Shadow's vengeance. Now Gil Trent found this master criminal seeking his services. Somehow, he had expected it, felt the thrill of it warm through his blood.

"The Shadow has a habit of picking men like you," Trent's companion put in silkily. "Men with good reason to hate the blokes with the money-bags. Guess he remembered all right the way you cursed the Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard when he had you put away for a stretch. The Shadow must have liked your nerve, trying to throw a scare into that guy."

"I'll get him yet." The words were stated with a flat finality, stripped of melodrama, that brought a chill to Trent's companion. His lips stiffened a little as he eased the powerful car 'round a corner, pressed a pointed shoe on the accelerator.

"Sure you'll get him. How'd you like to work for the Shadow, too?"

The question brought a slightly quickened beat to Trent's breathing, otherwise not a change was discernible in him.

"The money's good," the driver persisted smoothly. "Good, and safe. You play in with the Shadow, and you're sitting pretty."

"What do you know about him?"

"Me? Not a damn thing, Trent. It isn't healthy to know anything about the Shadow. All I know about him is he tells me to look up certain fellows now and again, when he wants a job done. That's all. I get well paid for doing that, and you bet I keep my mouth shut. Not that I could squeal, even if I wanted to."

Trent's lips made a thin, bloodless line across his tense face. "I'll take the job," he stated evenly.

The saloon slid smoothly to the kerb.

"O.K., Trent, you won't regret it. You'll get your instructions from the Shadow himself. I'll let him know you're ready to come in; after that, it's up to you."

Trent watched the saloon slide away through the early morning. It was some minutes before he moved. When he did it was with harsh lines stamped on his face that seemed to bode little good for the man Trent had publicly threatened from the dock a year before; Sir William Dyson, Assistant Commissioner of Police.

THE entrance to the block of flats looked the same as when Trent had left it. He smiled as the porter tipped his hat, and walked on to his flat on the left of the hall.

Batten, his leather-faced ex-sailor valet, welcomed him with a broad grin. "Great to see you back, skipper. You're not looking so bad, considerin'."

"Thanks, Batten." Gil slipped out of his coat, handed it to Batten. He raised an eyebrow at the man's hoarse whisper.

"There's a lady waiting for you, skipper. She's in the lounge."

The smile faded from Trent's face as he walked through to the comfortably-furnished room, where the same girl who had waited outside the prison gates rose to meet him.

"Well?"

His tone was as bleak as his face. Coralie Dyson, daughter of the man who had sent Trent to prison, flushed at his bluntness. She had thrown off her hat, revealing a warm-hued mass of tumbled curls close to her head. The partly open coat showed a slender figure in simple morning dress, brightened with a vividly coloured batik belt.

"Gil, aren't you going to say you're glad to see me?"

Her arms, half held out in entreaty, dropped to her sides. Her flush deepened as Trent turned away a little, took a match from a bronze tray on the table, lit a cigarette.

"Why should I be? It seemed to me that there was no further reason why we ought to be aware of each other's existence."

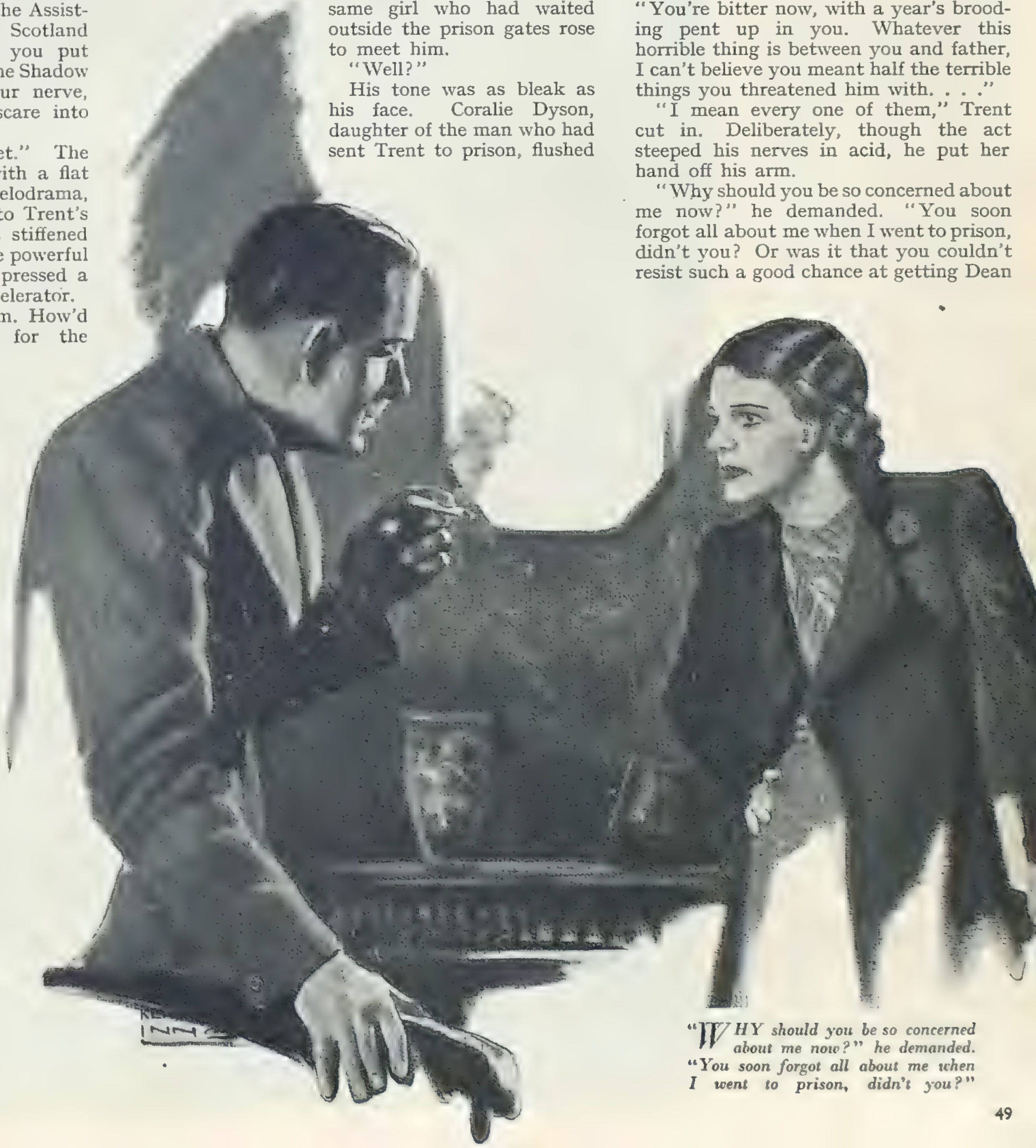
His eyes measured her, every supple, young line of her biting into his freshening memory like acid. He remembered the times in his cell he had ached for her: longed even now to take her in his arms, crush his mouth on hers to still his longing. Suppressing his thoughts, he gave a stiff laugh.

"If it comes to that, why should you be glad to see me?" His words seemed to lash her. "You remember what I said about your father, don't you? It's a year old, that promise, but it still holds."

"Gil, of course you don't mean that," Coralie burst out, her hand on his sleeve. "You're bitter now, with a year's brooding pent up in you. Whatever this horrible thing is between you and father, I can't believe you meant half the terrible things you threatened him with. . . ."

"I mean every one of them," Trent cut in. Deliberately, though the act steeped his nerves in acid, he put her hand off his arm.

"Why should you be so concerned about me now?" he demanded. "You soon forgot all about me when I went to prison, didn't you? Or was it that you couldn't resist such a good chance at getting Dean



"WHY should you be so concerned about me now?" he demanded. "You soon forgot all about me when I went to prison, didn't you?"

Benson to marry you? Well-known banker, did rather well for yourself, didn't you?"

Coralie stood away from him, cheeks lashed with crimson. "I'm sorry, Gil. It seems I've made another mistake. I came here this morning, to tell you I feel the same way about you I've always done. To admit that my marriage to Dean Benson was the worst mistake I've ever made. Not that I expected you to do anything about it. I've made my mistake and I mean to stand by it. But I wanted you to know how I felt, to be still friends with you. It seems as if you want to be an enemy. Good-bye, Gil."

Swiftly, she turned on her heel. Trent put out his hand as if to stop her, his face going suddenly haggard. With an effort he turned his back, let her go from the flat without another word.

TRENT pushed away his breakfast plate, picked out the one important letter from the litter of circulars that Batten had brought him. Dark coloured dressing-gown rumpled under him, Trent leaned back in his chair, stared enigmatically at the grey coloured card he was twisting in his sensitive fingers.

Batten's leather-hued features betrayed slight surprise as he came in to clear away, and saw the colour of the card. But his training held good, for he made no comment, merely went out with his loaded tray, and closed the door.

One of Trent's hands went ruffling through his hair as he studied the message in violet ink.

"Acton Hall Railway station. Ten yards past there on the London-Acton road to-night. 7.30. Be there.

The Shadow."

There was a slight frost in the air as Trent waited on the grass bank at the side of the ill-lit road. Ten yards farther down the countrified station made a dark blur against the sky-line, with a criss-cross of yellow light streaming from a window.

Along the road from London hummed a powerful car. Dark as it was, Trent knew the car for a different machine to the one that had waited for him the previous morning. It was a streamlined American importation, such as may be seen by the hundred every week-end.

This much Trent registered while the car slid to a standstill, engine barely ticking over, headlamps dimmed to twin ribbons of pale light that made a ghostly radiance along the frost-speckled bank.

"Trent?"

From the muffled note of the voice, he realised at once that the Shadow was well masked. Of course, true to his name it was unlikely he would have appeared any other way.

Now he was more accustomed to the light, Trent could make out a shapeless black hood under a wide brimmed hat. Nose and eye slits lent the figure a dimly frightening aspect.

"Put this mask on, Trent. I don't want you to see where we're going. My confederates are jealous of anyone discovering their headquarters."

Trent felt a thrill course through him as he pulled the hood of dark baize over his head. Save for narrow nose slits there was no opening. Once the elastic round the bottom tightened the thing round his neck for all he could see he might as well have been blind.

"So the Shadow is only one of an organised gang?" thought Trent. The news surprised him. Despite the rumours he had heard in prison, he had always considered the Shadow's racket to be run by one brain. Was it possible, as half the old lags in London believed, that the Shadow was only a name for an organised blackmailing sort of Ku Klux Klan?

Trent felt a hand grasp his arm, help him into the car.

"The Shadow likes the dark, you see."

Again that oddly muffled voice, and edged laugh that brought a rush of hate to Trent, made him clench his fists in the dark. He tightened his lips, felt something poke into his side as he slammed the car door. He could feel the ring of steel even through his overcoat.

"I'm driving with one hand, Trent. Just in case you feel like starting anything."

"Why should I?" demanded Trent roughly, voice muffled by the hood. "You know what I want, don't you? If you can help me get it that's all I care about." A prickle of perspiration broke on his forehead from the closeness of the mask.

The acceleration of the car broke off further conversation. Trent had plenty of thoughts to occupy his mind. He felt the car ride smoothly beneath him, heard the drag of brakes at the corners, but had not the slightest idea where they were going.

He lost count of time till he felt the dry spurt of gravel from the car's slowing wheels. Trent sat there till the Shadow touched his arm, muttered for him to descend. Under his feet he heard gravel scrunch; he could not see but sensed he was being led to a house.

Down a flight of stone steps; somehow, Trent had expected the Shadow's headquarters to be underground. Through a door that seemed to emit a muffled boom as it was closed behind him.

The damp smell of earth mould was in Trent's nostrils as he was led another three paces forward.

"Wait at this door till you hear me say 'come in,'" commanded the Shadow. "You will find it open then. You may take off your mask."

WITH eager fingers Trent pulled off the baize hood, repressed his disappointment as there was revealed no sign of the Shadow. Behind him a heavy door cut off his escape; in front, a similar door; at each side a brick-lined wall. It was the Shadow's waiting-room, strong enough to withstand a battering ram.

"Come in!"

As his hand reached out for the rusted ring bolt, Trent felt keyed up; his senses sharpened to hypersensitive degree. The door closed behind him with a dull boom.

Trent's eyes had flashed to the half-dozen figures seated in expectant attitude at the long refectory table. The cellar was lit by a dim, frosted bulb that gave just enough light for Trent to make out each separate figure. He felt chilled, cursed himself for being so affected by the purely melodramatic. He caught hold of his wavering nerve, affected an ice coolness as he waited.

"Take the chair in front of you."

He recognised the Shadow's voice, still muffled, coming from the figure at the head of the table. Trent slid into the chair at the foot gazed again round the mysteriously hooded figures, trying in vain to penetrate the concealing black hoods. Under him the chair felt damp, striking with a gravestone chill even through his overcoat.

"Trent," it was the Shadow speaking again, his words as cold as the earth floor under Trent's feet. "My council and I have asked you here in the matter concerning Sir William Dyson. This morning, he received one of the Shadow's well-known cards, requesting the paltry sum of £10,000, or else. . . ."

"GIL!" Coralie's fingers dug into the sleeve of his dressing-gown, raised a strained face to his. "Where is father? I'll do anything for you, so long as you bring him back."

The interrupting laugh was high pitched, ghastly, seeming to encircle the room like a clammy mist. It died away throbbingly and Trent waited for the voice to go on, while his hands gripped the sides of his chair.

"A year ago you expressed sentiments the reverse of friendly against the Assistant Commissioner. You still seem minded to remove Dyson. Are you willing to complete the job under my orders? If so, you will receive the sum of £500 as soon as you have carried out the matter successfully."

"I'll do it for a £1000," Trent struck in bluntly. "Otherwise I work on my own."

A low-pitched chuckle greeted his answer. Woodenly, he looked ahead of him. The unearthly stillness of the hooded forms round the table almost rattled his nerve; they were so still, like a bunch of cats watching the pitiful squirmings of a mouse.

"All right, Trent. We'll make it £1,000. Dyson was to have paid us the usual immunity fee of £10,000 by six o'clock to-night. He failed to do so. By this time on Thursday, that is the day after to-morrow, I will expect you to have removed Dyson. Now as to the method. You . . ."

"Not so fast," Trent cut in roughly. "If I'm taking the risk of an eight o'clock walk, I'll go about it in my own way. I've lain awake plenty, planning how I'd get rid of that sneering devil, Dyson. I promise you I'll get him out of sight so quick that the next man you send a card to will fall over himself to pay up."

"Very good, Trent. Now wait outside till I join you."

Backing, Trent went from the room. He was glad to be out. Beads of perspiration hung clammily on his forehead. With a suppressed curse he mopped them away, found the Shadow unexpectedly by him, hat brim again pulled low over his concealing mask.

"Put your mask on again, Trent."

In something of a whirl he was carried back to the place where he had been picked up. Trent pulled off his hood, threw it into the back of the car as the Shadow ordered.

"As soon as the newspapers tell me you've carried out your commission, I'll arrange to pick you up again and pay you off."

The car zoomed away, with Trent staring after it, mouth twisted to an odd smile.

He slept late next morning. At least it was late before he appeared for breakfast. For over two hours he had lain awake while the caseful of cigarettes on his bedside table slowly

(*Continued on page* 113)

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

By Jean Burnup

Twelve days to go before the Seventeenth Century Art in Europe Exhibition closes at the Royal Academy, and back to their ancestral halls go the Rubenses, the Van Dycks, the Rembrandts, the Mytens, the Lelys, the Velazquezes and all the other magnificent Old Masters.

So, if you haven't yet been, go. You will be foot and eye tired, but you won't care; it will be so well worth it. And what a comfort to most women to discover how much better looking they are than most of the toasted, double-chinned beauties of those days. . . .

If, like me, you can't take in too much at a go, you might spend a very happy time indeed contemplating the wonderful El Greco in the Spanish Room.

The painted clothes at this show are an eyeful in themselves. The cascading serrated silks, the rich velvets and satins, the brilliant colours, the whimsical coiffures, the superb jewels and embroideries tell their own story of the fabulous extravagance, fantasy and elegance of that day.

Not only among the women. The Duke of Buckingham, whose portrait you will see by Mytens and Rubens, in exquisite costumes, once went on a little trip to Paris, in 1625, taking with him twenty-seven suits. One little number in white velvet set all over with diamonds set him back something like £14,000.

He probably said to his friends, when collecting this trousseau, "My dears, I simply haven't a rag to wear."

Louise Platt. She is like Tilly Losch crossed with Loretta Young

At a party, I said to some man in the silly way you sometimes say things at a party, just to start something, "You know, you have a quizzical look—sort of Adolphe Menjou."

To my intense embarrassment, he took it seriously and answered, "That's because I have a sense of humour."

Now, why is it nerve racking when someone tells you, right out like that, that they have a sense of humour and love to travel, or asks you right out if you enjoy good music or if you two could be friends?

It is curious, this, because you don't at all mind mutual confessions about adoring sun-bathing, Conrad Veidt, ping-pong, Worth's *Je Reviens*, beef tea, and Queen Anne houses.

Early days to think of swimming, but when you do think of it, think of Wolsey—and thank Wolsey . . . for their new Firm Top swim-suits which are going to help all women who feel floppy and uncomfortable in a backless bathing-suit without a brassière, yet cannot wear a brassière beneath a backless bathing-suit.

Firm Tops have soft pliable supports, fixed scientifically at the breast line, which give as firm an uplift as your Kestos.

I suppose Louise Platt, who had everyone striking matches and looking at their programmes to discover her name when she first appeared in the Joan Bennett film, *I Met My Love Again*, wants to be a star.

Well, she knows best. But I think you really have people more excited about you when you are not there too much. All through this film, I was impatient with Joan Bennett, and just waiting for Louise Platt's appearances. Possibly if and when I get a full-length Louise Platt film, with all her expressions and mannerisms going on all the time, I shan't want it.

Some stars you can't have enough of—Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Annabella, Ginger Rogers. But sometimes, when I stifle a yawn over Dietrich, Crawford, Hepburn, Oberon, I think how exciting and interesting these stars would be if we had them in little doses.

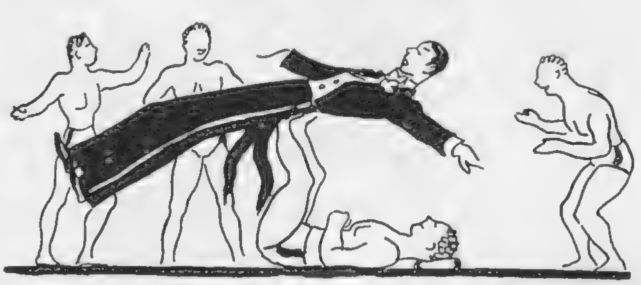
Buying some new shoes, the salesgirl said to me, "Are you a dancer? You've got ballet dancer's feet."

Now, normally, when I buy shoes, my feet are just a darn nuisance. I have to remember a heel which, if the shoe is not smooth, quickly rubs and gets sore. The toe-caps always have to be softened and raised, or my big toes hurt. I can't have a tie or buckle in certain parts on my instep because it catches the bone. I don't like too long shoes, or too short shoes. I won't wear court shoes. One way and another, I'm not an easy customer. But I was this time. . . . How did this strange girl discover that, more than anything else in the world, I should have liked to be a ballet dancer?

Flattered and off my guard, I bought two pairs of expensive shoes when I had only wanted one pair of inexpensive shoes. But ballet-dancer feet have to be cossetted, you know.

I am not sure, but I think I went out of the place on my points.

A nice, quiet-living friend, who indulges in few athletics, was in a happy supper-party at a gay night spot. One of the cabaret turns was a troupe of acrobats who suddenly demanded the help of "any gentleman" from the audience. My friend's friends forced him forward, and, pushed and buffeted into it—and feeling, as he says, like a man about to be hanged—he found himself up among the acrobats, deriving some satisfaction from the expression on their faces, for he stands at least six feet six.



The next moment he was in a horizontal position, balancing on the uplifted feet of an acrobat who was lying on the ground.

From that moment, he knew he must leave it all to them. He relaxed, and the six foot six of him, in formal evening clothes, became the acrobats' stooge. He was thrown, caught, balanced and finally stood, sole to sole, on the upraised feet of the acrobat who lay on the floor. The final applause was thunderous. Looking back, he says in those few moments of complete abandonment to fate, he found perfect peace.

Food -
Laundry
cleaning
Window
Breakages
Flowers -

HOUSEKEEPING FOR TWO

By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

The only way to arrive at an average for the housekeeping purse is to keep accounts over a definite period and, by checking up on them, you will find not only what you have spent, but also what you must spend.

Certain items in a budget are more or less static, like rent, rates, heat, telephone. So what you have to watch most closely is food bills. Remember too, that laundry, cleaning materials, staff expenses—window cleaning, breakages and flowers all come under "housekeeping" and should all be averaged to a weekly sum.

Cleaning materials can eat up money. Most of us know how extravagant and careless some maids can be with soap, soap powders, polishes and scouring mediums, to say nothing of the waste in the kitchen generally.

In regard to the actual food budget, a certain amount of knowledge of food values is necessary, if not vital.

It is difficult for a young housewife to pigeonhole the various foodstuffs, but this little table of values should give her an idea of what is required to make up a properly balanced diet:

Proteins.

Body repairers and builders: meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, pulse foods.

Carbohydrates

Heat and energy givers: starches and sugars (flour, cereals, potatoes, sugar, honey, fruits and milk).

Fats

Heat and energy givers: animal fat, butter, milk, cheese, nuts.

Mineral Salts

Blood purifiers and bone-makers: fruit and vegetables.

Vitamins

Fats, green vegetables, butter, cream, yeast and yeast products, bran; fruit juices, raw fruits and salads.

To get a sufficiency of protein does not always mean a meat meal. Eggs, for example, can be a valuable source when they are cheap, but naturally at their top price it would be foolish to use them as a substitute for butcher-meat. Peas, beans and lentils, fish and cheese are also valuable sources which will help to ring the changes, and yet give a sufficiency of protein.

It is important to know the different cuts of meat and their uses and, if possible, to be able to judge when the various commodities are in good condition and at their cheapest and best.

For the actual house-keeping allowance for two, £1 per head is a fairly good average. This gives £3 per week where there is a maid. When averaging out proportions, a maid's weekly rations are generally estimated on the following basis:

1 lb. sugar; ¼ lb. tea; ½ lb. butter; ¼ lb. cheese; 4-5 lbs. potatoes; 2½ quarts milk; 2½ lbs. meat; ½ lb. bacon; ¼ lb. fish; 1 lb. jar of jam.

For general, everyday catering, the following average quantities per head will be found reasonable:

Soup

Half a pint per head and half a pint extra.

Fish

Filleted: One or two fillets per head; *Cut of fish:* Six ounces per head (weight before cooking).

Meat

Large joint: ½ lb. per head (weight before cooking); *Stews:* ¼ lb. per head weight before cooking); *Cutlets:* Three for every two persons.

Chicken

One will serve four to six persons.

Pastry

For covering pies, etc.: About two ounces of flour, 1 ounce of butter, per head.

Puddings

Steamed: One ounce of flour, etc., per head. *Milk Puddings:* One gill milk, etc., per head and ½ pint extra.

With these various proportions before you, the next step is to allocate the amounts to be spent at the various shops; this, of course, can only be done in conjunction with a menu sheet.

	£	s.	d.
Grocer	0	12	6
Butcher	0	12	6
Baker	0	5	0
Greengrocer	0	8	6
Fishmonger	0	5	0
Dairy (including butter and eggs) ...	0	10	6
	£2	14	0

This leaves a balance of 6s. for the etceteras which must be worked out on a weekly basis:

	s.	d.
Laundry	2	4
Cleaning materials	0	9
Window cleaning	0	9
Breakages	0	4
Flowers	1	10
	6	0

No doubt all this is open to criticism, as a budget on paper always works out much better than a budget in practice.

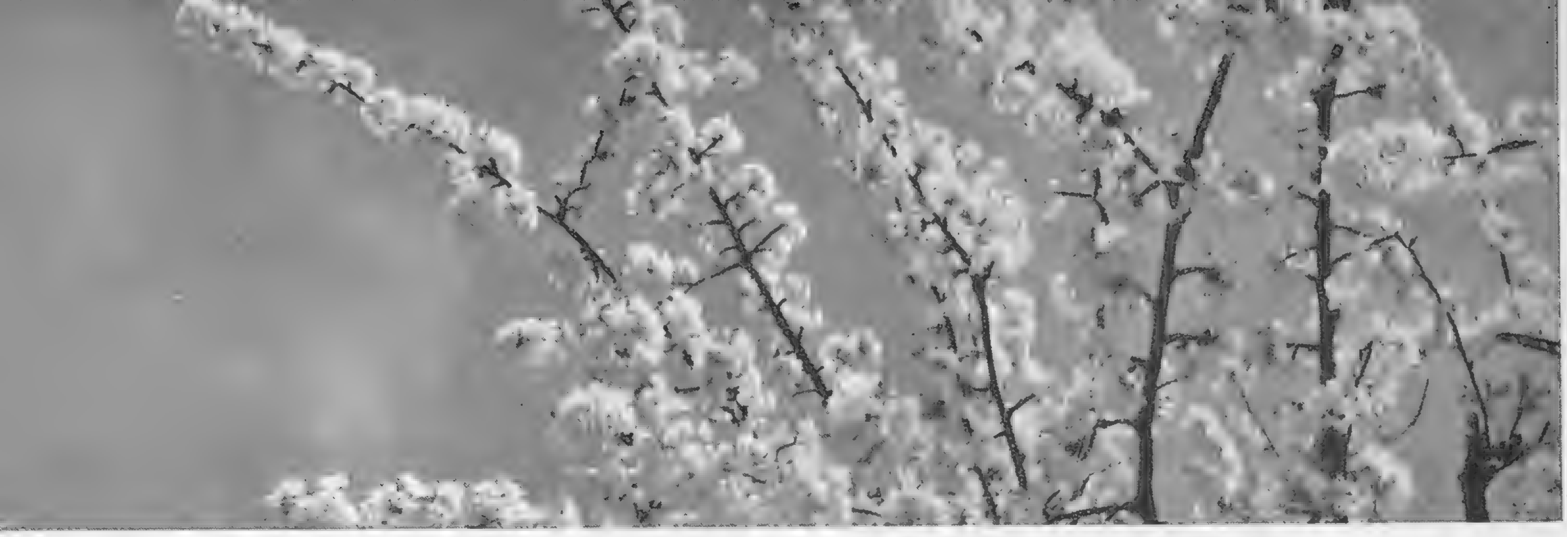
Perhaps no bill shows more variation in different households than the butcher's bill. Where the housewife has a practical knowledge of the various cuts of meat, she will buy in such a way that she can produce a good savoury dish from the cheaper cuts.

Another difficult point, when cooking for two, is the Sunday joint. This necessarily must be small, but a sirloin or rib roast can be got boned and rolled in smaller quantities. Then the method of cooking has a great deal to do with its tenderness and shrinkage—a joint for two is much more economical when pot roasted and it does not dry up so much as when done in the oven.

Some women can do more with three pounds a week than others can do with half as much again.

The success of a budget depends a great deal on common sense. It is not so much a question of skimping as cultivating the art of wise spending.

It is important to know the different cuts of meat and their uses



HEALTH

THE SEASON

It's about the most difficult time of the year; your blood is undergoing a change. So is everyone's. It is only natural with the increased light of longer days, even before the weather begins to warm.

If you wish to avoid the lassitude of spring and the general feeling of fatigue and lowness, let your food change *precede* the blood change, instead of following it, as usually happens, with the consequent poor adjustment and undermining effect on health.

Come off fats, pastries, sweets, and restrict meats; go on to a diet of vegetables and fruit, *for a week*. Let me give you a menu and the reason for it, which will be quite easy, even if you lunch out, to follow.

First, take a course of garlic pills—no taste, no odour on the breath, and not a purge—because garlic is the strongest purifier known. Three, last thing at night, for about ten days.

Instead of early morning tea, have the freshly-pressed juice of two oranges. You can add hot water to this, if you don't like a cold drink first thing. It is not a bad idea to take two teaspoonfuls of Eno's fruit salts in warm water, before it, too, for this week.

BREAKFAST

If you are a grape-fruiter, stick to it. If a heavy breakfaster, cut the meal down to brown bread and honey and a very lightly-boiled new-laid egg.

As an alternative, beat up two new-laid eggs with the juice of one orange, add a teaspoonful of glucose D—instead of sugar—and milk.

Or, soak half a pound of sultanas, barely covered with water overnight and a squeeze of lemon. They will have swelled and gathered all the water by next morning. Eat them with cream.

These breakfasts are light, but vitamin charged, and you will experience no sinking feeling after them before lunch.

LUNCH

A cream cheese, with fresh radishes, if procurable, or whole tomatoes. You should peel and cut the tomatoes yourself (never eat the skin) and do not dress them with vinegar. A half-pint of milk with a dash of Horlicks malted milk will do you good afterwards. Malt is the finest body-builder. Follow with a mashed banana and cream.

If you are lunching at home, precede the meal with a cup of Yerba Maté tea—to be bought from most grocers, or else a herbalist's—as Yerba Maté tea is an *alternative*, and by facilitating the assimilation of food, helps you to eat less.

Eggs (new-laid) can be taken at lunch, buttered, poached or baked, on days they are not taken at breakfast.

Another good change-ringer for lunch is corn on the cob with melted butter, a baked apple and cream.

TEA

More brown or wholemeal bread and honey.

DINNER

A big vegetable meal, please, with, on alternate days, a little steamed fish. Steamed sole or halibut are best, and they should be steamed, whenever possible, between two enamel plates with a little butter and milk, on top of a pan. The valuable oils in the halibut are best preserved thus, and the full taste of the sole. Here are some specimen dinners.

Monday

YERBA MATÉ TEA.

One pound of spring carrots, either steamed in butter or, if they are not young enough for this, steamed in the usual way without salt—drink the carrot water—and then mashed with a little cream and butter. Better still, take them raw and finely-grated. (*Carrots act on the kidneys.*)

Large helping of green figs (tinned) and cream.

Tuesday

DANDELION ROOT BREW.

Roots of dandelion cleaned, submerged by half again as much water, brought to the boil, simmered twenty minutes, taken off, pounded and then re-simmered for three hours, when liquor is strained. (*Acts potently on the liver.*)

STEAMED FISH.

Half-pound parsnips. Steam, without salt. Strain and drink water. Mash parsnips with butter or cream. (*Parsnips act on kidneys.*)

Fresh grapes and cream.

Wednesday

YERBA MATÉ TEA.

Potato salad, or potatoes baked in their jackets, or, better still, sweet potatoes baked in their jackets. (*Potatoes, solo, or in a salad, eliminate acidity. Sweet potatoes act directly on the pancreas. Both kinds when baked should be mashed with butter, and it is better to eat the skins.*)

For the salad: To every four ounces of diced potato, new and steamed, add an ounce of finely-chopped parsley, an ounce of finely-chopped onion. Mix the onion and parsley together with olive oil in a (*Continued on page 112*)

OF RE-BIRTH

Analyse the intoxication of Spring-song and you come to the thought . . . how is my face standing up to all this beauty around me?

Call the mainspring what you will, desire for new life, joy in living, or towards the sun-turning, back again you come again to the same thought.

Not that I am going to pretend that face beauty—to deal with the beauty this page is interested in—lies solely in cosmetics. But what is it that really thrills us about the snowdrop, the crocus, the blush almond-spray and daffodil? Is it the wonder of their sheen, their new, fresh beauty, or is it their challenge to the grey world around them?

These flowers bloom against ugly odds.

In the same way I would like every woman in the spring to pit herself against some extra hazard, to make sure that her system is not rusting, that her nerves, will-power and initiative will answer the challenge. Courage bespeaks vitality, underlies beauty, gives grace, apartness, individuality.

A lot of women have to cope with more hazards than they have either the time or the strength for. But there are many whose lives are altogether too comfortable, who will risk nothing, not even for a friend; and their faces, however treated, express nothing, for the very salt of being, *endeavour*, is lacking.

Homily ended. The fact is that ever since I have been to see Jane Seymour, who is one of the most expert skin-specialists I have ever met, I feel I must speak frankly.

By Chrysis

If you require further details, or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Blackheads

These blemishes are disconcertingly to the fore in the Spring.

They attack both greasy, dry and normal skins.

But there is no need to endure them.

You have only to bathe the affected parts with warm water to open the pores and then apply a thin coat of medicinal paint. Leave it for half an hour and then wash it off, and the blackheads come, too.

A bracing with a Tonic Lotion if you are Normal, with an Astringent if you are Greasy, or a Cream if you are Dry, completes the cure.

There is no redness afterwards.

She will speak frankly to you not about the spiritual side—although she will tell you to a T how you've been living—but about your skin; to set you on the right way towards overcoming bad points and accenting good ones. I thought I knew a lot, but no woman knows what there is to know about her skin, until she has been to Jane Seymour for a Corrective Treatment.

What she said to me was personal, so I won't repeat it, she will say something different to you. It will all be entered on a chart with your name, and date, the treatment given, and by whom, and the preparations to be used at home supplied to you. *And if any of these preparations don't do what she says they will do to you, she will take them back.* That's a pleasing guarantee to start with.

Other points that impressed me about the treatment were: "You have tried eyes," said Jane Seymour. And the remedy for that was, off with my dress, strip to below the shoulder blades, and a masseuse was soon working up the end of my spine from the base of my neck to the base of my skull, away round over the ears to the temples, across the forehead, tattoing over the eyebrows, till her forefingers pressed hard on either side of my nose, underneath the eyebrows, lifting them. "To relieve the congestion that is causing those tired eyes," she murmured.

Did they feel different after that? Not only had my sight cleared, but the lines had almost vanished and the droopy sagging look had gone.

There wasn't a thing on my face, mark you, it had been cleaned before the massage. There was a further massage starting from below the shoulder blades and working up around the throat, to help restore my face, before it was nourished or manipulated, or masked. At the end of this, every muscle and scrap of under-tissue had been so relivened, my scalp lifted away quite easily from the cranium, and you know the amazing sense of freshness and exhilaration that gives.

Then the restorative treatment began: fresh eggs were broken and beaten up with herbal oils—the facial varies according to the individual skin—applied, and I was left in a chin-strap lying in a semi-darkened room on the most divinely-sprung chaise-longue. There was to be no fooling, said Jane Seymour. I was not to have a manicure nor a pedicure while this mask was on, the skin was to be left to feed. I did not want any of them, then, either. All I wanted was to slip further away into soothing, serene and restful ease. Time had ceased to count.

That is one of the spells at the Seymour Salon in Grosvenor Street, a luxurious house re-modelled into a Palace for Beauty; walls and lighting enchant the eye, but they also reflect and bequeath that rarest quality—peace. There is an entrancing patio or palm court upstairs, surrounded by white latticed windows, where beauty-seekers can take tea between treatments . . . say between a facial and a hair-dressing (a corrective facial, hair-shampoo and setting, manicure (*Continued on page* 112)

HEAT WITH EFFICIENCY

In such a capricious climate as ours central heating in the home is a luxury we all yearn for. A soft warmth which permeates even the remotest nooks and crannies and banishes the discomfort and danger of sudden changes of temperature is an incalculable comfort.

But central heating is still looked upon as an expensive luxury, though when every aspect of the problem has been considered this is hardly correct.

The alterations involved in the installation of central heating apparatus in an existing structure inevitably lead to higher costs than when the same apparatus is installed at the time of building.

But even so, the extremely low maintenance cost of modern central heating installations frequently balances the initial cost incurred.

The salient feature of the modern central heating unit is its versatility. It serves a number of purposes.

No longer content with a heating unit concealed in the cellar, manufacturers have lately so improved upon their apparatus that it now fulfills the function of an open grate while still carrying its original responsibility which is to supply warmth to the rest of the house.

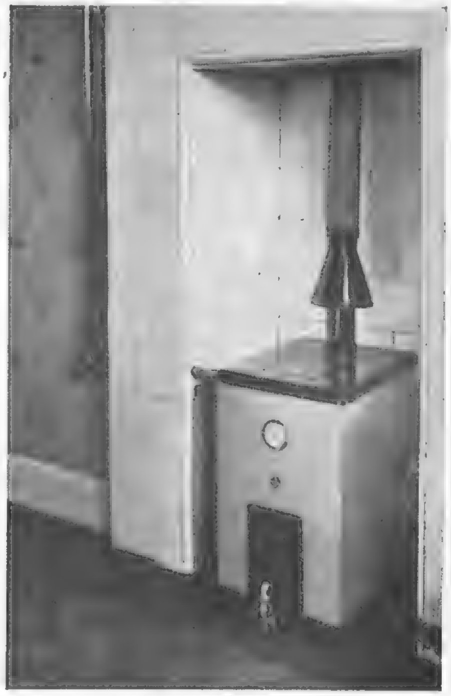
An attractive exterior, well worthy of the best furnishing schemes, makes the modern slow-combustion stove suitable for every room in the house. Comfort, cleanliness and economy are attained in the highest degree. It is dust-free, needs very little stoking and practically no cleaning. It can be used as an open fire during the day and a closed fire slow-combustion stove overnight.

Some notable examples of this type of central heater are photographed on this page. The "Courtier," for one, heats by convection, as well as radiation. In the process of convection the air which has been warmed, rises and is replaced by colder, heavier air. This when warmed also rises, giving place to more cold air; thus warm air is circulated throughout the room. (*Continued on page* 122)

A Steelo Cozy anthracite stove in a mantel surround of grey Napoleon marble and Californian onyx with a recess of polished iron reeded panels

Heat radiation in the new Esse stove is greater than ever before as the heat from the fire passes round the stove to the chimney. Air control is more accurate and the outward casing is attractive and very well designed

"Courtier" stoves combine the advantages of the open fire with those of the closed fire stove. Dust-free in operation it burns any fuel economically



Right: The new Ideal Gas Domestic Boiler is thermostatically controlled and maintains a tank full of hot water without attention

Left: The new Triplex "22" Cooker rises to any occasion—cooking, water heating and general kitchen service. The stove burns continuously yet needs only three stokings in twenty-four hours. Porcelain enamel finish

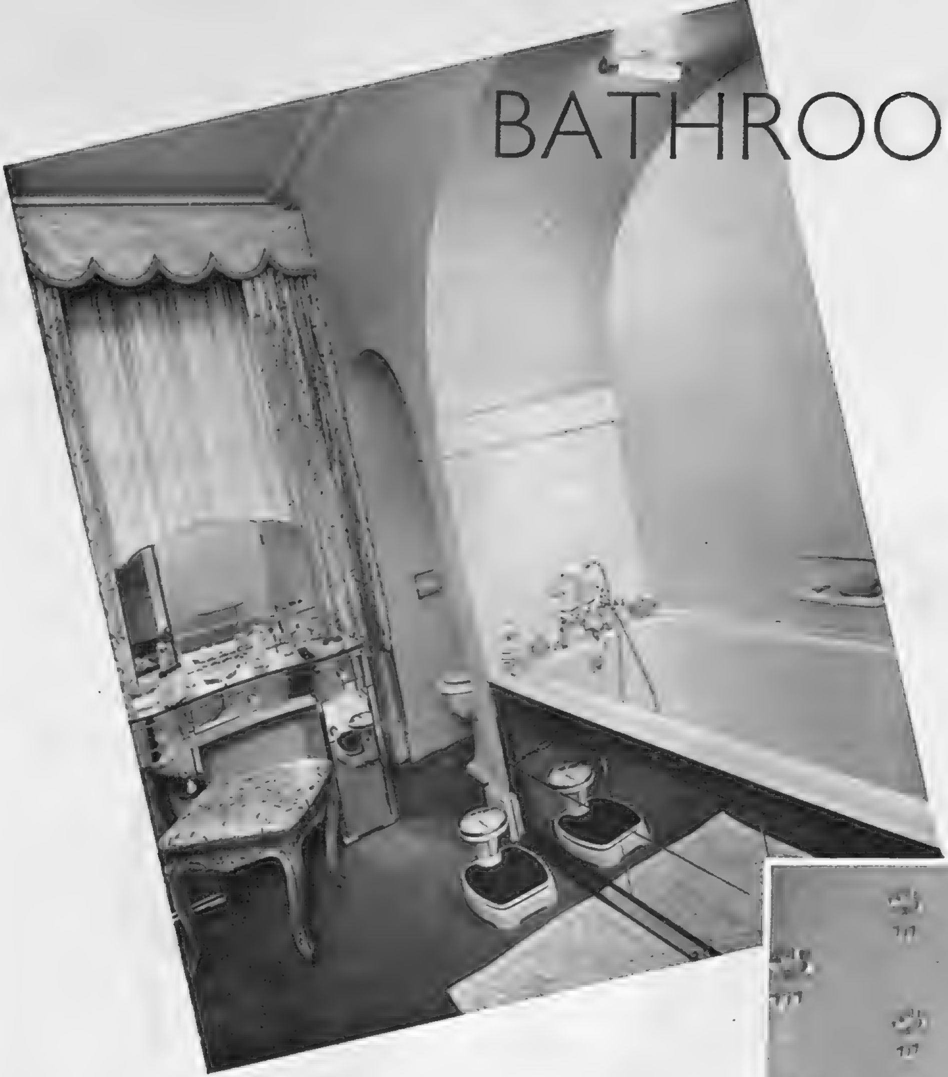
BATHROOM LUXURY

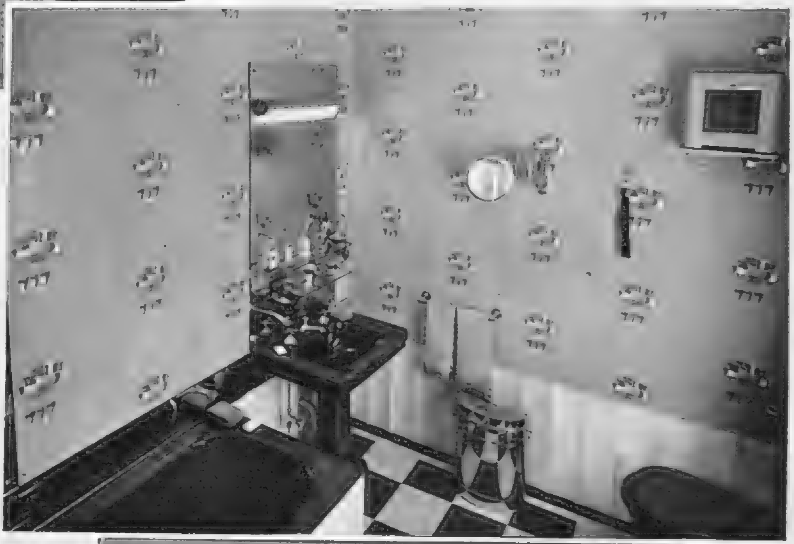
1. *Dressing-table in Hon. Mrs. John Bethell's bath-dressing-room in Rutland Gate is panelled in peach-pink glass to match the bath panels. In another alcove is the washing-basin fitment.*

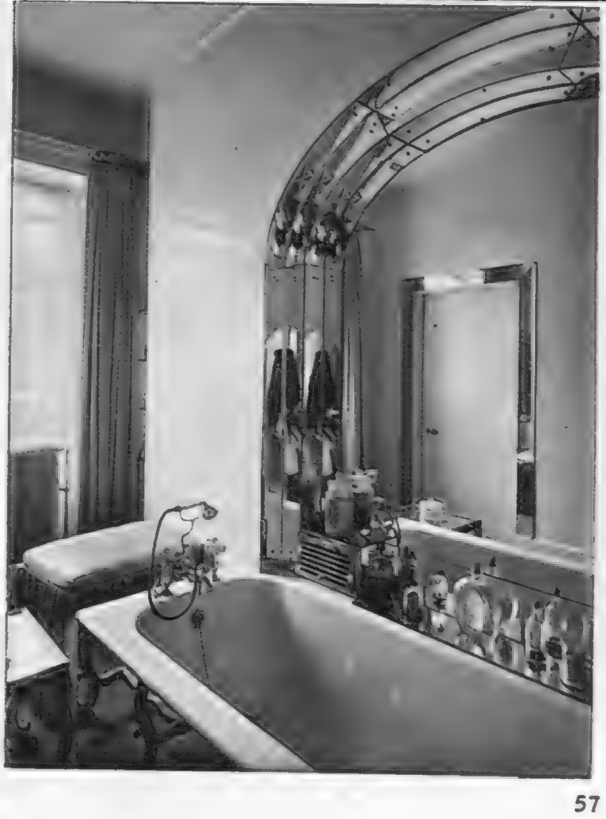
2. *Red, white and blue American wallpaper of flags, with silver star and pale blue background, for Mr. Vincent Paravicini's bathroom in Wilton Street. Navy blue bath and basin and stainless metal linen bin.*

3. *Peach-pink and pale blue bathroom for Lady Veronica Hornby in Eaton Square. Mirror glass alcove and bath panels and surround to door. Glass-topped table for cigarettes and matches and stainless metal grilles for sponges.*

By Audrey Wrangham







Bathrooms daily grow more and more attractive, practical and ingenious. When Lady Louis Mountbatten had a conducted-party tour round her penthouse in Brook House, most of the guests broke loose and went off to inspect the bathrooms—nor were they disappointed, as they are some of the loveliest in London.

Lady Louis' own bathroom has walls that appear to be covered in silver and pearl-grey brocade (actually a Victorian flock wallpaper), a pale pink bath, toilet glass, and towels and mats *en suite*. Round the big mirror are tiny glass shelves on which sit a collection of pink soapstone animals.

There are certain details which are necessities nowadays in any properly-equipped bathroom. One of these is adequate house-room for sponges. Lady Veronica Hornby's grille (illustrated) is a new idea which other women might care to copy. Another detail—where the master of the house also has to be considered—is perfect light and up-to-the-moment apparatus for shaving. Another is accommodation for cigarettes, ash-trays and a clock.

Where space is restricted, many women like to use their bedrooms during the daytime as an extra sitting-room or morning-room; dressing-tables and toilet accessories are moved into the bathroom.

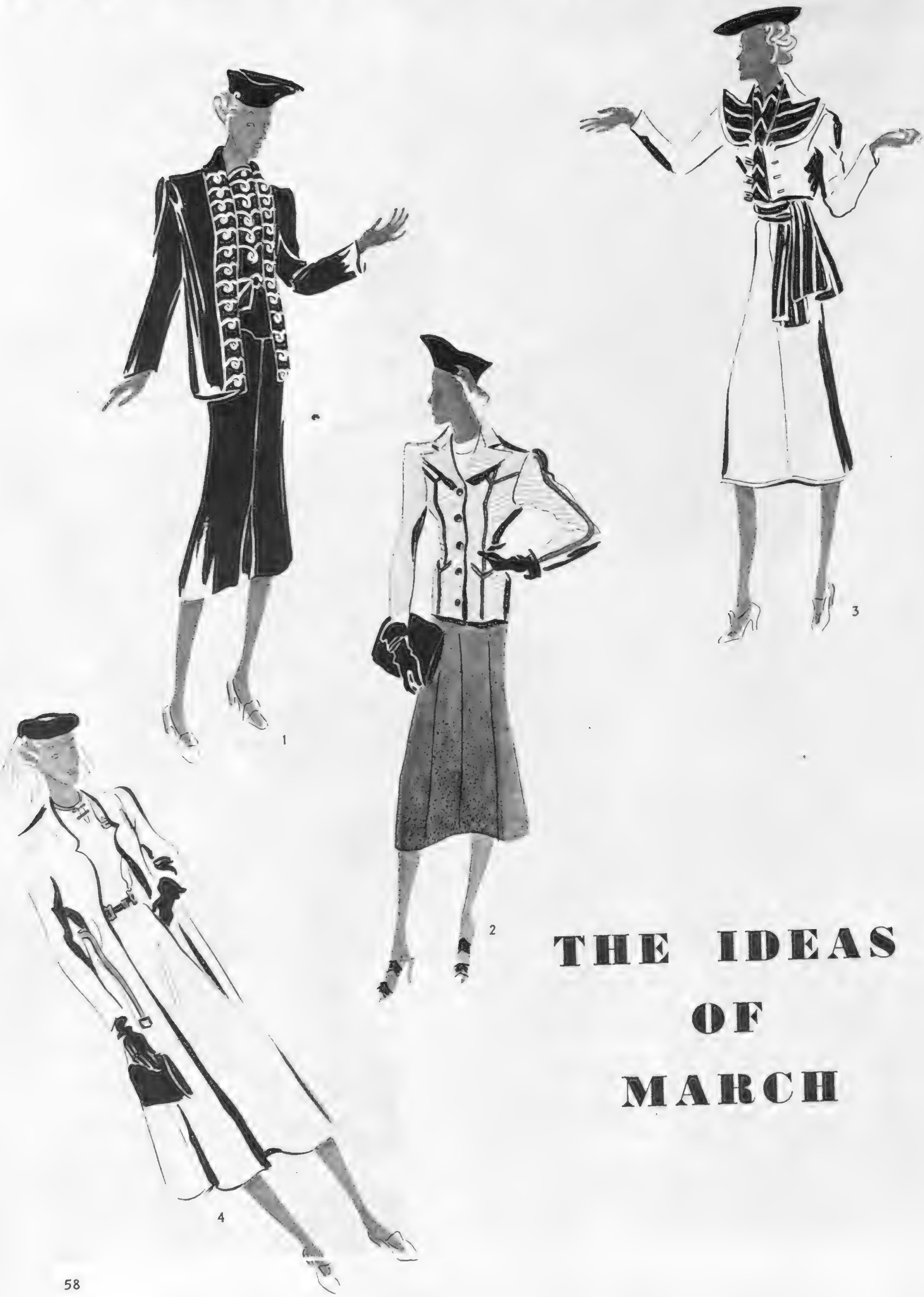
When our ancestors with immense pride installed one bath in a small room for the use of an entire household, they could have hardly foreseen the time when four bathrooms would be considered an adequate supply for a medium-sized family in town, one for the mistress, one for the master, one for the children, and one for the staff. Nor would they have understood the phrase "bath-tailoring," invented by a firm who are now making baths to fit their clients.

These are cut on the cross, or arranged on a slant, and broad-shouldered people are supplied with extra shoulder-room. Tall people like a 6 ft. 4 in. over-all bath. Others prefer the sides slightly sloped away so that they can rest their arms on a wide ledge.

Older people like a wide chromium hand-rail fixed on either side of the modern sunk, inset bath, so that they can more easily heave themselves out of it.

If you are looking for real luxury in the bathroom, consider these accessories—a loud-speaker from the drawing-room radiogram built into a small wooden case on the wall; a bathroom trousseau that appears to be made out of a velvety pile carpet material, consisting of bath-mat, bath-robe, bath-towel, with a monogram cut into the fabric.

Fashions by Jean



THE IDEAS OF MARCH

Burnup

Editor Women's Department

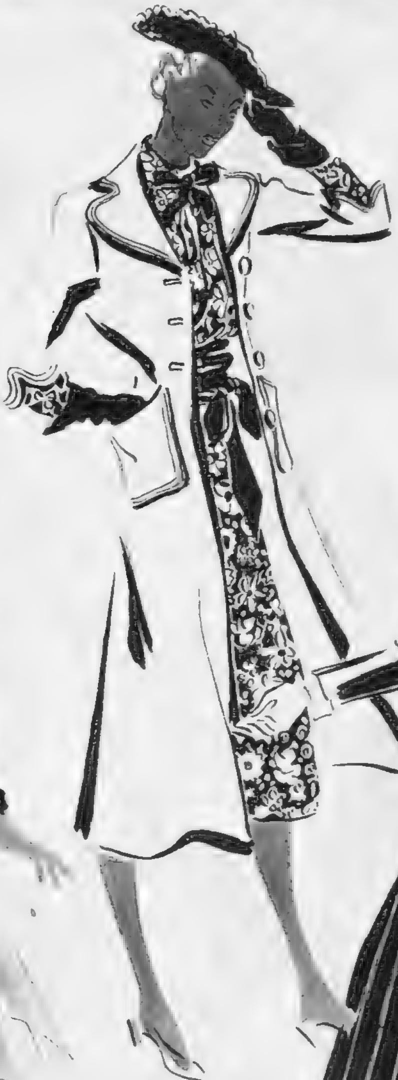
SUITS have jacket coming well below the hip bone, fitting, single-breasted. Skirts are straight, or have front pleats, or pleats at one side, coming from a panel. Striped or checked coats go over plain skirts, forming bold colour combines. Light and dark grey are adroitly used together in suits, breaking colour at the yoke and half sides. Seams are outlined in a keyed colour.

Long coats hang in a plumb line from tailored top to hem, or meet with buttons or belt, fitting, at the waist, with no overlapping. These fitted coats go over self or printed silk frocks, with high draped necklines, and draped, sashed or belted waists. Dresses beneath boleros or seat-length coats have printed or striped silk tops, aiming to look like blouses. Boleros abound, Mexican length, over a wide cummerbund sash, or, slightly longer, becoming monkey jackets.

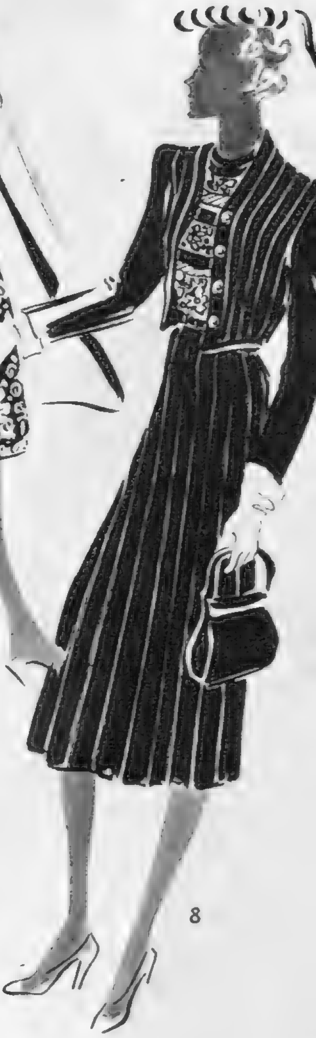
Predominant colours are navy, black, grey, yellow and pastel tweeds, and outrageous but gorgeous check combines like yellow, grey and cyclamen.

For evening, a new line comes along, Victorian as the Victorians, a long tight-boned bodice with a spreading skirt gathering its fulness at a low hip-line.

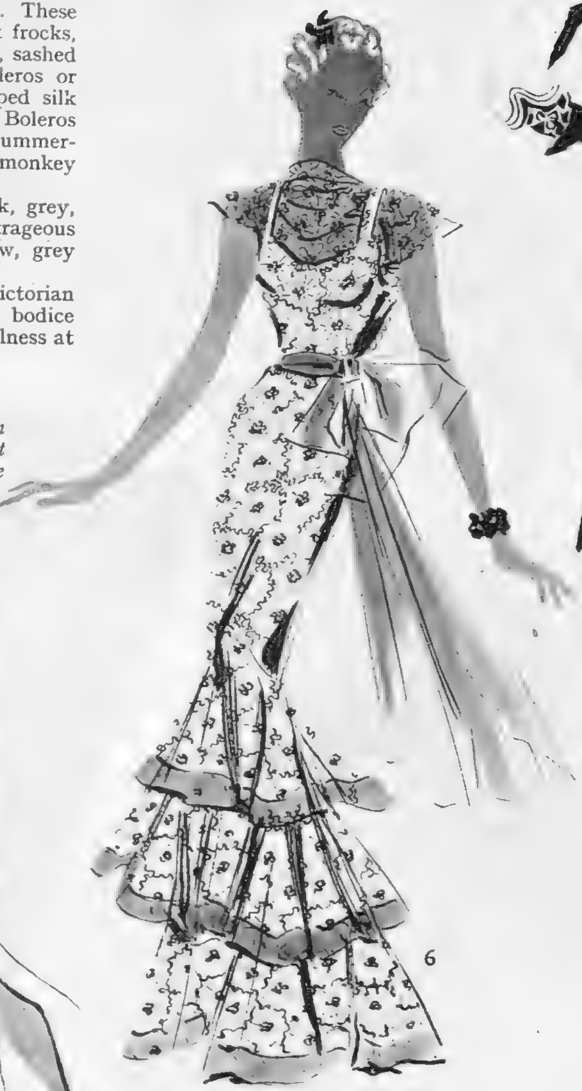
- *This dress news was garnered from the Fashion Group of Great Britain's recent show of collective local talent.*



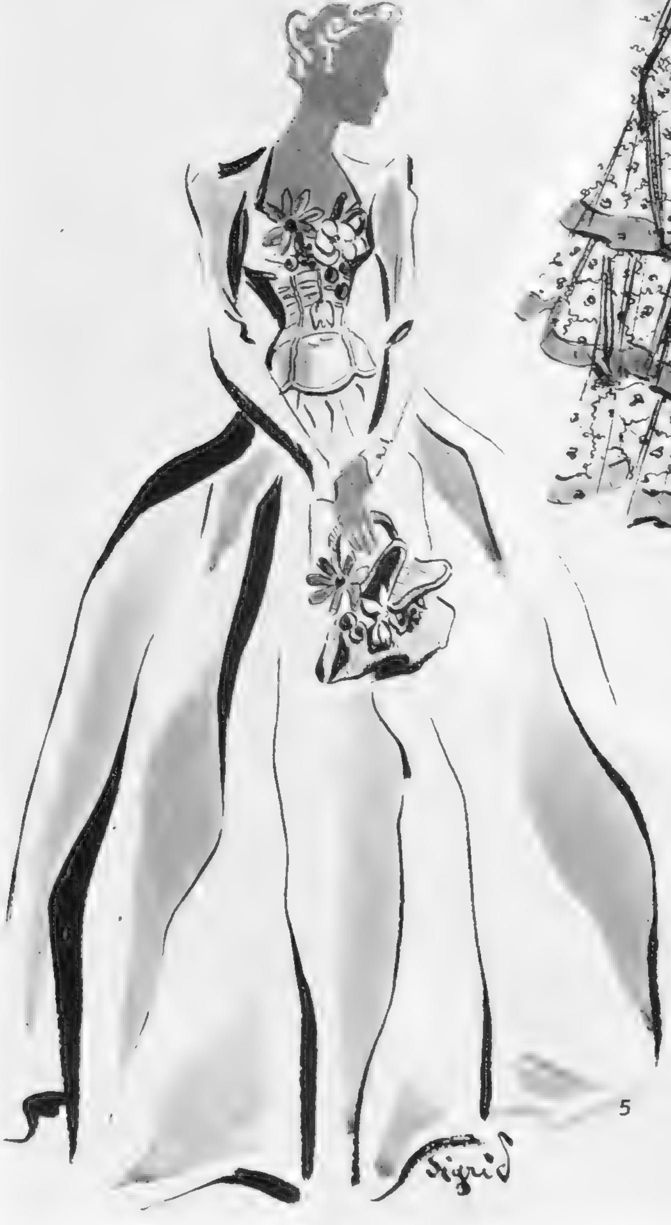
7



8



6



5

1. Navy wool dress with crêpe top. The seat-length straight coat has turn-back lapels matching and in alignment with the dress top. *Matita.*

2. Tan and turquoise tweed jacket over a tan skirt and a turquoise shirt. The seams are piped with bands of tan. The coat comes well below the hip bone. *Lachasse.*

3. Navy wool bolero and dress with navy and chalk striped taffeta top and sash. *Spectator Sports.*

4. Navy wool voile dress with high slit pockets of red and blue leather, a red and blue leather belt. The long, matching coat has a navy belt and scroll seaming. *Busvine.*

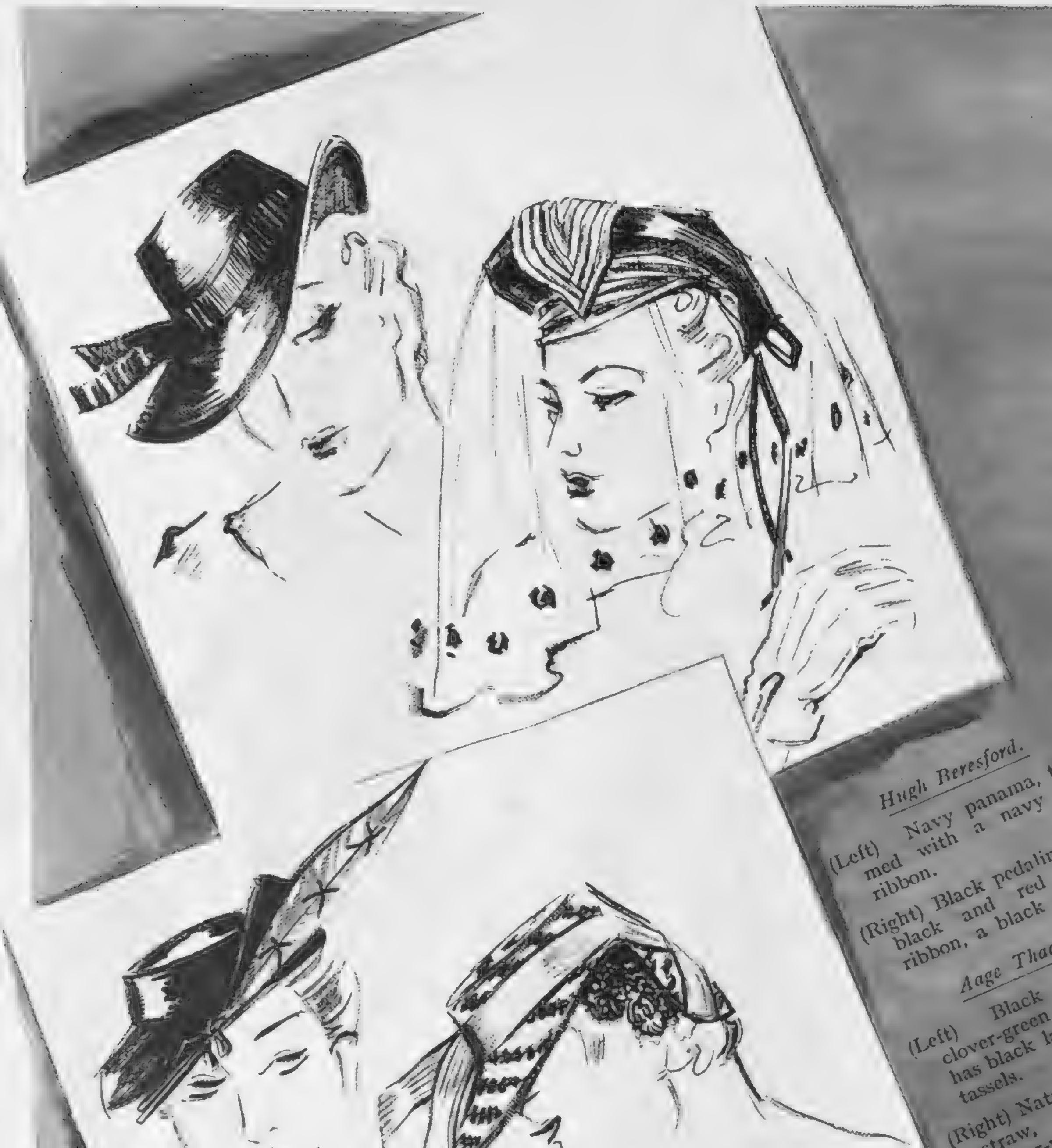
5. The new evening line in black slipper satin, with gathered fulness from the hip, beneath a tightly-boned bodice. Flowers and fruit mix sublimely in the corsage trimming. *Stiebel.*

6. Grey gossamer lace in a flower pattern, with green, yellow and black centres. Grey net for the sash, and edging the frills. A high draped neck and no back. *Hartnell.*

7. A fitting coat of black wool with a ribbed weave, over a flower print dress (white, red, on a black ground). The coat has stitched edges, three-quarter scalloped sleeves. The dress has a high corselet draped band of black crêpe tying at the side, a black bow at the high gathered neck. *Worth.*

8. Black wool monkey jacket and dress, tucked all over, the dress with a multi-coloured printed top. *Marjorie Castle.*

HAT



Hugh Beresford.

(Left) Navy panama, trimmed with a navy cord ribbon.

(Right) Black pedaline, with black and red plaited ribbon, a black veil.

Aage Thaarup.

(Left) Black felt. The clover-green feather quill has black lacings and gold tassels.

(Right) Natural cello-bamboo straw, trimmed with clover-pink velvet ribbon, and clovers massed on either side the sharply turned down back.

BRIMS . . . deep in front, rolling at the sides, sharply, or with a curly movement.

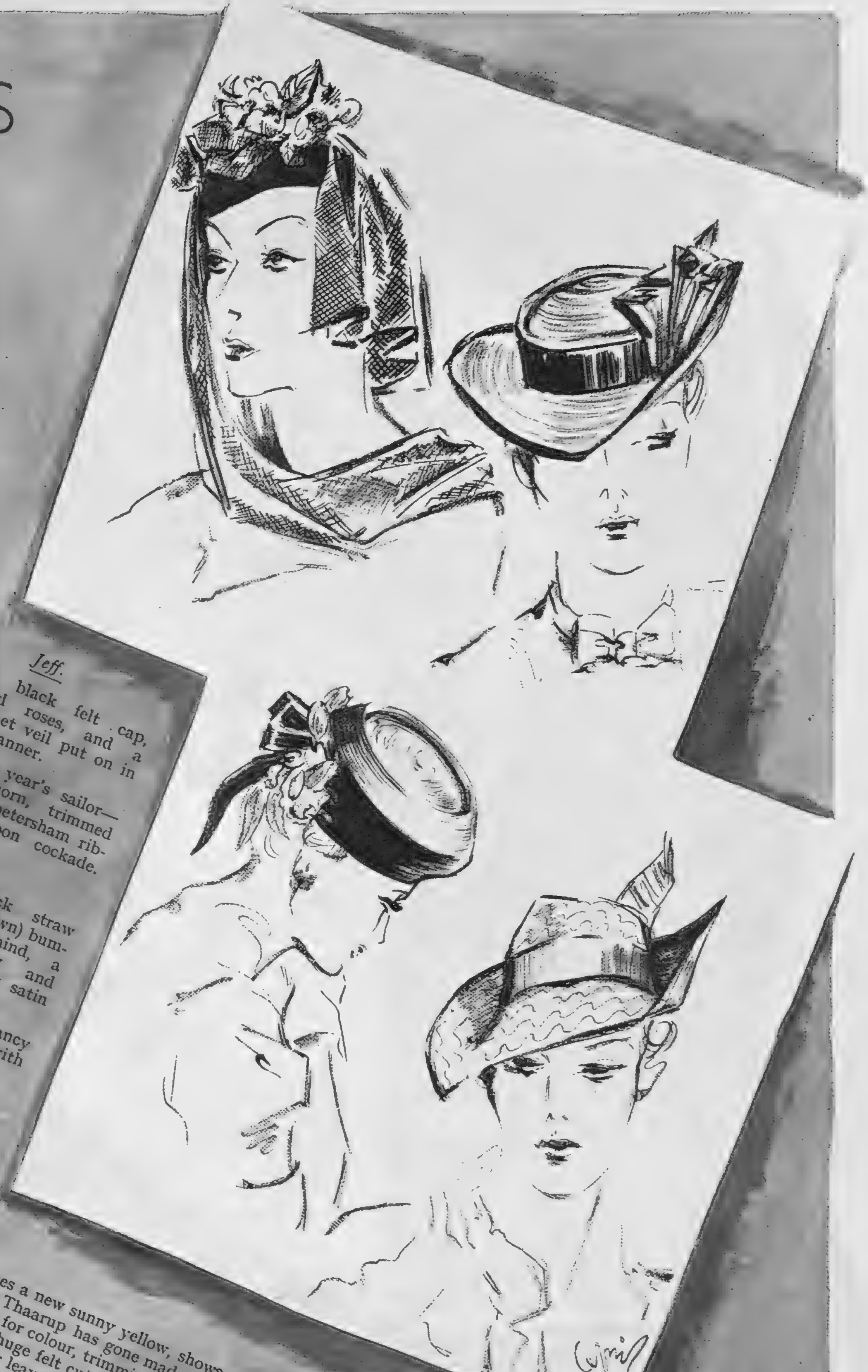
CROWNS . . . short, squared with or without folds.

STRAWS . . . bacu, pedal, coloured panama, leghorn, fine close weaves, shiny, coarse weaves.

COLOURS . . . yellows, clover-greens, clover-pinks, bluebell-blues, black.

TRIMMINGS . . . veils, grosgrain ribbon, seagulls, and flowers, flowers, flowers. There is a feeling for coarse mesh veiling, covering the face or coming from each side and tying beneath the chin, or tightly covering a crown. Many bands still tie beneath the chin.

FACTS



Jeff.

(Left) A black felt cap, dark-red roses, and a coarse net veil put on in a new manner.

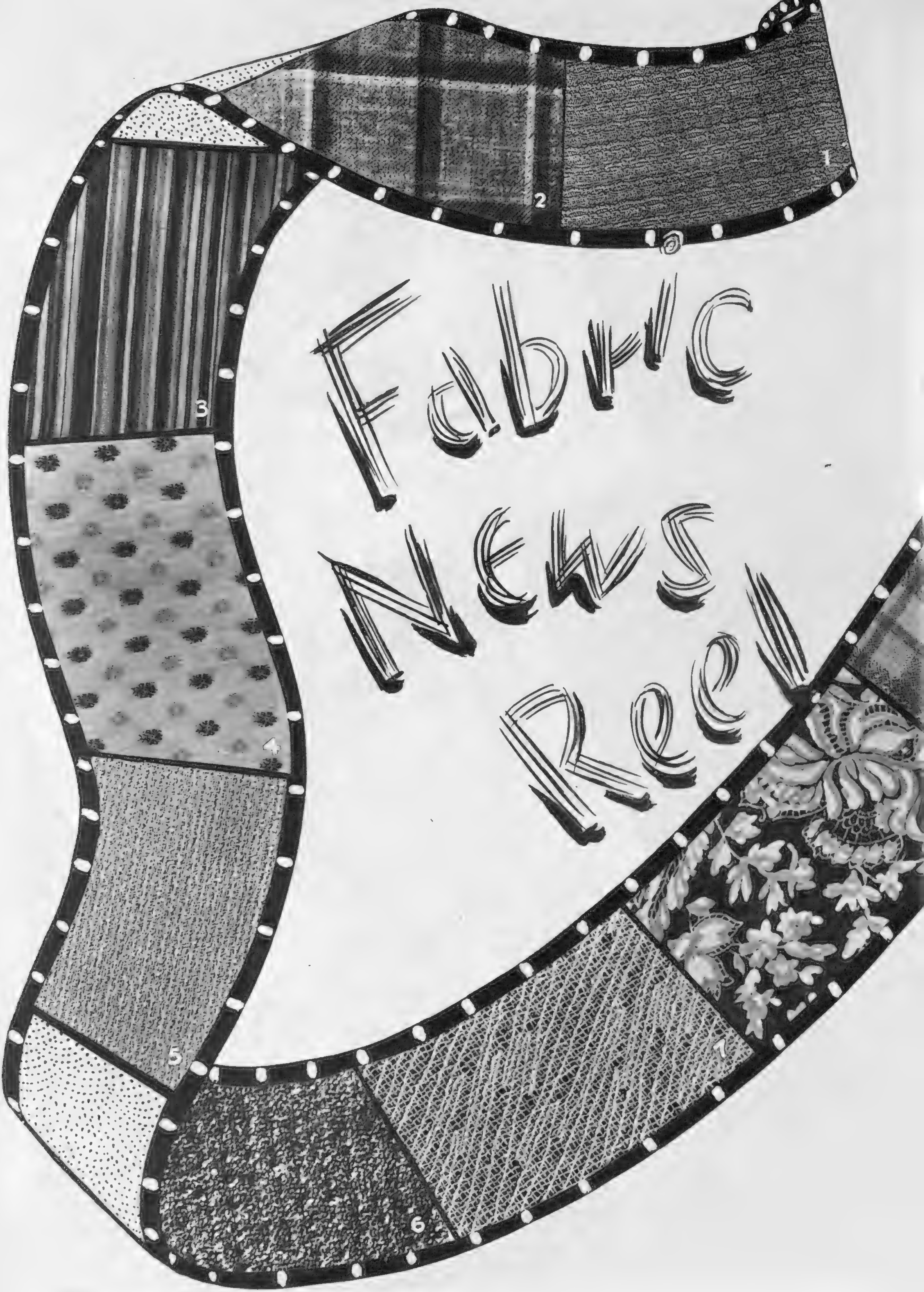
(Right) This year's sailor—pedal leghorn, trimmed with navy petersham ribbon, a maroon cockade.

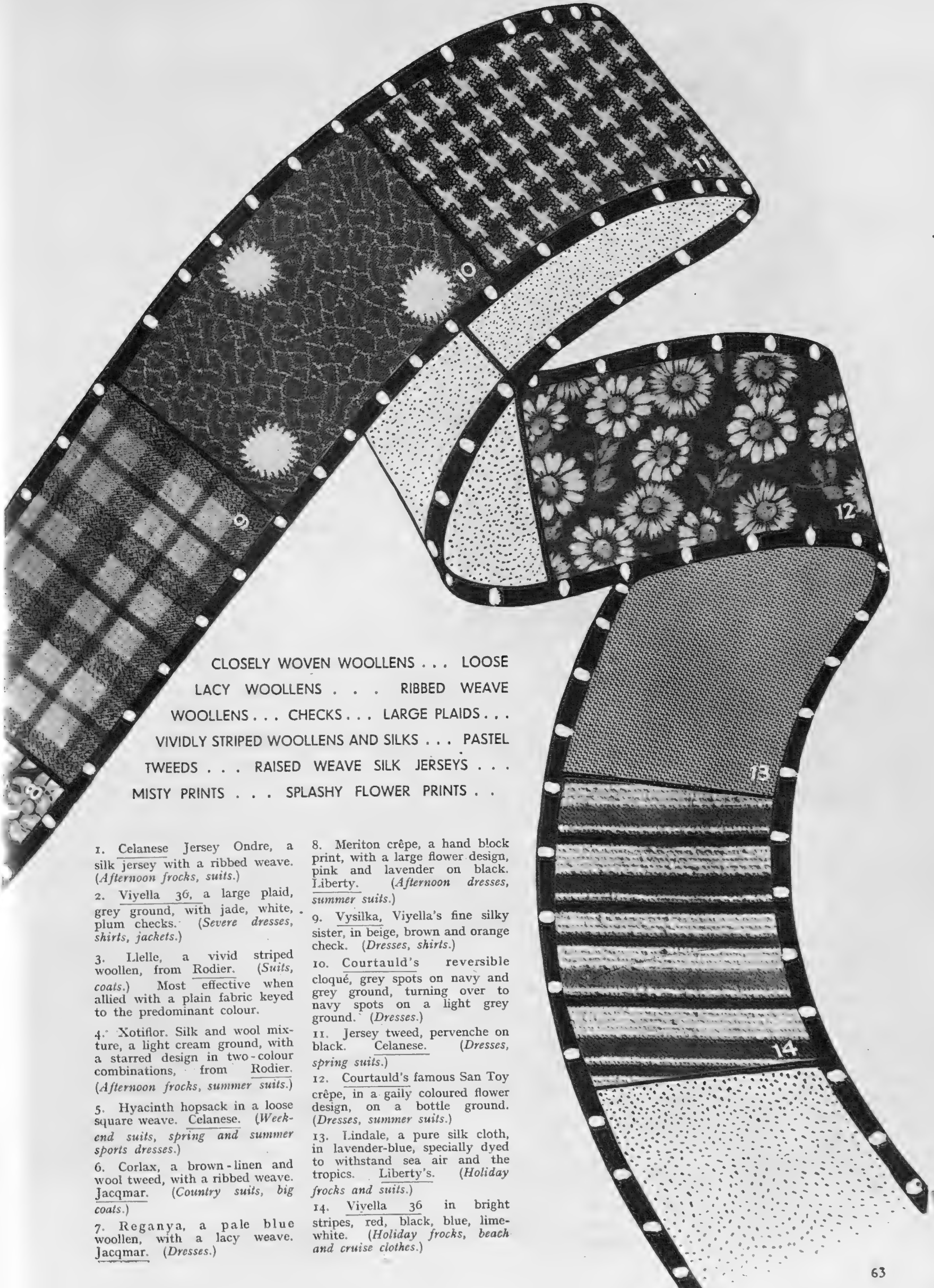
Erik.

(Left) Fine black straw (with yellow crown) bumper toque. Behind, a bunch of yellow and mauve tulips, black satin ribbon.

(Right) Bluebell-blue fancy bacu straw, trimmed with yellow ribbon.

DETAILS . . . Erik stresses a new sunny yellow, shows many plateau hats, with scoop brims. Aage Thaarup has gone mad about dandelions for colour and trimming, and clover for colour, trimming and line. One of his black, front-dipping straws has a huge felt cut-out green clover leaf in front. He turns backs sharply down, or leaves them long, jutting out. Jeff has veered Victorian, and come across with his best collection yet. He suggests Pinchbeck combs on the sides of the head to hold the new, built-up coiffures in place. Later on, when you see the new large summer hats, you will think last year's large hats small. Merry Widows and Lady Castlemaines are not in it.


Fabric News Reel
1
2
3
4
5
6
7



CLOSELY WOVEN WOOLLENS . . . LOOSE LACY WOOLLENS . . . RIBBED WEAVE WOOLLENS . . . CHECKS . . . LARGE PLAIDS . . . VIVIDLY STRIPED WOOLLENS AND SILKS . . . PASTEL TWEEDS . . . RAISED WEAVE SILK JERSEYS . . . MISTY PRINTS . . . SPLASHY FLOWER PRINTS . .

1. Celanese Jersey Ondre, a silk jersey with a ribbed weave. (*Afternoon frocks, suits.*)

2. Viyella 36, a large plaid, grey ground, with jade, white, plum checks. (*Severe dresses, shirts, jackets.*)

3. Llelle, a vivid striped woollen, from Rodier. (*Suits, coats.*) Most effective when allied with a plain fabric keyed to the predominant colour.

4. Xotiflor. Silk and wool mixture, a light cream ground, with a starred design in two-colour combinations, from Rodier. (*Afternoon frocks, summer suits.*)

5. Hyacinth hopsack in a loose square weave. Celanese. (*Week-end suits, spring and summer sports dresses.*)

6. Corlax, a brown-linen and wool tweed, with a ribbed weave. Jacqmar. (*Country suits, big coats.*)

7. Reganya, a pale blue woollen, with a lacy weave. Jacqmar. (*Dresses.*)

8. Meriton crêpe, a hand block print, with a large flower design, pink and lavender on black. Liberty. (*Afternoon dresses, summer suits.*)

9. Vysilka, Viyella's fine silky sister, in beige, brown and orange check. (*Dresses, shirts.*)

10. Courtauld's reversible cloqué, grey spots on navy and grey ground, turning over to navy spots on a light grey ground. (*Dresses.*)

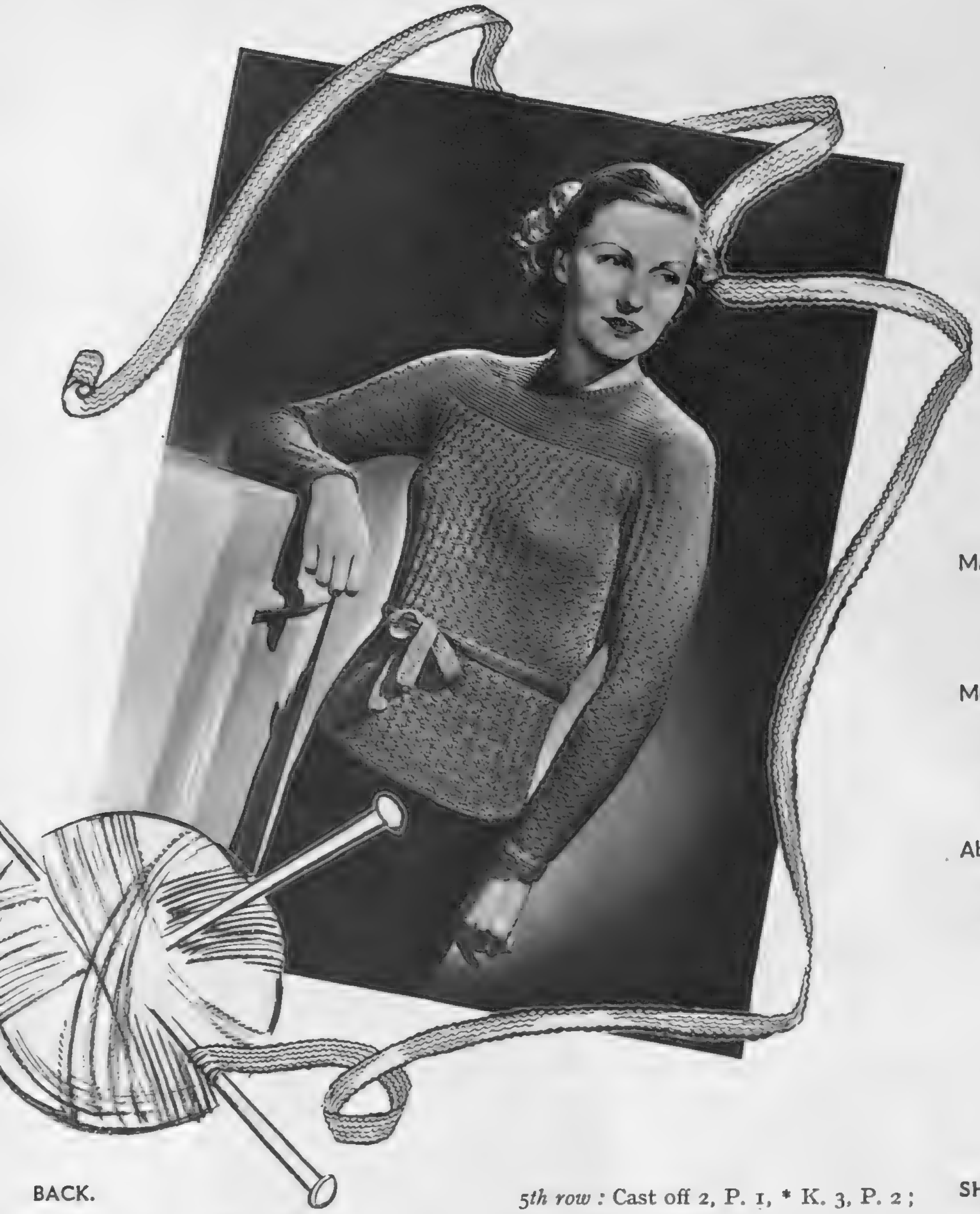
11. Jersey tweed, pervenche on black. Celanese. (*Dresses, spring suits.*)

12. Courtauld's famous San Toy crêpe, in a gaily coloured flower design, on a bottle ground. (*Dresses, summer suits.*)

13. Lindale, a pure silk cloth, in lavender-blue, specially dyed to withstand sea air and the tropics. Liberty's. (*Holiday frocks and suits.*)

14. Viyella 36 in bright stripes, red, black, blue, lime-white. (*Holiday frocks, beach and cruise clothes.*)

RIBBED AND YOKED



Materials Required :

7 oz., 3-ply Ramada Wool.
1 pr. No. 9 and 1 pr. No. 11 Stratnoid Pins.

Measurements :

Length from shoulder, 20 ins.
Across underarm, 16½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22 ins.
Tension : Approx., 7 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations :

K., Knit ; P., Purl ; Sts., Stitches ; Inc., Increase ; Dec., Decrease ; Tog., Together ; Beg., Beginning ; Pat., Pattern.

BACK.

With No. 9 pins cast on 111 sts. Knit into the backs of 1st row. Knit 3 rows plain knitting. Then continue in following pat. :

1st row : K. 1, * P. 2, K. 3 ; repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row : P. 2, * K. 2, P. 3 ; repeat from * to last 4 sts., K. 2, P. 2.

3rd row : * K. 3, P. 2 ; repeat from * to last st., K. 1.

4th row : As 2nd.

5th row : As 1st.

6th row : Purl.

Work until 4 ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Work until 12½ ins. from beginning.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. (End on 2nd row of pat.)

1st row : Cast off 2, P. 2, * K. 3, P. 2 ; repeat from * ending K. 1.

2nd row : Cast off 2, K. 1, * P. 3, K. 2 ; repeat from * to end.

3rd row : Cast off 2, K. 1, P. 2, * K. 3, P. 2 ; repeat from * ending K. 1.

4th row : Cast off 2, Purl to end.

5th row : Cast off 2, P. 1, * K. 3, P. 2 ; repeat from * ending K. 3, P. 1.

6th row : Cast off 2, * K. 2, P. 3 ; repeat from * ending K. 2, P. 1.

7th row : Cast off 2, P. 1, * K. 3, P. 2 ; repeat from * to end.

8th row : Cast off 2, P. 3, * K. 2, P. 3 ; repeat from * ending P. 3, K. 1.

9th row : Cast off 2, * P. 2, K. 3 ; repeat from * ending P. 2.

10th row : Cast off 2 ; purl to end.

Work for 2 ins. Work 3½ ins. garter st.

SHAPE NECK.

Work 37, cast off 17, work 37. Work on each 37 sts. for 1½ ins., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 9 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

NECK RIBBING.

With No. 11 pins, pick up and knit 65 sts. along neck. Rib 4 rows, K. 1, P. 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

FRONT.

Work as for back until 5 ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE NECK.

Work 39, cast off 13, work 39. Work on each 39 sts. for 2 ins., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

As back.

NECK RIBBING.

With No. 11 pins, pick up and knit 73 sts. along neck. Work as for back.

BELT.

With No. 11 pins, cast on 320 sts. K. 10 rows garter st. Cast off.

SLEEVES.

With No. 11 pins cast on 51 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Knit 3 rows plain knitting. Change to pattern. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Knit 1 row (to bring work to wrong side). Continue in pat., increasing 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 81 sts. When sleeve measures 20 ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 13 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

To be a really conscientious tooth brusher, it seems to me that you have to be a double jointed contortionist and run the risk of lockjaw into the bargain. It is all right on the straight runs and front surfaces, but that up and down technique, as recommended by all the best dentists, presents a pretty problem when it comes to the inside tooth surfaces of the lower jaw.

Therefore, as you and I have to go through the struggle at least 730 times a year, it is grand news to hear of a tooth brush that does all the contortioning for you. The brush can be adjusted instantly to fit any angle, and having a short head, with long and short bristles arranged so that the long bristles go easily between the teeth, it is possible to clean all five surfaces at once. You didn't know that a tooth had five surfaces? Well it has.

Another good point about the brush is the detachable head. Just a half turn of the screw and it can be taken off for sterilising or renewal.

Is there anything so unkind to fabrics and the skin (not to mention the stomach) as hard water? I suppose when Utopia dawns, soft water will be laid on to our houses in the same way that electricity and gas is. Until then, complexions, clothes and digestions must suffer, or else we must take steps to do something about softening hard water ourselves.

One easy and inexpensive way, is to add a small quantity of a powder that is guaranteed to be free from bicarbonate of soda or other harmful alkalis.

While it is claimed that the use of this powder is perfectly safe to use in drinking or cooking water, it definitely makes all the difference to water used for the toilet or for washing fabrics.

Silks and delicate materials that have been injured by being washed in hard water can be restored by washing in water treated with this powder.

When is a soap not a soap? That is the question which puzzled me at a recent demonstration of a new washing medium. I found it hard to answer, because those minute white beads thrown into the water (cold water, at that) dissolved like magic, leaving a foaming lather, yet, I was assured, here was no soap, but a substance that could be used for washing delicate fabrics in cold or warm water with equal success.

The advantage of this new cleansing agent lies in the impossibility of lime scum forming in the water ("Lime scum" is produced by those unpleasant atoms that float about leaving a high water mark round the bath, and which stick like limpets to best silk stockings and lingerie.)

Fabrics which cannot be washed with soap can safely be washed in this new cleanser. It is really wonderful for stockings. Grand too for washing up china and glass. No need to wipe. Just leave to drain and they will dry with a sparkle.

I am not a martyr to keys myself, but I suppose I must be an exception, for most people I know, especially big business executives, hawk a clutter of keys around with them wherever they go. There are the Keys of the Office and the Office Desk. Keys of the Study Desk, of the Garage, the Car and of course, of the House itself. All of them Yales, identical in appearance if not in practise.

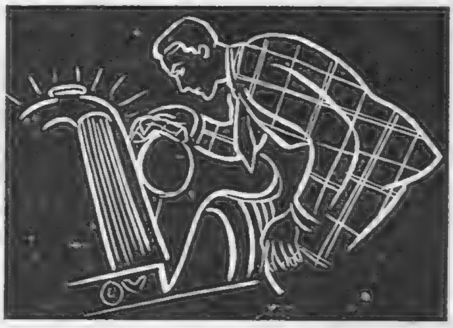
So whether your husband is a B.B.E. or just a natural key addict, do him a service and give him a cunning little identification disc that slips over each key head as neatly as the skin on a banana. Every disc is a different colour, so that each key has a different and easily distinguishable personality.

"Very pretty," says your husband, "but what's the good of colour in the dark?" The answer to that one, is the raised code mark on each disc by which he can tell in a second the house key from the key of the garage. Cost of these fumble- and temper-proof gadgets is 2d. each.

Talking about sparkle, my car, three years old this March, has taken on a new lease of life and can now toss her bonnet at any of the smarties she finds herself with when I leave her in a West End car park.

All this is on account of a new cleanser for chromium. All you have to do is to rub the bright parts over with a small piece of the impregnated wadding, and then polish with a dry duster. The wadding can then be returned to the tin and used again another day: an economic as well as an efficient proposition.

I tested the wool on the bumpers and found it actually removed tar. It is useful round the house, too, for cleaning aluminium pans, chromium fittings, steel and brass. Price per tin, 6d.



Having got wet on a country week-end recently and sat about in my damp clothes, I developed twinges in the left shoulder, a touch of rheumatism in which no one was the least interested except myself and One Other. One Other, it transpired, had had the same trouble and had got rid of it in no time. It seemed that mild "radioactivity," at which high-sounding word I shied like a startled horse, was the treatment recommended.

However, having discovered that it consisted of nothing more sinister than the wearing of a cosy compress on my shoulder, I got a compress to try and wore it for twenty-four hours. The twinges vanished; suppleness returned.

So now, I am expressing my gratitude by telling every one with a twinge about these radio-active compresses. Being quite thin, they can be worn night and day without discomfort, and are to be had in various sizes to fit different parts of the body. The covers are easily detachable for washing.

Rheumatism, arthritis, gout, lumbago and allied troubles can be treated by this very simple method.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

SPRING CLEANING

By Winifred Lewis

WALLS, CEILINGS AND FLOORS

First clear for action. Remove drapes and bric-a-brac to the base camp. Start on ceilings and walls. Use the Hoover on accessible parts and for others tie a clean flannel over the long broom and mop with it. Replace the flannel when soiled.

Wash distemper with *hot* water and cotton wool. Get in a supply. Stale bread is good for wallpaper. Clean and polish woodwork with Min cream.

Vacuum rugs on both sides. Vacuum unfitted carpets. Wash brick tiled fireplaces with vinegar and rehang the family ancestors with fishing line. It is the best holder-upper. For that extra super glaze for mirrors and picture glasses add starch to the washing water. If you scrub the floorboards use *cold* water. Cheer up shabby floor covering with liquid lino and if matters are too far gone, cast out the old covering and try a coloured floor with paint. I can tell you of a suitable one for the purpose.

CARPETS, CURTAINS AND COVERS

Wash those filmy curtains of ninon and fine muslin in a solution of borax and warm water. One ounce to the gallon. Put the Hoover over the heavier curtains or, if you neglected to do this regularly, send them to be dry-cleaned. Ditto loose covers. Chintz and cretonne wash best in *tepid* water and Lux. Rinse in water of the same temperature.

Have a bottle of carbon tetrachloride ready for the stains on the upholstery—and especially for grease spots on the carpet. If you have made regular use of a Hoover, the carpet will need no reviving, but if you have not, you can dissolve an ounce of wormwood salts in a bucket of warm water and, with a soft cloth, carefully wash the surface. Rub over with a dry cloth Don't drown the carpet. Just moisten it.

That nice matting that is used so much now for modern rooms can be treated with a solution of ammonia and cold water. Dry outdoors.

SILVER, GLASS AND ACCESSORIES

Spread an old Turkish towel or a rubber bath mat in the sink before you wash the heirloom china and glass. Don't use soap. A little blue in the water is good. Better still for cut-glass is a paste of whitening and water. Leave until quite dry and then remove with a soft brush.

Silver candlesticks, ink-stands and ornamented objects difficult to clean should be put into a strong solution of soft soap and water and boiled in it for five minutes. Take out the object and pour the solution into a basin. When cool, scrub the silver with it lightly, using a soft brush. Rinse in plain boiling water and set aside to dry. Finish with a chamois leather.

Rub pewter with a flannel dipped in whiting and oil. Wash with soap and water and dry. A little tartaric acid on a wet rag is best for badly tarnished brass. Wash off with clean water and dry. Brasso is the best polish for all normal brass cleaning tasks.

Silk and satin lampshades can be cleaned by dissolving some Lux in lukewarm water. Apply to the shade with a very soft brush. Rinse in the same way with lukewarm water. Freshen parchment shades with a gum rubber.

STAIRS AND PASSAGES

Leave these until last and when you are doing them be methodical and quick. These are main thoroughfares and spring cleaning grouches begin with cluttered passages and wet paint on the stairs.

If passages are dark, get some light before you begin. If a coat of light distemper on the walls or an extra light paint will banish the darkness permanently, get busy. It's worth the cost and makes the house seem larger. Gloomy corners are a dead loss to space.

Walls and ceilings as before. Take up the stair carpet and apply the Hoover. Lay it again so that the tread is slightly shifted, if possible. If you are not repainting throughout, a coat of clear varnish on the stair treads is simple to apply and improving.

This is a good time to consider replacing rods with Clipper Carpet Holders which, unlike rods, fit flush to the edge of the carpet with no projection at the sides to obstruct dusting.

Do something about the glory-hole under the stairs. The things you don't really need in there will relieve the storage congestion elsewhere.

FURNITURE AND REPAIRS

A good non-greasy polish, like Mansion, which cleans as well as polishes, used regularly should save you the need for cleaning the furniture, but if the surface has become clogged and clouded clean the wood according to its type. Oak is improved by washing with warm beer. Wring out a soft cloth and rub the way of the grain.

Walnut wants a piece of flannel moistened with paraffin. Polish with a dry, soft cloth Try a leather wrung out in tepid vinegar and water for mahogany and get busy on any hot dish stains with spirits of camphor. Rub it well in and then quickly apply olive oil on a soft cloth.

KITCHEN AND UTENSILS

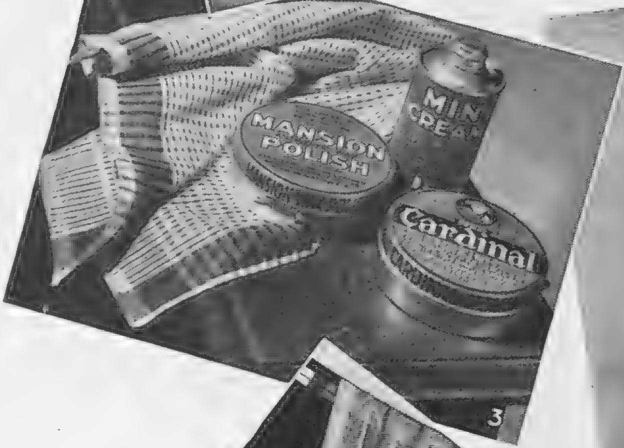
Start spring cleaning in the kitchen with flues and chimneys. Cooking stoves should be quite cold before scouring commences. Porcelain finishes should be washed with a mild solution of soda water. Paraffin and bathbrick is a good mixture for steel. Rub on and polish with an oiled rag.

Slimy waste pipes should have attention. Copperas dissolved and left to seep through the drain is excellent.

To clean painted kitchen walls wash down with hot soapsuds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia. Start at the top and work downwards. For dish covers use a mixture of whitening and spirits of wine. Polish with a soft cloth. A cut onion rubbed over tin cooking ware restores its brightness and polish. Sweeping brooms can be cleaned by dipping, bristles downwards, into a solution of hot water and ammonia. Repeat the dipping until the bristles are clean and then rinse in cold water. Keep the backs and handles dry if possible.

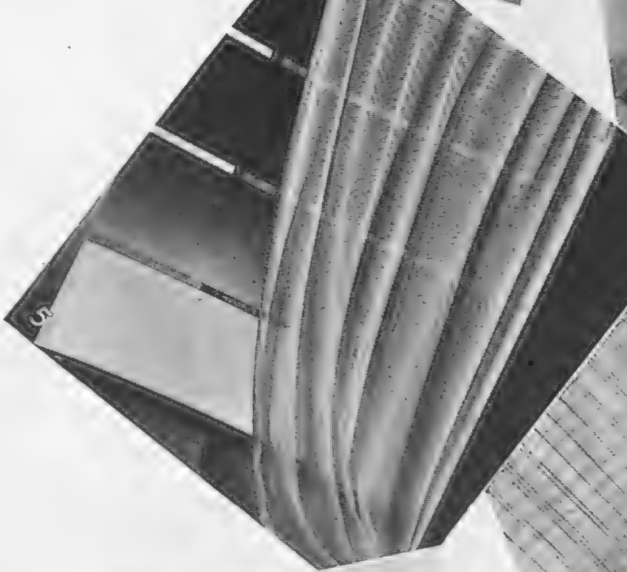
SENSE

1 & 2 New curtains ask for new fitments that give curtain treatments their slick, tailored appearance. Rufflette Curtain Pocket Tape is simple to apply and allows the insertion and removal of curtain hooks with the minimum of trouble.

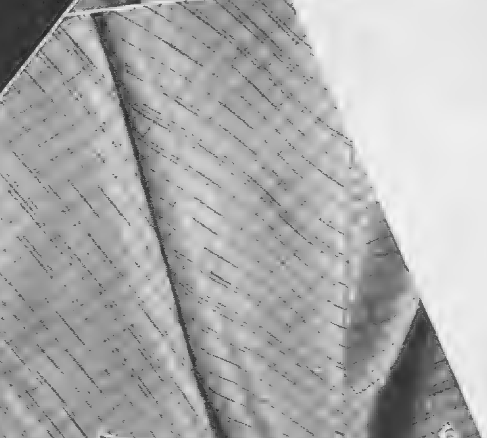


3 Stained floors and surrounds can be restored to a brilliant polish with "Mansion" which has antiseptic properties affording protection from germs. Min Cream gives a quick and beautiful lustre to furniture and simplifies the cleaning of light paint. Red tile fireplaces are restored with Cardinal polish.

4 Lay the stair carpet afresh this time with Clipper Carpet Holders. They hold the carpet at the edges and allow it to be swept and dusted with efficiency and ease. They are quickly removed and require no cleaning.



5 Celanese furnishing ninon is sheer glamour for draped curtain treatments and costs 3s. 11d. a yard. The one photographed is cream, with a delicate self-coloured motif. Peach and soft biscuit shades are obtainable from Waring & Gillow.



6 One of the many charming Celanese furnishing fabrics for 1938. This heavy artificial corded silk with a cross thread in contrasting colour is perfect for bedspreads and curtains. Waring & Gillow have this fabric in various colours. 48 ins. wide, 3s. 11d. a yard.

7 & 8 Just in time for Spring cleaning comes the new Hoover "Cleaning Ensemble." With this new arrangement you can clean the carpet with the kit hung on the door-knob, so that it is ready for the next task. With the new cleaning ensemble you change from carpet cleaning to above-floor cleaning in a moment.

BABY PAGE

WEANING

BY LOUISA KAY

Nobody denies that nine months breast feeding is the ideal to aim at for the normal child, but circumstances arise wherein it is advisable to turn to other forms of nourishment before this time.

Early weaning has its difficulties, more particularly when first teeth are cutting and when the strain which this normally imposes upon the system is further aggravated by a change of diet.

For all this, there is not the smallest need for panic if breast feeding must, for any reason, be discontinued early. The important thing is that the process should be carefully managed and never, except in the most urgent cases, hurried.

The child of average weight who is weaned early for the benefit of the mother's health can be given the milk mixture prescribed for the bottle-fed baby of the same age.

The healthiness or otherwise of the little one's digestion and other individual circumstances will dictate the choice of a substitute for the natural food and the rival claims of fresh, boiled cows' milk or one of the excellent prepared infant foods such as Cow and Gate, or Allenburys Food can be settled as conditions allow.

But whatever the substitute may prove to be, the actual process of weaning, whenever the mother's health permits, should be spread over several weeks.

This gradual weaning, occupying five distinct stages, is the one most likely to insinuate itself into the routine without noticeable discomfort for anyone concerned.

The five stages of weaning occupy a week each and run as follows:

At the first stage give four breast feeds a day (at 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 6 p.m., and 10 p.m.) substituting one artificial feed at 2 p.m.

After one week of this the second stage should begin with three breast feeds a day (at 6 a.m., 2 p.m., and 10 p.m.) substituting two artificial feeds at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

The third stage allows only two breast feeds (at 6 a.m. and 10 p.m.) with three artificial feeds. The fourth stage leaves one breast feed only at 6 a.m., and the fifth week brings the child to five artificial feeds a day.

Managing the baby throughout the transition is a matter for tact and firmness. For the nine months old child—when the change-over excludes all use of the bottle—less opposition will be met if he has been accustomed from an early age to take water and fruit juices from a cup or spoon and, more recently, a bite on a crust.

To the baby who has been accustomed to the breast alone, the mere sight of these inoffensive utensils will encourage resistance to the new food.

When the bottle or the cup and spoon are familiar objects the gradual introduction of the new regime is not noticeable, though tact at feeding time is still essential.

If a struggle ensues, only a calm, firm attitude on the mother's part will avail. To give in to his refusals is only to encourage his perseverance in them and to force the food upon him when he is overwrought is merely to enhance his dislike of it.

It is far better therefore to abandon one meal than to permit a scene. No possible harm can ensue if baby misses.

When weaning begins at nine months, solids will be prominent in the diet. In many authoritative quarters in fact, the practice of gradually introducing solids from six months onwards is encouraged. A boiled and scraped mutton bone is given before the mid-day feed and at eight months baked crusts and rusks are recommended.

It is advisable to remember, however, that the importance at this age, of learning to masticate, is greater than the need for taking nourishment in solid form.

Here is a specimen diet for a child of ten to twelve months:

For breakfast, give six or eight ounces of milk mixture (cows' milk and water, sweetened, or a prepared food). With this give a hard-baked crust or finger of toast spread with bacon fat or honey.

The mid-day meal should consist of one ounce of steamed fish or brains with an ounce of strained vegetable. Heinz make an excellent tinned variety especially for babies. Follow this with one ounce of milk pudding or two ounces of egg custard, with an ounce of stewed or baked apple.

At tea time, six to eight ounces of milk mixture, a rusk or finger of toast spread with butter or honey and a small quantity of home-made sponge cake.

Supper consists of the milk mixture alone. Six ounces.

After twelve months, unsieved vegetables and very light puddings are introduced, but no potatoes and no undiluted milk is permitted until after seventeen months.

It is quite improperly supposed that soft, pappy foods are best for the baby who is still without a full complement of teeth. Cereals should be served crisp and separate from the milk, and every encouragement given to the habit of masticating by giving dry toast and hard rusks to bite on.

Weaning is no longer a process to be dreaded as in the days when it was less scientifically managed. Sudden weaning leads to physical and emotional upsets on the mother's side as on the child's, but if undertaken as an educative process it is, in normal cases, plane sailing for both.

KITCHEN QUERIES

The efficient kitchen is the focal point of a happy home.

More kitchens would be more efficient if more housewives knew about current ideas in kitchencraft.

Inevitably our knowledge of kitchencraft is wider than that which the average woman can acquire within the radius of her own home.

We have special advantages and like sharing them. But since all we know on the subject would fill a book, we have to ask you to write us about any of the kitchen matters, listed below, that interests you. In this way you can be given the fullest assistance. Address your letter to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

1. You knew that the excellence of the finished dish depends upon the receptacle in which it is cooked as much as on its ingredients, but you may not have known that health and economy lie that way as well. You can prove it with a three-purpose fireproof dish that conserves the flavour and vital juices of poultry and entrées and economises by preventing undue shrinkage. The lid and base can be used separately. Price 7s. 6d.

2. Yes, it's true the humbler fish *can* be made into glamorous fare. Again you need the right receptacle. This time it is a Utility dish, price 9s. Top and tail some fresh herrings. Grill. Line the utility dish with mashed potato. Chop together one large apple and two onions. Blend with two tablespoonfuls of crumbs. Halve each herring. Put a layer of fish on the potato bed and fill dish with layers of fish and onion mixture. Cover with potato and bake brown in a moderate oven.

3. You may be the Queen of Cooks, but if you're a bad carver the most succulent joint will disappoint and the most economical plans go astray. A gadget costing 1s. 11d. which clips to the carving dish and holds the joint in place will enable you to slice off appetising wafers whether you have had a carver's training or not.

Plenty of good cooks fall down on pastry

4. Here's the secret of those delicious little individual savouries your rich friend's cook is so adept at producing. She has the right utensils. You can spring these savoury morsels on the family, too, if you get the right dishes before you spring. They cost 6d. each. Now: into each dish put three slices of tomato. Make white sauce and add mustard and seasoning. To it add four ounces of grated cheese, four ounces of cooked macaroni. Divide into the ramekin dishes, sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs, bake in a moderate oven till brown.

5. Pudding cloths are like porridge saucepans, unpleasant to clean. Even the most meticulous care leaves a fear that the cloth is not perfectly clean. So, a pudding basin that has a metal cover which clips into place and a handle that facilitates lifting the basin out of the saucepan is a good find. Price 2s. 6d.

6. There are plenty of good cooks who, for a variety of reasons fall down on pastry. Maybe they skimp the fat—you need at least three parts fat to four parts flour. Or maybe they mix the dough too wet. With ample fat the merest dash of water will do. Too much flour on the pastry board when rolling is another fault. It stops aeration. There is a magic rolling-pin, the invention of a chef, that gets the essential air into dough and makes it rise. Price 5s.

7. If you are addicted to snack meals, experiment with strained vegetables. They are tasty and nutritious. There are many delicious and economical little odd-time dishes to build around these tinned delicacies. Here is one:

Flake some cooked smoked haddock and mix with a little boiled rice or cold mashed potato. Season and divide into individual ramekin dishes, adding to each a portion of strained vegetable (mixed greens is excellent for this). Break an egg on top and grill till set.

8. Those clumsy lumps of peel in the home-made marmalade are what sometimes give home-made marmalade a bad name. But if you have ever sat down to slice the oranges yourself you will realise what it means to you *and* the marmalade to have a really efficient cutter. 6s. and worth every penny.

9. Winter salads should not be omitted from the menu even though vegetables are scarce. An excellent mixture is made with cooked potato, cooked cauliflower, tinned asparagus, tinned peas, fresh watercress, beetroot, sugar, hard-boiled eggs and dressing. To ensure crisp dryness—the essence of good salad—use a salad shaker for draining lettuce, endive, etc. Price 2s.

10. Sponges, meringue, many kinds of pudding and cakes depend for their lightness upon vigorous beating of the eggs or batter. A tiring business but essential. A patent whisk that turns five minutes hand beating into twenty seconds is a fine investment at 2s. It is easy to clean.

11. Basting is the secret of good roasting, but opening the oven door to baste by hand reduces the temperature of the oven sharply and prevents even cooking. A self-basting roaster or porcelain enamel costing 6s. 6d. obviates this trouble. The joint is simply placed in the roaster and the contents baste automatically.

12. Vegetables are just vegetables to some people, to others they are the most flavoursome of foods. Cooking vegetables is not just a matter of boiling them in water. To keep flavour and nourishment use only a little water and when boiling reduce the heat at once and simmer gently. Boil cabbage very fast for ten minutes only. No soda. A steamer that fits on to a saucepan and conserves the flavour and nourishment in vegetables costs 5s.

Opening the oven door to baste by hand reduces the temperature of the oven sharply

Raspberries Créole

One tin of Smedley's Dessert Scotch Raspberries
Soft sugar
One small banana (for each person)
Half a tumbler of cream

Open the tin of Smedley's raspberries and pour off very carefully the syrup, keeping it on one side. Now peel and scrape the bananas and lay them flat in the serving dish. Whip the cream until very stiff and work in some of the syrup to flavour it, and at the last minute sweeten with soft sugar.

Pour the remainder of the syrup over the bananas, cover these with the whipped cream and pile the raspberries on top of this. These excellent whole berries make many glamorous sweets while the heavy syrup is delicious.

TO VARY THE MENU

You have probably noticed that family appetites need coaxing just now. Winter roasts and substantial entrées are not too popular. This in fact, is the time to introduce some simple delicate dishes into your menu, occasionally, such as I detail below.

Potage St. Germain

(For four people)
One tin of Smedley's select garden peas
Parsley, one onion.
Salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar.
White stock. Croûtons of fried bread.

Put some well-skimmed white stock in a saucepan with an onion cut in quarters, bring to the boil and keep hot. Make thoroughly hot a tin of Smedley's peas, drain them and pass the peas (keeping aside half a dozen whole peas) through a sieve into a clean saucepan adding a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper.

Now add the stock (without the onion) little by little mixing it well with the purée of peas. Put in a sufficient quantity of stock to make a fairly thick soup. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time and keep hot until you are ready to serve the soup. Add the whole peas and a little chopped parsley, and serve with a bowl of tiny croûtons of fried bread, handed separately.

Fillets of Sole Portuguaise

One large or two small fillets (per person).
Two tablespoonfuls of thick cream.
Salt, pepper, lemon juice, chopped parsley.
Thick tomato sauce.

Dry the fillets of sole or other fish in a cloth and fry them (not dipped in egg and breadcrumbs) very crisp and brown in boiling oil or fat. Remove them, drain thoroughly and keep very hot, until you are ready to serve with the following sauce, made one hour before, or long enough to make it icy cold.

Beat the cream to a stiff froth, add a few drops of lemon juice and then tomato sauce and chopped parsley. Mix, add salt and pepper, beat again and put on ice to get really cold. The amount of tomato sauce is rather a question of taste, but the sauce should have quite a strong tomato flavour and the contrast between the piping hot crisp fish and the icy cold sauce is particularly happy. Be careful to serve on cold plates, or the sauce would melt and quite spoil the dish.

Petit Pois au Lard

One tin of Smedley's select garden peas (extra small size).
The heart of one lettuce.
Half a dozen button onions.
A slice of lean ham.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Peel the onions and put them in a small saucepan with a little butter, salt, pepper, and enough cold water to cover. Bring to the boil and simmer until the onions are about half cooked. Put in the lettuce, with all the outside leaves removed, leaving only the whole heart. Cover the pan and simmer until the lettuce is soft and the leaves begin to break away.

Heat the tin of peas, drain well and put the peas in a saucepan. Add the contents of the small saucepan, liquid and all, cover, and cook very slowly for two or three minutes. Add the slice of ham, well trimmed of all fat and cut into small cubes or thin strips. When the ham is hot (it will only take a minute or so) serve the dish of peas as a separate course after the meat course.

If you must have the peas with your meat choose something very plain such as grilled cutlets or a roast chicken, but it is such a delicious vegetable dish that I would always eat it as such, by itself.

Gâteau Lyonnaise

Two ounces of streaky bacon rashers.
Half a dozen chicken livers.
A slice of stale bread.
Two eggs, shallots, salt, pepper.
Butter, tomato sauce.

Trim and fry the rashers, remove and chop them finely. Chop two peeled shallots, fry them in the fat of the bacon and keep them with the chopped bacon. In the same fat just toss for a few minutes the chicken livers, browning them all over. Remove them, chop and mash them well, add the bacon and shallots.

Have ready a slice of stale bread (crust removed) soaked in milk. Mash this and mix thoroughly with the other ingredients. Now stir in two eggs well beaten, mixing the whole well together.

Have a well-buttered mould or small soufflé dish, pour in the mixture and stand the mould, covered with buttered greaseproof paper, in a pan containing boiling water. Cook for about one hour and a half. Turn the "cake" into a hot dish and pour all round a hot tomato sauce. This and the following dish would

(*Continued on page* 136)

SUPPER INTO BREAKFAST

This is the time of year to start varying your breakfast menu. A change for the first meal of the day, is good for your health, your palate, your temper.

Why not borrow a leaf from our neighbours abroad, and use some of their supper and hors d'œuvre dishes for the first meal, in the same spirit of trying out, in which they eat our breakfast dishes for supper?

Two things of course must remain : cereals of some kind, and good jam or marmalade. You can well do without the large plate of porridge at this time of the year. Substitute something like Shredded Wheat, either cold or, better still, made hot in the oven, with creamy milk and sugar.

Here are two menus and a few varying recipes for the main dish :—

Shredded Wheat (hot).
Celery and tunny salad.
Stewed fruit.

Shredded Wheat (cold).
Croûtes Anglaises.
Fresh fruit.

Celery and Tunny Salad

One tin of tunny fish (for three people).
One head of celery.
Vinegar, pepper.
Fresh herbs.

Open the tin of tunny fish, drain it well and break the tunny into small pieces. Put this in a bowl, and clean the celery, removing outside leaves (to be kept for soup). Cut the celery into small pieces, mix with the tunny and season with pepper and a few drops of vinegar. Chopped fresh herbs such as parsley, chervil and tarragon are a great improvement.

Croûtes Anglaises

One large mushroom (per person).
One rasher of streaky bacon.
One round of stale bread.
Pepper, butter.

Choose large evenly shaped white mushrooms, remove the stalks and use only the round tops, (the stalks can be kept and used as flavouring for sauces or soups). Wash and dry well.

Trim the rashers of bacon and cook them on both sides in a frying-pan, remove and keep hot. Add a small piece of butter to the pan and put in the mushrooms, flat, and only one layer. Cook these for two or three minutes only, on each side as they should remain firm and not be sodden and spongy, sprinkle with pepper and keep hot with the rashers.

Have your rounds of stale bread trimmed to a size just larger than the mushrooms, and fry them crisp and golden-brown.

Wrap each mushroom in a rasher of bacon, place on the fried bread and serve hot.

Bananas Gratinées

One banana (per person).
Breadcrumbs, grated cheese.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Peel the bananas and sprinkle all over with salt and pepper.

Melt a little piece of butter in individual fireproof dishes, put in the bananas and sprinkle them with breadcrumbs, then grated cheese. Dust with more pepper, add one or two tiny pieces of butter on top and cook under the grill till hot and nicely browned.

Ham Soufflé

Four ounces of chopped ham (for four to six persons).
A tumblerful of thick white sauce.
Two eggs.
Salt, pepper, nutmeg.

This can be made in one soufflé dish, but is better if served in little individual *cocottes* or ramekin dishes. The white sauce which should be thick, can be made the night before and just warmed in the morning. Add a little milk if necessary.

(*Continued on page* 136)

Bananas Gratinées makes a delightful and easily prepared breakfast dish

Better Cooking
By
A · H · Adair

How To Save

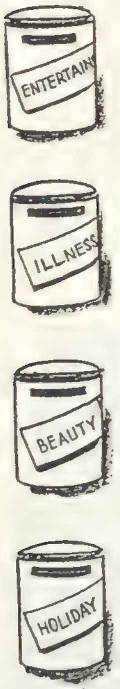
THREE PENCE
GEORGIVS VI D: G: BR: OMN: REX
No 905/2
London 1938
Barclays Bank Limited
REGENT STREET BRANCH
Pay
or Order
£3-10-
THIS CHEQUE R
SEMENT
FID: DEF IND: IMP
HALF CROWN 1937
ONE PENNY 1937
SIXPENCE 1937
SHILLINGS 1937

First you have to be methodical. More methodical than resolute. A harum scarum determination to stop money from melting away doesn't get you anywhere. You need a Plan.

Think back to the people you have known who had this heaven-sent gift of making one pound do the work of three. You have credited them with a genius they do not possess. These wizards are simply methodical, persevering people.

Planning must run like an artery through your affairs if any good is to come of this saving business. There is no point in saving one shilling and wasting two. Stop up every leak.

Begin with a pencil and paper. Decide on the figure that represents a reasonable weekly expenditure for you. Write it at the top of the page.



Get a series of money boxes

Now divide the total into sub-headings, allocating a suitable amount to every requirement.

If, for instance, your total is five pounds divide this into proportionate sums for Clothes, Doctors, Travelling, Cosmetics and Hairdresser, Entertainments and Holidays. And so on. . . .

If you haven't a mental arithmetic mind, get a series of money boxes. Label them with the items above and put the prescribed amount into each, week by week.

It is elementary, but these are the First Steps in Saving.

If your dignity will not allow you to play money boxes, pay a regular sum of money into a separate account, and defy yourself to use that account for any other purposes than those prescribed. This will save your dignity, but it won't save so much money as the boxes.

And talking of these, think what it means when the telephone account turns up, to be able to take the money from the box. No heartburning.

Imagine the satisfaction when rich Cousin Kate's birthday comes round, and you simply gift her from the "Christmas and Birthdays Compartment" with no cutting down on the housekeeping.

It pays. This way there is always money to meet the case. That is if you play fair. No burglaries and no I.O.U's.

It means sacrifices, but these grow easier as you go along. For instance, if you have absorbed your allowance for entertainment you cut out that extra afternoon at the movies. If a new perm has swallowed up the contents of the "Beauty" compartment, you can't have a new lipstick until next week. In a curious way, you grow to *like* these sacrifices.

The discipline imposed in small ways gets into your system, presently more orderly habits make themselves felt in all your finances.

Those who feel the need to put a check upon money, will find it an analysis that the items which together inflate the total are, separately, easy enough to dispense with. Muddle is at the root of most wastage.

"I've cut down expenditure, but I don't save money even now," says the disorderly saver. What's the reason?

Generally that the money saved has been lost in a muddle of wastage elsewhere. A pound saved conscientiously on drinks may go in an odd taxi here, an extravagant tip there. That is how the money fritters.

But there is no need to be a martyr because you cut idle extravagance out of your affairs. That odd taxi is an indulgence you don't really miss. The expensive brand of cigarettes you smoke do not truly represent in value the extra cost involved, and a five and ninepenny seat at the movies brings you the same movie as a two and fourpenny one.

You men who wish you could save money could do it if you cut out the odd one for the road. Those many shillings it costs you to fire little metal balls at a target in the "Dog and Duck" would add up to something at the end of the year if you kept them in your pocket.

I know, economy has two faces, a real and a false and we are all afraid of meanness, but meanness does not enter into it if you learn to distinguish between wise and foolish indulgence.

Often enough there is common sense in the large gesture. Keeping up appearances is an art in itself. The art lies deepest in knowing where you can afford to relax.

Take the question of clothes. Economy affecting your appearance may save a pound or two and lose you the opportunity to make good. Appearances count, but you can reduce your dress expenditure in many ways by intelligent planning.

Cheap clothes are expensive. One Savile Row suit gives a fillip to your confidence and a cachet to your appearance that may show you a profit in hard cash. The well-dressed woman, the woman who impresses is often the one with the smallest wardrobe, but what she has is of the finest quality.

Badly dressed men and women spend a small fortune in cheap odds and ends, in constant replacements of shoddy items of clothing.

Saving money is not difficult. It is a habit. You acquire it through perseverance as you acquire a liking for olives.

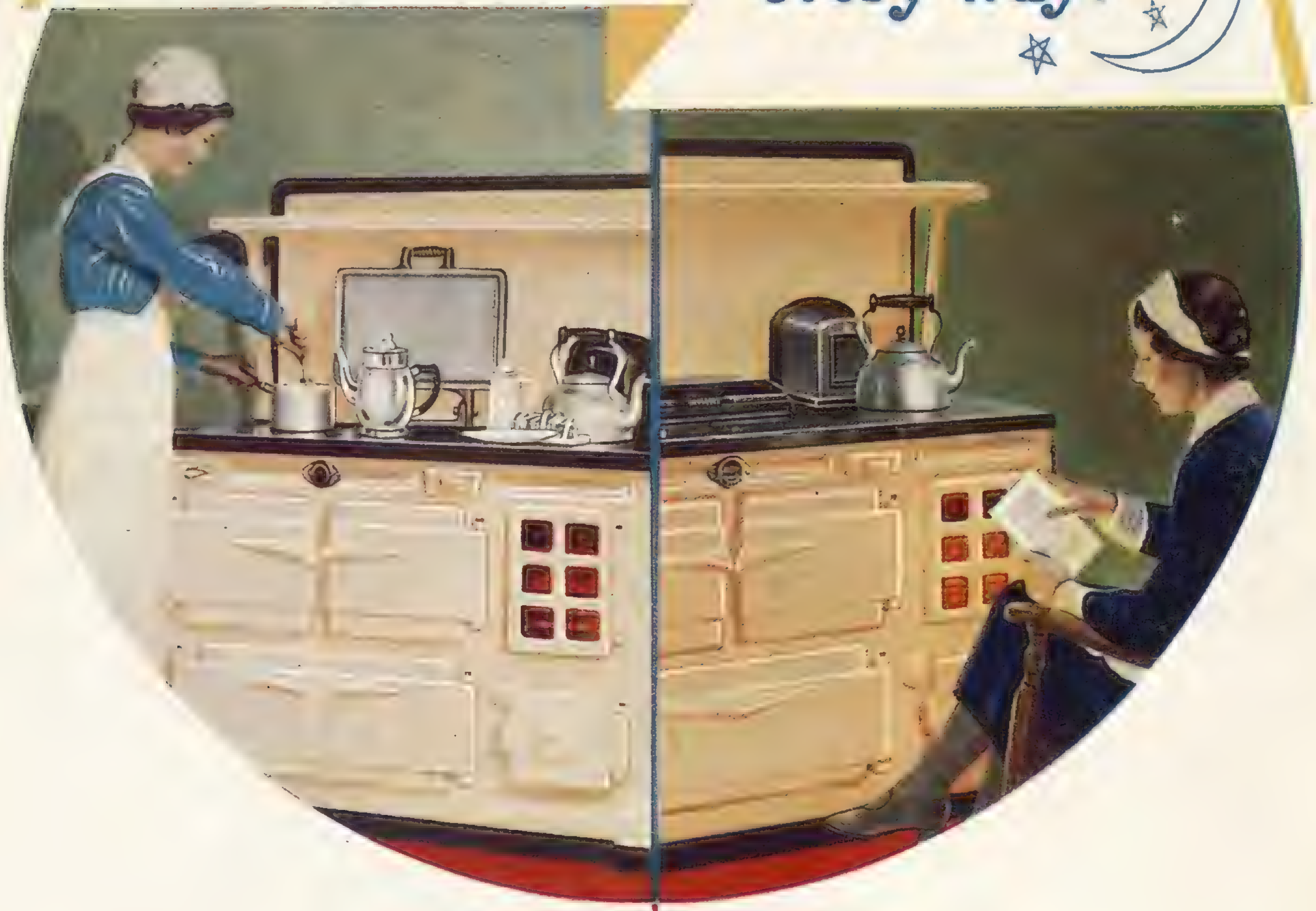
You may have neither the wish nor the need to engage in the drastic campaigns I have been writing of, but there are small ways of saving money that give a lot of satisfaction.

I have known a woman who collected sixpences. Every one that came into her hands went into a box. At first the temptation to slip by a sixpence was almost too much, but she succeeded. Now it is so long since she spent a sixpenny piece that the little coins have almost ceased to be currency to her.

But she has a nest-egg that anyone might envy. L.W.

I know a woman who saved all her sixpences

"From Beginning to End of every day A Happier Cook in every way!"

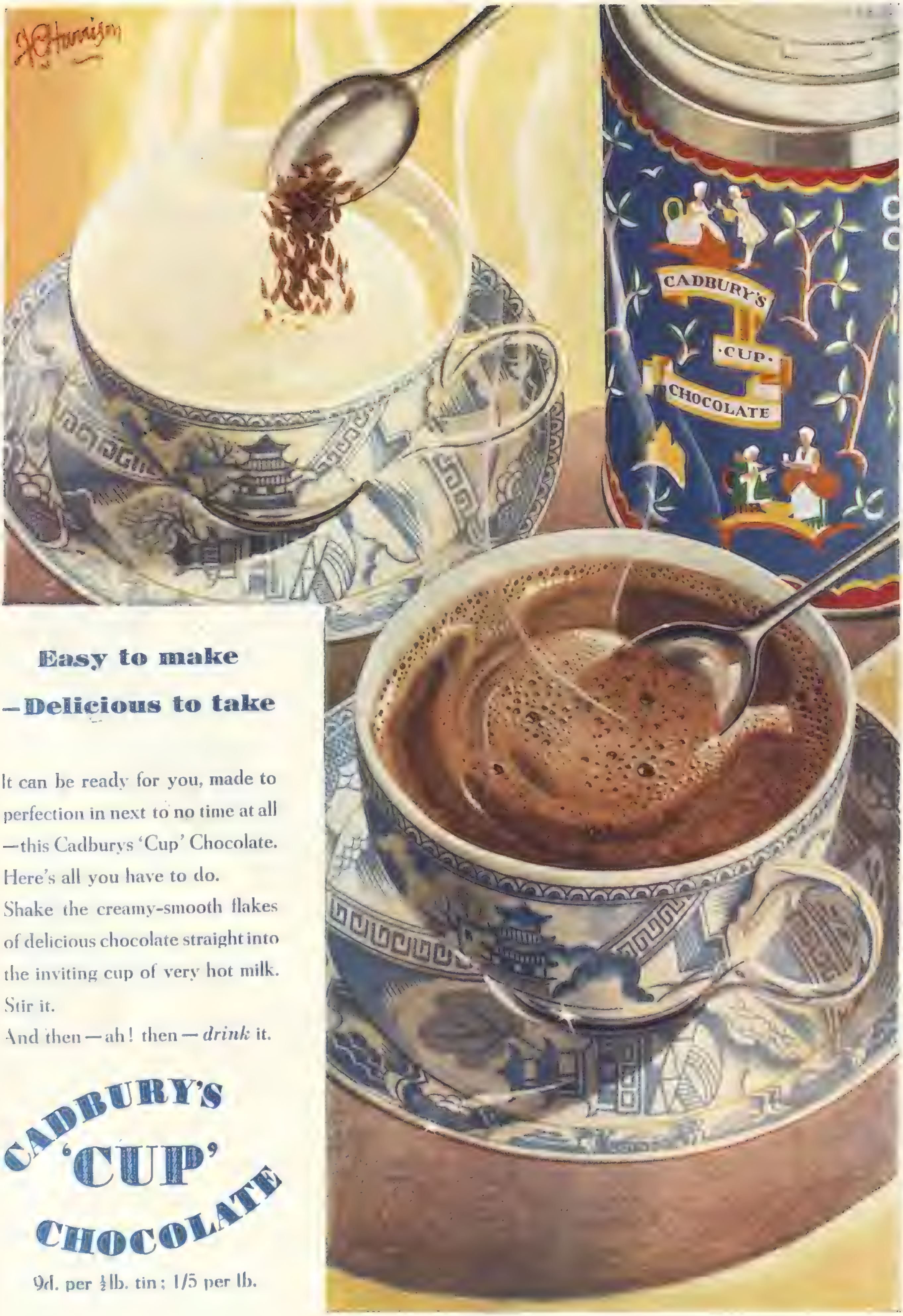


From a cheerful beginning in a warm kitchen to a happy ending in front of the fire, cook has every reason to thank ESSE Heat Storage for lightening and brightening her day's work. No longer does she dread rising on a wintry morning to light the fire in the old coal range, for the ESSE, burning continuously day and night, is ready for cooking at any time. Using but a small amount of smokeless solid fuel (anthracite preferred), cook has to feed the ESSE just twice a day—what a difference from carrying heavy buckets of coal and the tedious job of constant stoking! Cook now has more time to enjoy cooking good food well, because her kitchen work is reduced to the minimum. She has no greasy ovens to clean, while the cooker itself needs the mere wipe of a damp cloth to keep it bright and spotless.

The ESSE MINOR Cooker with Water Heater can be supplied with a visible fire, as illustrated. For smaller homes there is the ESSE FAIRY, and for larger residences, including small institutions and hotels, the PREMIER ESSE. The ESSE MAJOR is for large scale catering.

ESSE

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Established 1854.
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. *London West-End Showrooms*
63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1



Easy to make
—Delicious to take

It can be ready for you, made to perfection in next to no time at all—this Cadburys 'Cup' Chocolate. Here's all you have to do.
Shake the creamy-smooth flakes of delicious chocolate straight into the inviting cup of very hot milk.
Stir it.
And then—ah! then—*drink* it.

CADBURY'S
'CUP'
CHOCOLATE

9d. per ½lb. tin; 1/5 per lb.

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

The Innoxa Colourscope is an excellent idea evolved by this well-known firm to show at a glance the various shades in which their powder, rouge, lipstick, eyelash cosmetique and nail varnish are available, and matchable.

Stores and chemists who stock Innoxa preparations will show the Colourscope to their customers, who will appreciate the sound guidance offered by the colour harmony charts for various types.

The firm of Innoxa is always progressive, and new shades are constantly added to the already wide choice which they offer. Dawn and Autumn are two delightful new colours in their Mayfair lipstick and Ruby Cream rouge, while russet is their newest Cremenail enamel for the nails.

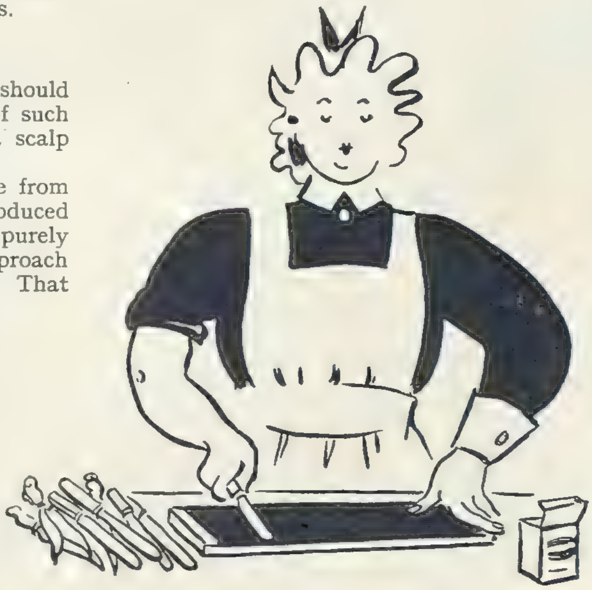
Innoxa Cremenail is made in six shades; it lends lovely lustre to the nails and will not crack, peel or discolour. It is 2s. 6d. for a single bottle, or in a set with solvent, 4s.

Hair that is falling or splitting should never be neglected; the cause of such symptoms is almost infallibly a scalp deficient in natural oils.

Rowland's Macassar Oil, made from the original recipe which was introduced to the public in 1793, is a purely vegetable oil, and the nearest approach to the natural oil of the scalp. That it has stood the test of 145 years and is still in constant demand is sufficient testimony to its purity and efficacy.

By stimulating the circulation and nourishing the roots, Rowland's Macassar Oil gives new life to the hair, restoring its lustre and flexibility. It is invaluable as a preventive of greyness and loss of colour, imparts an attractive gloss to the hair, and has produced remarkable results in cases of baldness.

It is made in two forms, red for dark hair and golden for fair or grey hair, price 3s. 6d., 7s. and 10s. 6d.



The old-fashioned knife-board has become obsolete

Since the introduction of Firth Stainless Steel cutlery, the old-fashioned knifeboard has become obsolete, and now "Staybrite" Stainless Steel tableware has reduced to a minimum the labour of keeping the table appointments bright and untarnished.

"Staybrite" articles are not merely plated with chromium, such superficial plating wears through in time, but in "Staybrite" those costly metals, chromium and nickel, are actually alloyed with the steel itself, making it stainless through and through. No food substance will tarnish it, and washing and polishing it like glass is the only attention it needs.

Spoons and forks, tea and coffee sets, toast racks and entrée dishes are all manufactured in "Staybrite" steel at prices to suit everyone.

A garden catalogue, beautifully illustrated with plates in colour and photogravure, is fascinating to all gardeners, professional or amateur, but when such a catalogue is, in addition, a mine of information on every phase of horticulture, it is indeed a most valuable reference book.

Carter's Blue Book of Gardening, to which I refer, is an outstanding shilling's-worth. Besides being a complete catalogue and price list for every garden need, it prefaces each vegetable and flower listed, with a paragraph on the correct method of cultivation.

There is also a "Diary of the Garden" at the end of the book, which shows exactly what work to do in the garden month by month; when and how soil should be prepared, what seeds should be sown in the open, in frames or in greenhouses.

A section on weeds and weeding, practical instruction and advice on the construction of a new lawn, and after treatment and renovation of an already established lawn, are other useful features.

Maximum control with minimum weight are two essentials of a really good brassière, and are features of the "Le Gant" Alphabet Bra'. Attractively made of chequered satin incorporating lastex yarn and lace, these brassières are made in fittings for three figure types: A. small fitting, B. average fitting, and C. full average fitting.

They are particularly good for evening wear, being cut low, and therefore backless when worn in the usual way, while adaptable shoulder straps enable them to be altered to form a halter neck, leaving the shoulders bare. The price is 16s. 11d., and they are obtainable from leading stores and corsetières.

"Le Gant" corselettes are also designed to meet the requirements of various figure types. Special attention has been paid to the production of the perfect foundation garment for the heavier, short waisted figure.

From our earliest youth we are taught the value of personal hygiene. We must bath daily, clean our teeth at least night and morning and wash our hair at regular intervals, yet how many of us are taught, or realise the value of a daily eye bath.

Smoke, dust and germs all contribute to cause tired and dull-looking eyes, but the daily Optrex eye bath will remedy this and will keep the eyes sparkling and clear.

Optrex is invaluable in cases of excessive watering, irritation and inflammation of eyes and lids, and is sold by leading chemists at 2s. with a free eye bath.

Colds are nearly always prevalent in March, for at this time of the year vitality is lowered by sunless winter months, and rapid changes of temperature often catch us unawares and insufficiently clad.

If used in time, when the first symptoms of a cold are manifested, Vapex will check it, while the duration of one that is already well established will be shortened by use of this inhalent.

Vapex destroys germs, and a few drops on the handkerchief will afford protection against other people's colds when we are mixing with crowds in the cinema, the 'bus and all places where a number of people are gathered together. It is 2s. and 3s. from all chemists.

Tristan da Cunha

(Continued from page 37)

bloodstained days of the buccaneers and boast of his untold wealth in the secret place. Sometimes he would vanish into the bush and return with handfuls of gold, but he died suddenly without telling the exact spot where the treasure was hidden and the soldiers searched in vain.

After the death of Napoleon the garrison was withdrawn to Cape Town. William Glass, a native of Kelso, Scotland, who had formed one of the garrison, petitioned the Government for leave to return to the island as a settler. His request was granted. With him went others, including two sailors, Swain and Cotton, who had served under Nelson. Swain was reported to be the very sailor who caught the dying admiral in his arms as he fell mortally wounded on the deck of the *Victory*. They brought with them to the island two beasts, two sheep, two donkeys, two dogs, two geese—in fact, it was a sort of Noah's Ark.

Glass was chosen as leader of the community. He was well educated, deeply religious, and displayed administrative gifts of no mean order. He was a Scotsman through and through.

An amusing story of the early days relates how the first settlers obtained wives. Glass was a married man, and his neighbours, envying his domestic felicity, commissioned the obliging captain of a Norwegian whaler, one Captain Amm, to fetch them wives from abroad. He remarked, "I will do my best," and one fine summer day returned with five ladies of colour from St. Helena, who had agreed to take pot-luck in the marriage market. They were lined upon the beach, inspected, admired, and each man picked the lady of his choice. They were duly married, and all lived happily ever after, or so the tale runs.

Glass spent thirty-seven years upon the island dying there of cancer at the age of sixty-seven, the only known case of this disease upon the island. He was the father of eight sons and eight daughters. On the Christmas before his death thirty-four persons sat down in his house to dinner, all his descendants or connections by marriage.

THE next governor of the island was Peter Green, a native of Holland, who came to Tristan in 1836. His ship was wrecked there, but he decided to settle on the island and he married a Tristan woman. He was the recipient of a signed portrait from Queen Victoria as well as letters from the American and Italian Governments in recognition of the great courage he had shown in rescuing shipwrecked sailors.

Peter Green became "the grand old man" of the island. He lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four and died in 1902, and was buried in the island cemetery. In 1884 he wrote a report for the Government on the condition of the island, displaying a gifted pen and a buoyant and irresistible humour. He seems to have captivated the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in the *Galatea* in 1867, the occasion on which the settlement was named Edinburgh by special permission. While superintending the conveyance of two bullocks, some potatoes and other things for the ship's use, Green brought with him some presents to send to his daughters who had settled abroad. When he got on board, the Duke said : "What is Mr. Green going to do with his bundle?" to which he replied, "I am looking for some gentleman to take charge of it for my daughters," and His Royal Highness at once answered, "I will be the gentleman."

About 1850, Rogers and Hagan joined the little community on Tristan, and some forty years later came Repetto and Lavarello, two Italian sailors from the neighbourhood of Genoa, who were shipwrecked on the island and elected to marry Tristan girls and settle there. The little community to-day is still divided into the seven families of Glass, Green, Hagan, Lavarello, Repetto, Rogers and Swain.

The first missionery to reach Tristan was the Rev. W. F. Taylor, who came to the island in 1851. Since then it has been to the resident missionary that the people have looked for leadership and guidance. Mr. Taylor was sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Though the Society has done its best to maintain a regular chaplain upon the island three, four, and more years have often elapsed since the departure of a missionary and the arrival of a successor. When a chaplain is not in residence the islanders elect their own leader by popular vote.

Mr. Taylor remained on the island until 1856, teaching school and holding service in Mr. Glass's biggest room which measured sixteen feet by twelve feet. When he came away he persuaded forty-five of the colonists, about half the population of the settlement at the time, to accompany him and they settled in Mossel Bay in Cape Colony. He was succeeded by the Rev. E. Dodgson, brother of "Lewis Carroll," the well-known author of *Alice in Wonderland*. He remained on the island until 1884, when for reasons of health he returned to the Cape. He did not intend to revisit Tristan, but he was scarcely gone a year before a terrible calamity befell the little colony. Fifteen of the islanders had put off in rough weather to try and intercept a sailing ship. They were driven by great need of provisions to tempt the seas. Their boat was a new one to which they were not used and it is probable it capsized or filled in a sudden squall, and all its crew were drowned. Tristan thus became an island of widows and children. When Mr. Dodgson heard of the disaster he determined to return to the island, and remained there until 1889, when ill-health again compelled him to leave. He was accompanied by ten of the islanders.

Then at intervals the Rev. J. G. Barrow, the Rev. Martin and Mrs. Rogers, the Rev. R. A. C. Pooley, with a layman, Mr. P. Lindsay, and the Rev. A. G. Partridge have had charge of the island, the present missionary being the Rev. Harold Wilde.

The conditions to-day are entirely different to what they were when the settlement was first founded. When Glass and his companions came to the island the seas surrounded it were alive with American whalers sent south from New Bedford. Then, from constant chasing, the whales disappeared, and the whalers sought other fields. But there was still the clippers dependent upon the trade-winds.

When steam was introduced the clippers also disappeared from these waters. This was a disastrous blow to the colonists. For nearly a hundred years they had managed to support themselves by barter with passing ships. Now no ships were calling at the island. Once five years passed without a visit from a ship. Meanwhile the population was increasing. Every now and then blight ruined the potato crops, their principal source of food, and they were called upon to endure great privations.

When the plight of the islanders became known the Admiralty organised the yearly visit of a warship, which was rigidly maintained until the outbreak of the Boer War, when it was dropped on the plea of expense. Since then two years or more have often elapsed before the coming of a ship, one of the last to visit the island being H.M.S. *Carlisle* in 1937, bringing a large quantity of stores and mail.

Seen from the deck of a steamer Tristan has the appearance of a big, lonely rock. There is no harbour and one has to land in small boats, no easy matter in the heavy swell and the strong currents that swirl round the island.

THE home of the islanders is the grassy plateau at the foot of the mountains, their lower slopes being covered with ferns and scrub. There is no other part of Tristan that is really habitable, though in some of the small, sheltered coves round the coast apples and other fruit are grown in small quantities. These fruit trees were planted by the original pioneers.

The little settlement consists of some twenty sturdy stone cottages scattered at random round the little Church of St. Mary. The houses are built of large, roughly-fashioned stone slabs collected from the foot of the cliffs, and are thatched with coarse flax grown in the settlement gardens. Each cottage consists initially of a living-room and a kitchen, other rooms being added as the family increases. The rooms are lined with board, and in the older houses, built when wood was more plentiful, there are also wooden ceilings.

The lack of timber is felt acutely. There is an old yarn on the island that the Tristan girls' prayer used to run this way : "God bless father, God bless mother, and send a good shipwreck so I can get married." There is no use waiting for a shipwreck now, though in the course of a year a quantity of driftwood is washed ashore.

The lot of the islanders is anything but a bed of roses. Everyone works; there is no idleness on Tristan. The men attend to the crops, the growing of potatoes and vegetables and fishing on every possible occasion. The men and boys are also engaged in getting their wood for fuel and boat-building, whilst the women and girls are busy carding, spinning and knitting their woollen wares; even the small boys go out before daylight to bring the cows home to be milked, and the younger girls knit during their lessons in school.

Meat is obtained from the cattle which have wandered from the settlement and now roam wild in small herds at the southern end of the island. At intervals a party goes by boat to shoot a few of these cattle, and the meat is distributed to the whole village. The cows at the settlement are used for dairy purposes only, and milk is the most usual drink in the community where tea is a luxury and alcohol is unknown.

Sheep are kept in large quantities (there are over seven hundred on the island) and are in good condition, though the introduction of new blood would much improve the breed. They are kept chiefly for their wool (from which the islanders make excellent stockings and shawls) and are only eaten at Christmas or on special occasions.

A few pigs, ducks, hens and a quantity of fine geese are kept, but are reserved for trading. Even the eggs are kept, as the islanders are determined that as far as they are able they will make themselves self-supporting, and not be beholden to the charity of the outside world. The oxen, donkeys and a number of intelligent, though unusual-looking sheep-dogs complete the list of Tristan fauna.

To introduce the much needed new blood into the island stock the *Carlisle* brought from South Africa a young pedigree Ayrshire bull, two pedigree pigs, a few hens of Rhode Island and Australorp fowls, and some ducks.

During the visit of the *Carlisle* a dental and medical inspection of the islanders was carried out. On previous visits of warships medical officers had been struck by the fact that in spite of the inevitable intermarriage there was no noticeable deterioration, mental or physical, among the islanders.

There has been much discussion in the past as to whether the settlement should not be abandoned, and its inhabitants transferred to South Africa. The sturdy pioneers of Tristan, however, have always refused to entertain such a proposal. Now that the present missionary has shown that the lot of the islanders can be immensely improved by developing the adjoining islands of Inaccessible and Nightingale, coupled with the possibility of the use of Tristan as a halting-place for aircraft, the strategic importance of this lonely outpost is now admitted.

Be that as it may, some practical help is needed. In the first place a regular communication with the island, either yearly or bi-yearly, is essential for the happiness and well-being of the colonists.

END

BEAUTY UNMASKED

Unmask the loveliness that nature has given you. Rediscover the charm and freshness of a youthful skin. Remove the first traces of flabbiness and tired lines with an application of Elizabeth Arden's Velva Cream Masque. This quick, vitalising home treatment ensures you a firm, finely textured skin. It should be employed regularly three times a week, after the face has been thoroughly cleansed with Ardena Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Tonic. Velva Cream Masque, large jar for over thirty home treatments 21/-. A smaller jar costs 12/6

ARDENA
VELVA CREAM
MASQUE
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd,

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

She's somebody's drene *girl now!*

She's suddenly become a beauty—since her first drene shampoo! Her hair is gloriously alive, glossy, lovely to look at, lovely to touch. drene is soapless—that's its secret. Ordinary soap and soap shampoos mix with the lime which is in all water and form "lime-film"—the dulling deposit which is left on hair washed in the old-fashioned way. drene cannot form "lime-film." drene washes away old "lime-film," gives your hair a true, living beauty.★ *Try* drene *tonight.* A few drops on your hair, plenty of water and a brisk rub. A thorough rinse in clear water—and your hair will be easy to set, easy on the eyes . . . you'll be a drene girl!

drene *is in three sizes—6d., 1/6 and 2/6 at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths, etc.* ★ *Send name and address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to Thomas Hedley and Co., Ltd. (Dept.* B.E.2), *18, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and you will receive a trial bottle of* drene*—enough for at least two very thorough shampoos.*

drene

THE MARVELLOUS NEW SHAMPOO ★ IT'S LIQUID ★ IT'S SOAPLESS

Books

(Continued from page 40)

canvas in brave, sure sweeps of her brush. A colourful and robust picture is the result.

But because the author has a peculiar breadth of purview, it does not follow that she fails to create an effect of detail as well.

Every sentence in *Child Royal* is exquisitely turned—a gem of prose.

ANOTHER historical biography with a Scottish subject is Roland Wild's *Macnab, The Last Laird* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

One of the most engaging scallywags of all time, Archibald Macnab—thirteenth laird of the clan Macnab—was a whisky-toper, a bluffer, a rake—an amusing enough companion in expensive cities—but in the backwoods, a tyrannical robber baron.

Roland Wild has unearthed the full story of this noble reprobate, nephew of the grand figure whom Raeburn immortalised, and with such rich material to draw upon he gives us an unforgetable portrait of an audacious and completely unprincipled character which yet held much charm.

JAMES HANLEY'S *Half an Eye* is the intriguing title of his latest book of short stories of the sea which John Lane, The Bodley Head, publish at 8s. 6d.

Mr. Hanley has the knack of causing his saline atmosphere to steal over you as you read until you could easily persuade yourself that you are indeed his shipmate.

Three of the stories in *Half an Eye* appeared in an earlier book by James Hanley, *Men in Darkness,* which is now out of print, while three others were previously published in the author's *Aria and Finale.* But in addition to these, Mr. Hanley has collected in the present volume nine of his stories, none of which has previously been published in book form.

MR. DEREK PATMORE is known on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the foremost authorities on modern decoration. His two volumes, "Colour Schemes for the Modern Home," and "Modern Furnishing and Decoration" are standard works on the subject. A year ago he brought out "I Decorate My Home," written in a lighter and more intimate vein, and in his latest book, "Decoration for the Small Home" (Putnam and Co., 10s. 6d.), he gives practical advice on the planning and treatment of the small rooms which for most householders have now taken the place of the more spacious dwellings of the past

Quantity and quality are by no means always complementary in books, but recently we have had two instances of these characteristics combining to make memorable novels. *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind* were both lengthy and (or should it be "but"?) admirable novels.

Both succeeded first in America—where everything is notoriously bigger and better than elsewhere.

NOW we have a third hefty tome—it runs to seven hundred pages—which, within three weeks of publication in the U.S.A headed the lists of best-sellers.

Northwest Passage is its title, Kenneth Roberts is the author, Collins and Co. publish it and the price is 9s. 6d.

The book deals with the pioneer days in America in the eighteenth century when the French were using the Indians to help them gain control of the Northern States, with the English still an unknown quantity on the margin of America's early history.

To anyone in whom the spirit of adventure is even the faintest flicker, *Northwest Passage* will act as an inspiration, fanning that flicker into a leaping, living blaze.

SO deftly does Sylvia Thompson present the spiritual and terrestrial contrasts which form the *motif* of her new novel *Recapture the Moon* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) and so sincere and engrossing is the story she weaves that the reader is unaware of the considerable artistry underlying this memorable novel.

Miss Thompson achieves the greatest heights of suggestion with the most dispassionate phrase.

The story centres around the mending of war-shattered lives and the moon is indeed elusive when its recapture is sought.

But by her own delightful literary style, Sylvia Thompson makes it all the more worth while recapturing for its very elusiveness.

A FIRST novel written with the touch of experience, *Gall and Honey* by Hilda Vivian Ingram (Newnes, 3s. 6d.), is a swiftly-moving tale of a young couple whose married life is subject to vicissitudes rendered more than usually disturbing on account of her heroine's delicate sensibilities.

The ski-ing slopes of Switzerland and the hunting country of England mainly constitute the backgrounds to this naturally-written story and it is obvious that the authoress is herself "at home" on both "locations."

TWO travel books of widely divergent subjects and style complete this month's Baker's Dozen.

The first is the succinctly titled *Stop and Go* by V. C. Buckley, F.R.G.S. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

This popular author combines in marked degree the abilities to be simultaneously interested and interesting, and in the resultant freshness of his style, lies a great deal of this book's attraction.

Mr. Buckley has travelled far and wide and written long and often, but there is still a quality of *naiveté* about his work which enhances its charm without in the least restricting its scope.

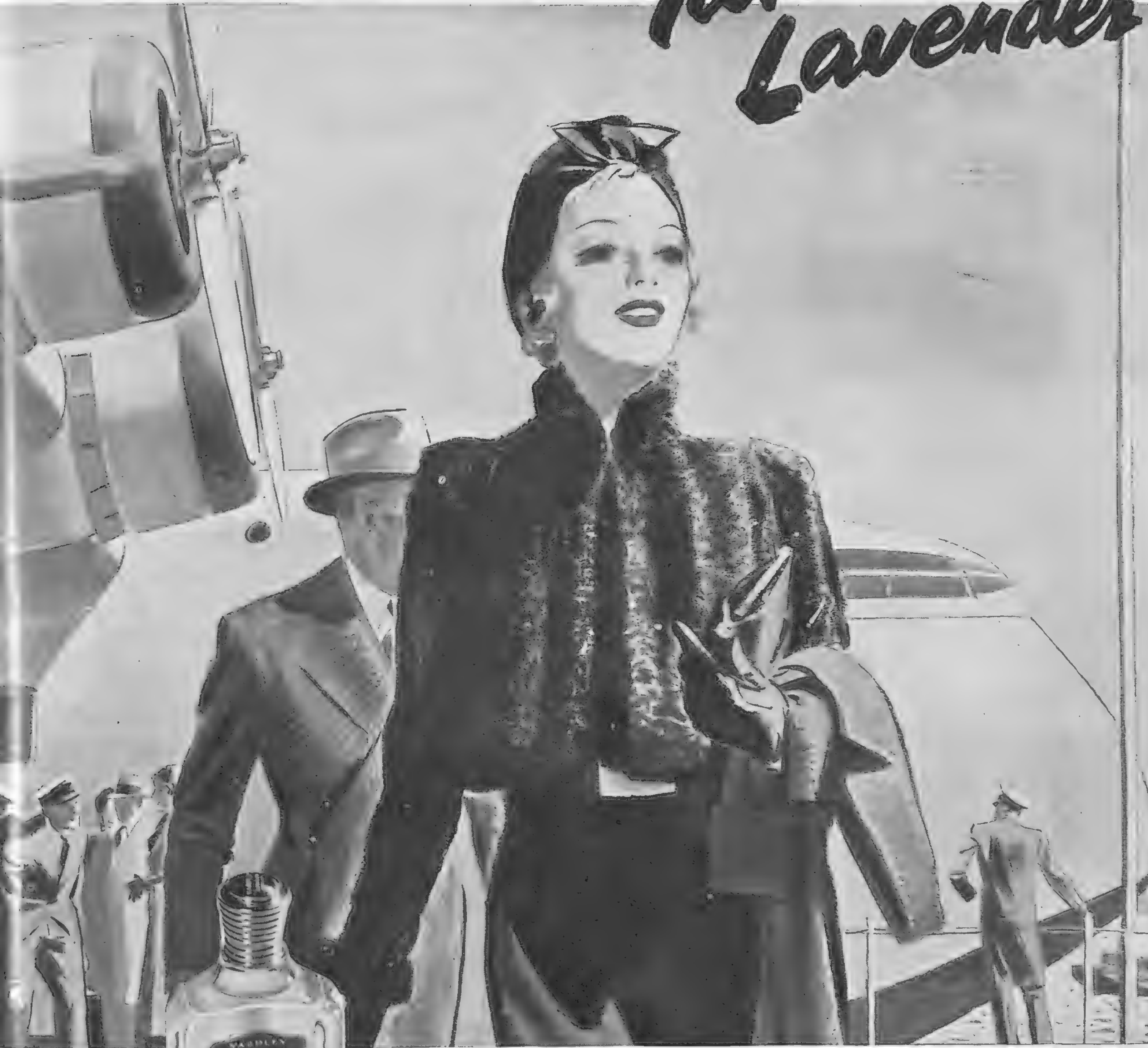
Thirty-eight illustrations, all taken from photographs by the author, further enrich this delightful book.

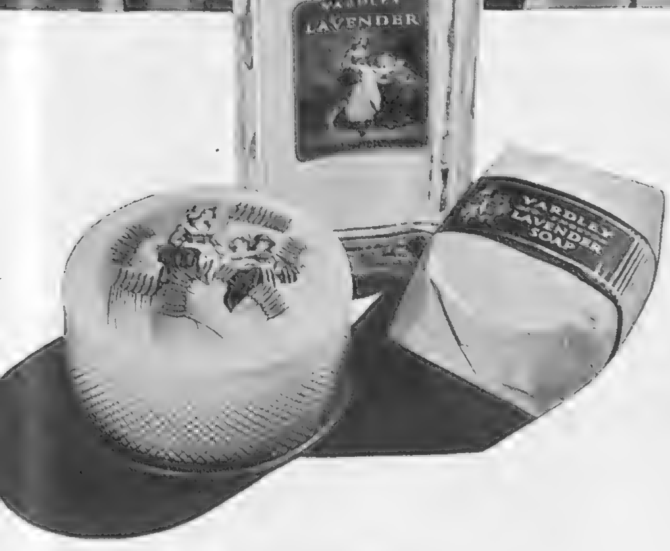
In contrast as to style but of a like quality is *The Gold Coast Yesterday and To-day,* by Paul Redmayne which Chatto and Windus publish at 10s. 6d.

This book, which is lavishly illustrated in gravure, is frankly informative in content although so interestingly does Mr. Redmayne record the incidents of his journey along the Gold Coast that we scarcely realise that he is contributing an important review of the land which produces half the world's total cocoa crops.

More than this goes to the making of Mr. Redmayne's enthralling book, however, for with his account of the Gold Coast of To-day, the author deftly links its Yesterdays, filled with adventure, days when Dutch and Portuguese and British struggled for possession of a new land of promise.

...WITH OF COURSE *Yardley Lavender*





When setting out on gay adventures by air sea or land, the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is indispensable. It adds charm and comfort to the journey and is delightful too for informal evening wear. Yardley Lavender Soap—the luxury soap of the World—is luxuriously scented with the same beautiful fragrance. Its soft mellow lather refines and beautifies the skin and is a beauty treatment in itself.

Lavender from 2/6 to 42/-. Soap in boxes of three tablets 2/6. Lavender Face Powder 2/-. Talc 2/6. Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

"I don't look 'tied in the middle' now."

"No Madam; you have lovely lines really, but you were being pushed up at the front of the waistline. This Berlei Controlette is quite boneless, yet see how it gives you gentle control there. The lace cup lifting the bust slightly, and the persuasive restraint of the downstretch low back gives you a lovely long line down to the hips. You can wear any frock with that foundation, Madam."

No. 44027 in figured batiste in bust sizes, every inch from 33" to 39", 42/-

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

"Goodbye to Inches . . . and All That" is the title of our new booklet. Send us a postcard, or ask the corsetiere at any good store for a free copy.

Berlei (U.K.) Ltd., Enquiry Bureau, 208a Regent St., London, W.1. (Wholesale only)

Ballerina

(*Continued from page* 23)

in time. And reaching that point. A. A. was suddenly aware that he was looking at the wreck of her dancing through a veil of anger. For wasn't it all proved to be a lie? What happened now to that background of eternity she had promised, which one saw sometimes unwaveringly, for minutes on end? On the stage in front of him was a ferocious parody. If she had died or married or stopped dancing, at least the illusion would have been left; to go on like this. . . . He felt sick, cheated. He turned suddenly to Miles—there were about thirty bars to the curtain. "I think," he said, carefully tentative, "I think perhaps it was a bad idea going behind afterwards. Shall we go back to the Cock?"

Miles, to gain time, pretended not to hear. Sometimes in places like this, there rose up through the layer of dull hard work which was his present life, memories, soaked with obscure significance, of his childhood. Three words had risen from the darkness while he watched. "Gently she floats"—they curled around the box, rising tensely from some central spark, the fine blue smoke of a cigarette, but less pure than that, a cigar? he wondered. Was it a cigar his father used to smoke after dinner on Sunday? Then it came. He saw the stub-end still spinning out of its slender column from the ash-tray close to, where he squatted on the drawing-room floor, and his mother—it was her last year of life, and he was less than five—was singing the "Sunday song" while his father played the piano. "Gently she floats"—that voice, its throbbing passion contradicting the harmless message of its words, revealed something he had only suspected in her, something naked that appalled him. He could not look at her face, the straining open mouth, but kept his eyes fixed on the trail of smoke still rising from the ash-tray. When he had to kiss her good-night, he closed his eyes and pecked at her, cramped with vicarious shame. After her death he wondered twice in bed at night whether her singing was not a disease which killed her. He had tried to get into the bedroom where she lay, wanted to look closely at the dead face as if that would solve an overwhelming mystery. But then he could remember nothing more. Had someone stopped him? He didn't know, but watching now the indecent prancings of a dried-up ballerina he seemed at last to be confronting the same situation. For there was nothing indecent, surely, to those movements themselves, they were musling words, the same face-value as the song, only they were performed by someone who for an obscure but imperative reason should not be dancing in public at all. And curiosity spread through him, fear and at the same time relief that he would be seeing her face to face. When his father's question reached him again, he said: "But I'd like to see her—I really would."

"We could go straight to Mitenka's," said A. A. The lights were up and he was fumbling an unnecessarily long time to get his coat down from the hook.

"I expect you've forgotten," said Miles. "I hadn't the foggiest who she was that time you introduced us. I'd like to see her now I know about her."

His coat was in his hand now, and A. A. realised that he had to choose—between revealing emotions to his son that he never revealed, and capitulating. "All right," he said. "Come along." He blundered out.

It seemed to Miles that they passed from one world into another. Here were red carpets and ornate settees past which they were drawn by the slow momentum of innumerable and richly dressed women, their hands resting lightly on the shoulders and through the arms of identically clothed men. They went down some steps and through a narrow doorway. A draught swept the surface of the floor, transforming his socks into cold films of air. Buff-coloured distemper peeled off the walls of the corridor. A. A. went in front muffled up in his overcoat. He said nothing. Once he pointed back at a step. Like a mole, thought Miles, burrowing blindly into earth he already knows. They crossed the stage and suddenly a giant section of shadow rose from its resting place on the boards and disappeared into the darkness above, with a faint hydraulic hiss. They went into more passages past a gauntly lettered notice SMOKING FORBIDDEN.

Her dressing-room door was ajar. A. A. beat a rapid little tattoo on it, his head bent closely over his knuckles in a habitual gesture of listening.

"*Qui est-ce?*"

"A." He pronounced it as French, dreading, as he did so, the joke that must inevitably follow.

"Oh, la la!" it came. "*Je vous permets d'entrer, monsieur,* and there ees no need to speak French."

She pushed her chair sideways and back from the mirror, waiting for him to come in. Only five minutes had passed since she had taken the final curtain, but in that time the fight against acknowledging the existence of the camera had at last been won. And it was won without that steady out-pouring of her strength it had claimed while her dance lasted. For overtaking the final cords of the movement, dropping sharply with the two released halves of the curtain, came the applause. Scattered at first, merging unsteadily with the confident strides of the music, then gaining coherence, it crashed around her like long successive waves against a sea-wall. She felt frail at those moments, tiny beneath the giant falls of the curtain, and impersonal within the movements of the orthodox bow. The dance and even the feel of it was gone from her, and she stood with her head bent forward helplessly, at the mercy of the audience.

But at first she saw the applauders less clearly than the rise and fall of her own breasts (her breathing was getting convulsive, she noticed), and she made a quick movement with her hand to rearrange her skirt. She was conscious for the first time of hot wet patches at her armpits. But that massive approval which rose from the fluttering thousands of hands gradually penetrated her. It spread through her body like the warmth of a fire in front of which one stands after coming in from cold streets, and as she surrendered herself to it, the anxiety which had stiffened her muscles seemed to relax. A bouquet was thrust into her hands, and another. On the boards around her feet lay more in a mounting heap. She broke off the head of a carnation and handed it to Sergei with a smile. The applause continued in great broad waves which seemed, if anything, to grow. She bowed easily, with a confidence which implied this was her just desert, and the audience, sensing it, gave her more. When she came back from the fore-stage for the last time, isolated enthusiasts still tried to recall her.

Sonya was waiting for her, curious as to the interrupted command. "What did you want, madame?" she asked in Russian, "I couldn't understand you."

A momentary anger seemed to threaten Natásha's good humour. "If you couldn't understand," she said sharply, "you'd better not try now. Pick up the flowers."

"But you only said two words, how could. . . ."

"Bring the *flowers,*" said Natásha, tapping with her foot. "Put them in my room, and you can go home. To-morrow will do for the packing." She stayed with her foot extended towards the heap of bouquets, as if to pin the girl's attention to them; and Sonya who was slowly learning that she must accept a world of unexplained and inexplicable facts, resigned the solution of this, too. Daring the faintest semblance of a sigh, she bent over the flowers.

Natásha had come back to her room. Leaving the stage, she thought someone was still standing in the wings, and turned her head abruptly, but it was only the first of the "regulars" coming behind. And as she went on down the passage the din of the clapping was still so loud in her ears that she could look back at her performance and consider it. She felt to begin with like a skater traversing ice whose strength was uncertain, but her early dancing that night stood out like a firmly planted post, and

(*Continued on page* 82)

"I wish I had a sports-proof skin, Jane Seymour"

Trade Mark

Like a lot of lucky people, she was going to winter sports.

"There's only one snag," she said, when she came to my Salon, "the wind and the sun make my skin as rough as a bit of coconut matting. I wish you'd tell me how to avoid it."

"Well," I said, "if you can bear it, don't use soap and water at all. Wash every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. You'll find it makes you feel deliciously clean. Pat in plenty of Orange Skin Food (or Vitamin Cream if you've been neglecting your skin). In the morning bathe your face with plenty of Juniper, and smooth on Special Protective Cream. It's perfectly wonderful for preventing wind-chafe and sunburn. And it's a marvellous powder base."

She said she'd try to do as I said, and I've a card from her from Davos this morning saying: "Thanks a million! My skin's absolutely sports-proof now."

If you go in for golf, walking, riding, or any outdoor sports you can't do better than follow the same treatment. And do get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from me: Jane Seymour Limited, 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

FRAZERS' TWEEDS
MAKE REPUTATIONS

. . reputations for good looks in sports and country wear. The excellence of the Tweeds themselves is part of the secret—there's an obvious quality about Frazers' Harris, Shetland, Lovat, Orkney and Cheviot Tweeds which carries its own air of distinction. Then, the exclusiveness of the designs—and they're also fascinating—confers further cachet. But also—and this is important too—Frazers' Tweeds tailor to perfection. The tweed style you prefer, the tweed style you need . . . in skirts, suits, coats . . . Frazers' cloths will always carry it—admirably. Write now for patterns to Mail Order Dept. "R", FRAZERS OF PERTH, LTD., Scotch Tweed Warehouse, Perth.

FRAZERS OF PERTH LTD PERTH

Smartness down to the ground

The regular use of 'Nugget' Boot Polish is the surest way to maintain the smartness of your shoes. There is nothing which gives a more brilliant and lasting finish or makes shoes so soft and pliable to the tread. 'Nugget' sinks into the pores of the leather, preserving it in a supple condition that ensures long life to shoes

In Black, various shades of Brown and White.
'Nugget' White does not mark silk stockings.
Tins 3d. & 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

'NUGGET'

THE POLISH OF SUPREME QUALITY

N/AE/38

seizing its protection, she felt, looking gingerly around, that perhaps the whole *adagio* had been more impressive than she had thought. That applause. . . .

"*Magnifique,*" said a director of the theatre, thrusting his head in at her door and grinning broadly.

"*J'ai su que vous seriez là,*" she said, giving from habit, but with unusual gratitude, the reply which could be repeated an indefinite number of times in the same evening. But the director had gone.

Then it was A. A. She could tell by the knock, but a moment's delay was valuable. She had learnt to trust his opinion more than anyone else's, feeling that in him there was no need to suspect flattery; on the contrary, in recent years he seemed even to withold fair praise as if he owed her a grudge. So that she felt at this moment, between his knock and appearance in the flesh, as she did in those seconds in the wings before she submitted to the judgment of the lights. And pushing her chair away from the mirror, the little pat she gave to her hair and the stretch of her eyelids which disentangled the lashes at the corners, produced in her a feeling of something appeased and settled, which would bias the trial in her favour.

A. A. had motioned to Miles to stay outside for a moment, as if Natásha might be dressing, but really to give himself time to overcome the embarrassment he still felt on penetrating her room. He found her leaning back in her chair with a smile on her face. It was the stage smile, the one which seemed infused at bottom by a feeling of uncertainty. But it was her eyes that made him hesitate before speaking, for they too showed fear, but at the same time a despairing plea that he should cure it, a suggestion that he could do that with a word. Coming along the passage he had sworn he would be honest, but here were the hunger and thirst of someone who threatened suicide if she went unsatisfied.

"Natásha," he began, as he had for twenty years, "I liked the start of that *adagio*, I . . . I thought. . . ." But the sound of his voice giving form and shape to the lie seemed to paralyse his tongue. Was it possible for her after a performance as tragic even as that to go on demanding her toll of flattery?

"Well, my dear, tell me—what deed you theenk? You look *confus* and stupid to-night." She watched him.

He shuffled one of his feet uncertainly, then: "But what did *you* think?" he barked.

"I?" She fell back in her chair and looked at him in mock astonishment. "Why, *I'm* not the creeteek?" She heaved up her shoulders in a single big shrug. "I bigeen to theenk you may not have enjoyed yourself. . . ."

With his lips closed together as if holding something in, he watched her turn back to the mirror and give three distinct and unnecessary touches to her face. Her eyes seemed peculiarly intent, but he knew that at the fringes of her vision it was himself she still watched.

"Natásha," he began again, only this time faster and more loudly. "I've been wanting to say for some time, only I've hesitated and only say it now because no one else will—I've been wanting to talk frankly about your dancing. . . ."

She had made a weary little gesture with her hand as if to brush the first words out of existence, but against her better judgment she started to listen, for a moment with her eyes fixed on his in the mirror, then, as he hesitated, throwing herself round in the chair and leaning avidly towards him.

"Well," she said, tapping one hand fiercely against her thigh. "Please tell me what *ees* thees thing that you theenk and want so much to say."

"It's difficult without hurting you."

"What *ees* eet?"

There was a sudden knock at the door.

Each of them, like lovers discovered in a guilty embrace, fell back into themselves. Natásha turned to the mirror and wrenched off one of the strips of sticking plaster which held her ears flat against her head. A. A. went to the door and half opened it on an apologetic Miles.

"I almost forgot," he said, coming back into the room. "Natásha, young Miles wanted to meet you again."

She looked up and smiled at him. Through her anger it seemed a sort of joke that A. A., as he had been twenty years ago, should be standing before her now. "Eet was nice of you," she said in a quiet voice. "Have you seen me dance to-night?"

He stood a little awkwardly in front of an ageing woman with fierce lines on her face. He nodded, but out of time with the question as though he would have assented, thinking of something else, to anything she said.

"Did you like it?"

To A. A., as he anxiously watched them this seemed another of those proofs that he would never understand his son. He realised that there was something hypnotic about Natásha's look which claimed flattery as unequivocally as a burglar's revolver demanded money. But Miles in his embarrassment, he thought, might fail to give it. Instead of that, his voice, when it came, seemed to flow with the far away and detached cynicism of a practised courtier. Detached, because it seemed to have no relation to his eyes, which wandered over her face and clothes with ruthless fascination, exploring her like a corpse of museum exhibit.

"Madame," he was saying, "it should not interest you whether I liked it or not, because I'm ignorant about dancing. All I know is that you put your breath and your blood into it and moved me more than anything since I was a kid."

As if the flattery were a pane of glass, A. A. was thinking in horror and amazement—an aquarium through which he could study the behaviour of newts. . . .

But Natásha saw nothing odd. She flushed slightly and stayed quite silent, listening while the echoes of the sentence still lingered. They seemed to merge with the waves of applause that came from the audience, to settle any doubts for good. "Eet is parteecularly nice of you," she said, "and I am charmed, because your father who once felt like yourself, now believes that I am too ancient to dance. I do not know preciselee why he thinks that. Perhaps eet ees I who am getting old. Or perhaps eet ees heem who ees getting tired." She spoke ostensibly to Miles, but had turned her full face on A. A. and the wide eyes jumped and sparkled. Then she took a step towards Miles and held his hand. "I theenk, my friend, eet ees now you who ees my admirer. . . ."

But A. A. could see that that protective sense of distance was vanishing between them. The touch of her hot hand seemed to melt it like an icicle in the sun, sending a dense flush of colour from his neck to the full extent of his forehead. His face dropped forward, trying to hide itself, the lids half closed over eyes which refused to meet hers.

"But look at me," she laughed, snatching at his other hand as if something were being lost.

Leadenly, his features tried to smile at the floor. "You funny boy," she said, and squeezed his hands. People were often shy when they met her, but she realised in alarm that he was twisting his hands to escape her clasp. She deserted the fact, and insisted, trying to draw him to the chair: "Seet down while I take off my face. You can talk to me, because I find you deelightful."

He broke his hands away by force. She was strangely motionless, because the thing she had been afraid of losing was gone.

A. A. cleared his throat in embarrassment. "As a matter of fact we only came in for a moment. I've got to get back to the paper, and Miles is coming." He didn't look at her.

"But he can stay!" she blazed.

"Would you like to stay?" said A. A., fumbling anxiously for his handkerchief as if the question were without importance. "You could go on together to Mitenka's."

But Miles had his hand blindly clutching the doorknob. His words were barely audible. "I've got to work, I'm afraid." He refused to look at them, and when he forced himself to smile good-night to Natásha the features of his face flickered and twitched.

That was the last night she danced, and A. A. and son, driving home together, did not speak.

END

Not a Shadow of Doubt!

Each stocking by Bear Brand is as unblemished as its reputation, and every bit as reliable! On the score of economy too, it may be said that a step into Bear Brand is a step in the right direction.

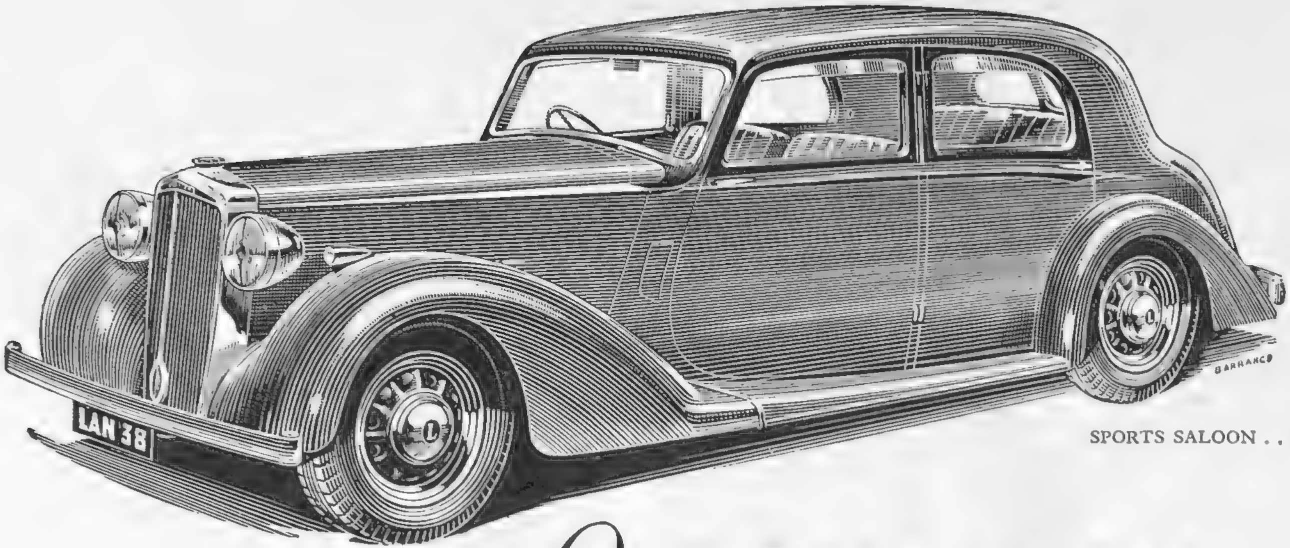
Strange as it may seem in this expensive world of ours, the utter luxury of Bear Brand "Supreme" *sheer ringless* stockings may be enjoyed at prices from 3/11 to 6/11. Need more be said?

Bear Brand

SUPREME

SHEER RINGLESS

3'11 · 4'11 · 5'11 · 6'11

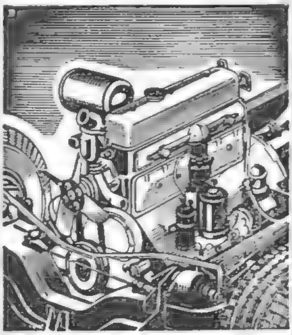


SPORTS SALOON . . **£375**

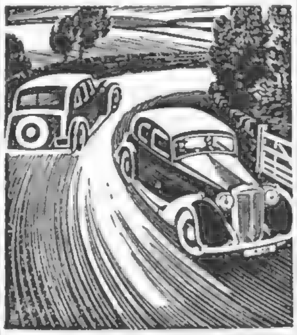
In ONE CAR *for the first time*

1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING

Every worth while improvement known to motoring — there are sixteen — is built into this new Lanchester; to give you safer, smoother, speedier riding. The most scandalous pot-holes are glossed over by its independent front-wheel springing. Curves cambered the wrong way are rounded without sway or slide — thanks to a low centre of gravity and the anti-roll control. Other traffic is left far behind after a hold-up — for this Lanchester has a high power-weight ratio. And its Daimler fluid flywheel transmission makes slow driving jerk-proof, and gear-changing fool-proof. Your local dealer has one of these new Lanchesters to show you. Examine it carefully. Test it thoroughly. Not only for its performance, but also for its superb workmanship and finish, the new Lanchester is a joy and a pride to own.



2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

- **5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT**
- **6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN**
- **7 INTER-AXLE SEATING**
- **8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL**
- **9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS**
- **10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS**
- **11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE**
- **12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE**
- **13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING**
- **14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET**
- **15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR**
- **16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM**

LANCHESTER
6-CYLINDER
'14' ROADRIDER
DE LUXE
from **£365**
Tax £10 10

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchromesh gearbox and ordinary clutch.

The new
LANCHESTER
Roadrider DE-LUXE

Lanchester '18' from £525 - Lanchester '11' from £275
British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

Motoring Section:

Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan

The "Other Fellow's" Signals

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is surely rather curious that motorists should pay so much attention to the giving of signals, either by hand or mechanically, while devoting so little serious thought to the equally important matter of receiving signals from other people.

What I mean is this. We all know perfectly well what we ourselves ought to do by way of signalling in any given set of circumstances (that is, unless we have entirely ignored the explicit directions of the Highway Code!) Most of us, however, do *not* know—and perhaps have not even considered—how much reliance we are entitled to place upon the signals of "the man in front."

For example, when I am driving along a curving road, and receive a "come on" signal from the driver of a lorry, what exactly ought I to do about it? It seems grossly discourteous to ignore entirely a gesture which is obviously meant to be helpful. On the other hand, if I go ahead purely on the strength of this signal, it means that I must overtake the lorry, not with any personal assurance that the road is clear, but simply because a fellow driver—of whose good sense and judgment I know nothing—has indicated that it is so.

Now, as a whole, I find that drivers of heavy vehicles are wonderfully reliable; but there undoubtedly are exceptions to the general rule. Also, when a man is being overtaken by scores of cars every hour, is there not a risk that, with the best will in the world, he may get into the way of waving them on almost mechanically, without assessing very accurately their relative speeds and powers of acceleration?

Without intending the least ingratitude, I must admit that my own practice on these occasions is *never* to accept a "come on" signal at its face value. It may be that I am prejudiced as the result of an experience which I had many years go. Then, on a narrow road, I accepted such a signal, and drew out to overtake a lorry without further ado.

I was driving a low powered car at the time—and it was not even pulling particularly well. On the other hand, the car which suddenly appeared, coming towards me, was one of those fine old sports models which could easily do their 80 m.p.h., but which had—by modern standards—exceedingly poor brakes! I was just about abreast of the lorry when it hove into view.

All went well, in the sense that no accident ensued. I registered a vow, however (as soon as I had got my breath back), that never again would I overtake anything, except on the positive evidence of my own eyes as to the road being clear for a sufficient distance ahead. It is one of the very few vows that I have steadfastly kept—even though, time and again, I have had to appear ungrateful to those who have good-naturedly signalled me to "come on."

I do not know whether other drivers adopt the same rule as I do in this matter. What seems more important is that they should have *some* rule, and not just go ahead haphazardly whenever a sufficiently encouraging signal is received.

THERE are many other kindred problems. For instance, one is sometimes "waved back" by the timid-conscientious type of driver when, being in a sports car with ample acceleration, one can see that there is more than enough space in which to overtake. Is it justifiable, in such a case, to go past in defiance of the signal?

Again, when a pedestrian, standing at a cross-roads, gives a signal, to what extent is it permissible to rely on it? It seems churlish to ignore it altogether—and yet non-motorists are notoriously unreliable when it comes to estimating speeds and distances.

In all these cases, my own inclination is against placing any reliance on the signal. On the other hand, there are times when I become acutely "signal-conscious." This is especially the case in London, when thick traffic has to be negotiated.

In such a case, not much orthodox signalling is done; but I find that one is constantly able to catch the eye of one's "opposite number." When that fleeting contact has been made—perhaps at the intersection of two streets that are of about equal importance—it is an immense help in threading one's way through the tangle.

CHAUFFEURS and taxi drivers, for instance, have developed an extraordinary eloquence in signalling—albeit in a code which is strange to the conventional private owner. A jerk of the head, at such a crossing, is the best "come on" signal that I know. It can always be trusted; for it means, "Come on then I'm not in a hurry, and you are—so get on with it." (This at least is how I interpret it.)

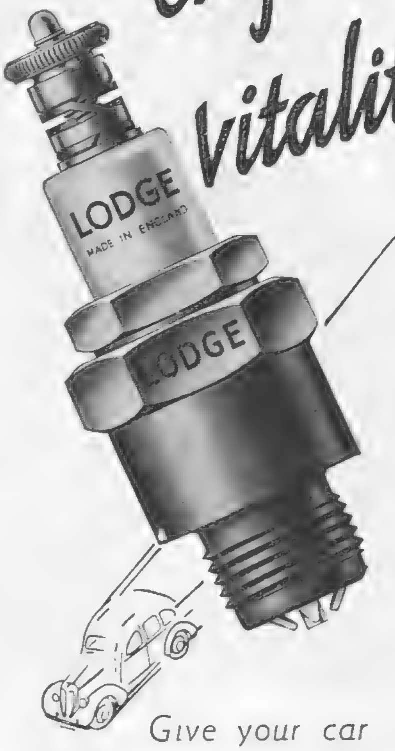
Similarly, the best "danger" signal is undoubtedly that steely look that comes into the eye of the professional driver when he has a train to meet at the other end of London It is best to let him assume a "right of way" then. If he is a good fellow, he will give way to you when the circumstances are reversed!

These, of course, are strictly unofficial "signals." To return to the official ones. I am sure that it is essential to have some settled policy by which to order one's response to a hand or a direction indicator flickering from the car in front.

To me, any such signal is purely "circumstantial evidence." It is an indication that I ought to stop, or to go on; but I do not accept it as being proof that the road is clear or otherwise. This attitude may or may not be the right one; but certainly it is a point on which one should cultivate some convictions, one way or the other.

MR. ALBERT HITTINGER, Director and General Manager of the National Benzole Co., Ltd., has now been appointed Managing Director. Associated with the company since its inception in 1919; it is largely through his activities that The National Benzole Co. Ltd. has grown to be one of the largest distributors of motor spirit in Great Britain

Renew engine vitality



Give your car
a new set of

LODGE

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD—312 miles per hour
Capt. Eyston used Lodge plugs in the Rolls-Royce engines of "Thunderbolt."

Obtainable everywhere, from 5/- each. Made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

HELEN GRANT LTD.
Université de Beauté, 7 Park Lane, W.1.

(Branch of the Académie Scientifique de Beauté Paris.) Gives training in the theory and practice of all branches of BEAUTY CULTURE and SLIMMING MASSAGE. The training, which includes practical Salon experience, is the most thorough obtainable. The latest methods only are taught. Classes are graded so that students may begin their courses at any time. London and Paris diplomas granted.

PARENTS ARE INVITED TO CONSULT THE PRINCIPAL
GROSVENOR 2111

LAGONDA

Entirely new motor cars by W.O. Bentley

The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Drophead Coupe, Price £1,575.

It is the fastest car I have ever driven, the most comfortable at all speeds over 40, and it has the finest road-holding and steering I have experienced; it has, with one exception, the most silent and imperceptible of engines up to 70 or 80 miles an hour; at really high speeds, over 90, it has no equal, let alone a superior.

"Highwayman," "Sporting and Dramatic News," Dec. 31st, 1937.

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD. · STAINES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND · TELEPHONE: STAINES 1122 (5 LINES)

. . . see how easily it works

It hardly seems possible that the slight effort involved in pushing a small lever backwards and forwards for a few times could lift a whole car. But it can—with the Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacking System. If you want to change a wheel you need not leave your seat until the wheel is right off the ground. Jackall does it for you from *inside* the car. You really must investigate this superb labour saving device which can be fitted to any car. Write now for full particulars and prices

S. Smith & Sons (Motor Accessories) Ltd., Cricklewood, London

SMITH'S JACKALL

BUILT-IN FOUR-WHEEL JACKS

The most beautiful thing on wheels

AGAIN OUTVALUES THEM ALL!

STEP INSIDE . . .
TAKE A RIDE . . .
That's the way to prove it!

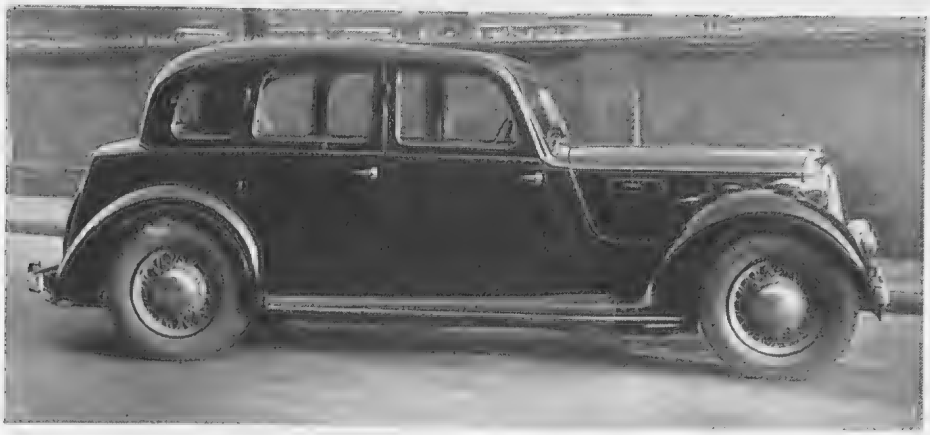
ENJOY to-day the biggest thrill in motoring. Sit behind the smart new Silver Streak . . . revel in the smoothest ride and the liveliest, quietest performance in your experience . . . watch how slowly the petrol gauge moves as the miles pile up. *Then* you will know that something new has come to motoring—a car so reasonable in price yet so high in quality that you will instantly agree—*the most beautiful thing on wheels again outvalues them all.* Prices from £385 (6 and 8 cyl.).

Sole Concessionaires for Great Britain—

U. S. CONCESSIONAIRES LTD., 36 BERKELEY STREET, W.1

MAYfair 5906-7

1938 PONTIAC SILVER STREAK



THE new Rover "Sixteen" is an exceptionally nice-looking car. Price of saloon model is £360

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE ROVER

The Latest "Sixteen"

By The Earl of Cardigan

I ALWAYS feel attracted towards cars for which extravagant claims are not made, and correspondingly suspicious of those which are described to me as "unique" or "breath-taking." I fancy that quite a large section of the motoring public must have the same feeling.

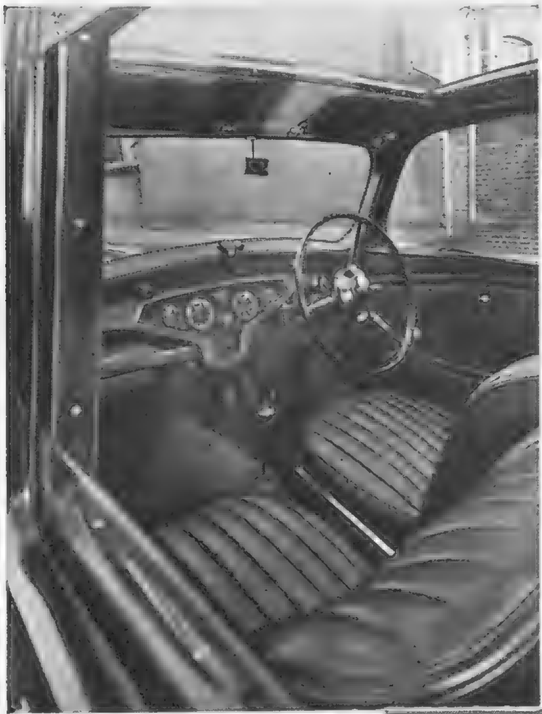
On this basis, one must begin by being favourably disposed towards the Rover. It is labelled simply—vide the catalogue—"One of Britain's Fine Cars." In this, there is certainly no over-statement. Every Rover looks, and is, a finely built job, designed intentionally for motorists of the more discriminating type.

If this is true of Rovers in general, one sees it very clearly indeed when one begins to examine the new 16 h.p. model. In the first place, this is an exceptionally nice-looking car. It has the advantage of very graceful lines, so that it will assuredly continue to please the eye, even when the lustre of new paintwork has long since worn off.

Throughout the coachwork, one finds continual evidence of good taste. There are many small refinements; but nothing has been incorporated merely to "look pretty." Everything is strictly practical—and yet the effect is undeniably luxurious.

The amount of space, both in the front seats and at the back, is ample, and there is a luggage compartment which is both useful in size and sensible in shape. The driving position shows evidence of skilful planning. A typical

(Continued on page 91)



Left:
THE steering is quite excellent and self-centres effectively, and the instrument board is neatly planned

THE overhead-valve six-cylinder engine runs with exemplary smoothness and is unusually silent

The Rover "Sixteen" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves, 16.9 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed constant-mesh gearbox, with controllable free-wheel.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, good road-holding.

Steering: Light and very accurate.

Brakes: Of efficient Girling type.

Coachwork: Attractive and comfortable.

Price: Saloon model, £360.

Allenburys Pastilles keep the throat free from winter troubles, and children love the blackcurrant flavour

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT PASTILLES
FOR YOUR THROAT

THE ONLY COMPLETE PROTECTION for POLISHED TABLES

From HEAT RINGS, DULLED PATCHES, ugly marks, blemishes, etc. Save the beautiful lustre of your polished tables with the Unique Heat-and-Waterproof Table Pad. Banish all anxiety and expense. Infallible protection. Sectioned to fit all tables—open or closed. Folds neatly when not required. Top surface, coloured Rexine: lower, coloured felt; insulating material between.

Also UNIQUE TABLE MATS
Round, 4½", 6", 7", 7½", 8½" and 10" diameter. Oval, 7" x 9", 8" x 11", 9" x 12". Also Octagon and Oblong. For use when Table Cloth not used.

From all good Furnishers and Dept. Stores. Write, giving size of Table Top (Open and Closed), for price, illustrated descriptive literature and name of your nearest shop.

UNIQUE TABLE PAD Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.E.), Cardiff

UNIQUE folding TABLE PAD

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY!

FURNISHED FLAT
Golders Green, N.W.11

COMPLETELY REDECORATED: NEW FURNISHINGS

Sunny, self-contained second floor, overlooking pleasant gardens, separate tradesmen's entrance. 2 double, 1 single bedrooms. Large reception room, lovely bathroom, separate toilet, fitted kitchen, refrigerator, constant hot water, telephone, radiogram, plate, linen, etc. Six guineas per week

Write Box D.G.M., Britannia & Eve, 32/4 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

The Rover Company Limited Coventry, and Devonshire House, London

A NEW POPULAR MODEL

The 10 h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE Earl of Cardigan at the wheel of the 10-h.p. Vauxhall. *The screen wipers are positively operated, being driven direct from the engine by a device akin to a speedometer cable*

OUT of every hundred people who buy motor-cars, it is calculated that twenty-five buy four-cylinder cars with 10 h.p. engines. That, at any rate, was the case in the last year for which figures are available—and I should imagine that the popularity of the "Ten-four" has since then continued to increase.

When one considers the variety of models which are offered for sale, it seems remarkable that so many motorists should make this identical choice. On the other hand, all "Tens" have developed enormously during the last few years. The economy of the small engine has been maintained, while bodies have become more roomy, and performance figures have unceasingly gone up. Speed in the region of 60 m.p.h., with acceleration to match, has long since ceased to be the prerogative of the big cars only.

With so much progress being made in the 10 h.p. field, it was only to be expected that the Vauxhall Company, having done so well with cars of 12 and 14 h.p., should wish to participate. Moreover, any such participation was bound to be on an impressive scale. It is a little startling, none the less, to learn that, before the first Vauxhall "Ten" ever appeared on the road, so vast a sum as one million pounds was expended at Luton on factory extensions, machinery and special tools!

To justify such an outlay, this new Vauxhall *has* to be an outstanding car. It must be something more than "just another 'Ten.'" When one drives it, there is no difficulty in agreeing that it is, in fact, an important and valuable addition to the 10 h.p. class.

IN my own case, the first impression created by this newcomer was of its extreme liveliness. The engine has overhead valves, and consequently achieves a high degree of sheer efficiency. Using top gear only, one can accelerate from 5 or 6 m.p.h. up to a maximum of rather more than the 60 m.p.h. which the catalogue promises. The speedometer—which does not seem to be unreasonably optimistic—can be made to record as much as 65 m.p.h.

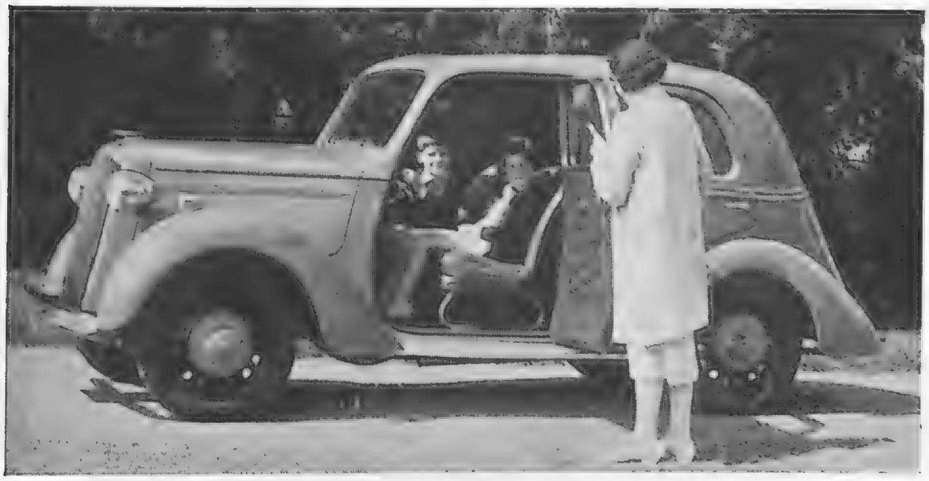
The 10 h.p. Vauxhall in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 10 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, synchromesh second and top gears.
Performance: Second gear 45 m.p.h.; top gear over 60 m.p.h.
Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.
Steering: Does not self-centre, but light and effective.
Brakes: Of smooth hydraulic type, with mechanical hand control.
Coachwork: Well planned, with plenty of room.
Price: Saloon, £168; de luxe model, £182.

Even when running slowly in top gear, the engine is uncommonly smooth. It is worth while, however, to make occasional use of the very helpful second gear, in which speeds up to 45 m.p.h. can be reached, with a sufficient reserve of power to enable any reasonable hill to be climbed with ease. First gear should only be needed for "freak" gradients.

The three-speed gearbox is of course of the synchromesh type, in regard to its two highest ratios. I say "Of course," because the Vauxhall

(*Continued on page 91*)



THE Vauxhall "Ten" has ample room for four people to sit in real comfort. *The ordinary saloon sells at £168, and the de luxe model, with sliding roof, at £182*

ROVER
ROVER

Consider these features of the 1938 Rover range. Allied to high quality of design and craftsmanship, they have earned for the Rover the title "One of Britain's Fine Cars." Each of them is a real contribution to safer and more enjoyable motoring.

- Powerful O.H.V. Engine
- Controlled Freewheel
- Clutchless Gearchange
- Underslung Chassis
- Inter-axle Seating
- Automatic Chassis Lubrication
- Hydraulic Jacking
- Silent Coachwork
- Girling Brakes

HENLYS

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1 (GRO. 2287)
Nearest agent's name gladly sent on request.

Seedsmen by Appointment

SOW
Carters
TESTED SEEDS

"GARDEN & LAWN"
CATALOGUE—106 PAGES WITH COLOUR PLATES—POST FREE

NEW SWEET PEAS, 1938

"BLUE LAGOON."—Possesses a purity of colour far in advance of any Blue Sweet Pea. 36 seeds 2/6; 12 seeds 1/-

"NYMPH."—The young flowers are Pale Rose, shading to Peach-like tints in the older flowers. 36 seeds 2/6; 12 seeds 1/-

"PINK DOMINO."—A pure clear Pink of remarkable brilliance. 36 seeds 2/6; 12 seeds 1/-

CARTERS SPECIAL MIXTURE.—Composed of the very best giant-flowered Sweet Peas Packets 2/6 and 1/-

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS LTD.
RAYNES PARK
LONDON, S.W.20
134, Regent Street, W.1
115, Cheapside, E.C.2
129, High Holborn, W.C.1
53a, Q. Victoria St., E.C.4
Houston Road, S.E.23

All seeds carriage paid

THE GREATEST VALUE IN THE HISTORY OF MOTORING!

MINX

The proved light car

When you choose your light car make sure it has the following features which are essential to motoring comfort

FOUR-SPEED gearbox — SYNCHROMESH EASY CHANGE ON ALL GEARS.

Wide opening windscreen—a necessity for safe driving in fog or snow.

Six window visibility with draughtless ventilation.

Simple Engine design—side valves—a type acknowledged the best for all round reliability, freedom from adjustment and real economy.

Full 48″ track for stability and roomy interior.

Capacious luggage boot with exterior or interior access, separate spare wheel compartment.

Large low pressure tyres 5.25″ × 16″ for COMFORT and LONG MILEAGE.

All Box Girder Chassis Frame, immensely strong—a perfect foundation for silent coachwork.

Proved Semi-Elliptic road springing for Safety and perfect riding — automatically adjustable to load. Silent-bloc bushes.

SALOON
TRIPLEX GLASS THROUGHOUT
£169
(TAX £7.10.0)
Drive-away price £42.5 0
Transport Acceptances Plan
De Luxe Saloon £184

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. COVENTRY
London Showrooms & Export Div.: ROOTES LTD.
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

BUY A CAR
made in the
UNITED
KINGDOM

C.F.H. 226

Company introduced synchromesh into this country in the first instance, and has remained faithful to this form of gearing ever since. I can never keep track of dates—but I should think that the words "Vauxhall" and "synchromesh" have been used in conjunction for a good ten years.

With regard to road-holding, the car steers very well, although one is at first surprised to find that there is little or no self-centreing action. The desirability or otherwise of a self-centreing steering gear is almost entirely a matter of opinion. (I might almost have said that it is a matter of latitude and climate—for about one half of the world likes the steering to centre itself, while the other half prefers it to have no bias one way or the other!) It is a matter of fact, however, that the new Vauxhall steering is both accurate and light.

THE springing is interesting, for the rear springs are semi-elliptic, while the front wheels are sprung independently on the Torsion Bar system. This very advanced type of springing is quite unusual as applied to a car of only 10 h.p. The effect is to give very smooth riding, with marked advantages when the car is required to travel at speed over an uneven surface.

The foot brake is hydraulic, and gives a

A New Popular Model

powerful action with extreme smoothness. The hand-brake lever hangs down from behind the instrument panel and, without obstructing the driving compartment, operates mechanically on all four wheels.

A most interesting feature is that the screen wipers are positively operated, being driven direct from the engine by a device somewhat akin to a speedometer cable. The windscreen cannot be opened—and it is therefore vitally important that the wipers should have more than ordinary efficiency; otherwise the car would be almost undriveable when a sharp frost coincided with a fog. The Vauxhall people reckon that, with engine-driven wipers, the screen can be kept clear even in these extreme circumstances.

As a whole, the coachwork is extremely well planned. There is room enough for four people to sit in real comfort—(for the "Body Conformity" seating lives up to its name)—with enough width for an occasional extra person at the back. There is plenty of head-room for a luggage compartment of useful dimensions at the extreme rear.

Naturally, the price is highly competitive. The ordinary saloon sells at £168, and the de luxe model, with sliding roof, at £182.

END

Another Attractive Rover

(*Continued from page 87*)

small point is that the off-side front window is controlled by a quick-action lever, so that the driver can lower it in an instant. All other windows wind down, their action being slower but lighter.

Attention to detail is no less evident when one turns to the chassis. The overhead-valve six-cylinder engine runs with exemplary smoothness and silence. (Its rating, by the way, is 16.9, or virtually 17 h.p.) It is so smooth, indeed, that one has to keep an eye on the speedometer in order to observe that it is also highly efficient. Acceleration, which seems so effortless, is at the same time uncommonly brisk.

In the matter of speed, a good 80 m.p.h. can be reached. What is perhaps more important is that the comfortable cruising speed is unusually high. Not only at 60, but even at 70 m.p.h., the engine runs quietly and without any trace of effort.

There is an interesting transmission system, which enables the Rover to be driven in two different ways. If the free-wheel is used, all four ratios in the gearbox become entirely fool-proof, and can be engaged without even the necessity for de-clutching. Incidentally, all these ratios are well chosen—third gear, with its speed range from about 3 to 60 m.p.h., being especially valuable.

If the free-wheel is not used, the result is ordinary "fixed" transmission, with constant-mesh gears to ensure that the driver's task is made easy. With constant mesh, any reasonable gear-change "goes in" quite silently: only by means of a thoroughly bad change can a noise be made. Without being literally fool-proof, the gears are proof against ordinary small errors.

The semi-elliptic springing gives most comfortable riding. There is a Harmonic Stabiliser incorporated in the front bumper, and this no doubt contributes towards the admirably steady road-holding which has already been noted. The general effect is that the suspension is firm, but never hard.

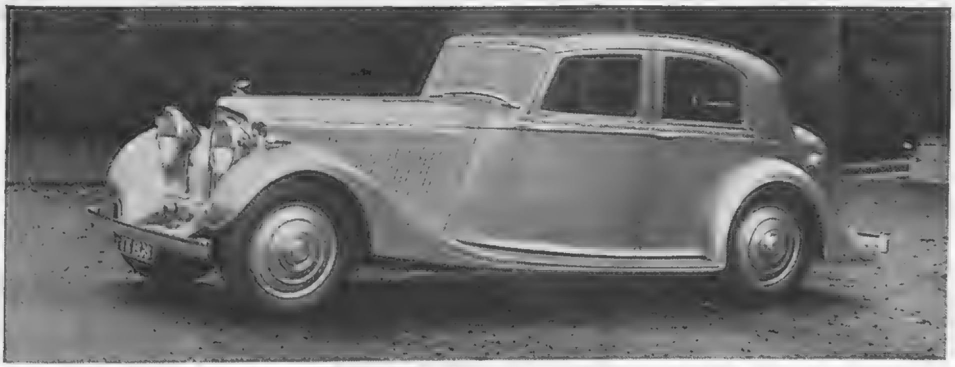
The steering is quite excellent, and self-centres effectively. It can never be advisable to take one's hands off the wheel of a car when it is travelling fast—but in the Rover one is not conscious of any qualms in doing so. Personally, during my test run, I "let go" once at 60 m.p.h., and the car continued to run as if it was on rails!

Girling brakes are employed, and these can always be relied upon for admirable results. The makers probably fit them on grounds of sheer efficiency; but the ordinary driver will appreciate also the fact that they can be applied quickly and firmly, without producing any unpleasant, jerky action.

Good minor features of the chassis are so numerous that one can only mention a few. There is a built-in jacking system, of the D.W.S. hydraulic type. Also, there is an automatic system of chassis lubrication. The owner has merely to keep the reservoir supplied with oil. As regards equipment, Avon Duo-tread tyres have been standardised, so that the car need never run on smooth treads, even after a big mileage.

The price of the saloon model is £360. At this figure, I personally consider it to be excellent value. At every angle, it bears evidence of unstinted care in manufacture—and it is hardly possible to think of any attractive feature which it lacks. There is a Sports Saloon model also, even more pleasing in appearance, which is listed at £370.

END



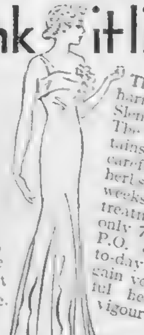
A VERY attractive 4/5 seater touring saloon on a 4½ litre Bentley chassis. Coachwork by Thrupp and Maberley. The car is beautifully finished in an entirely new style of cellulose known as Grey Pearl

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

RONUK
THE SANITARY
FLOOR POLISH
3d to 2/6 per Tin

BY FAR THE BEST POLISHES
RONUK
FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

RONUK LTD.
PORTSLADE, SUSSEX



You drink it like Tea

—and make it like tea, too . . . Let Slendene-Valetta be your first drink every morning and you will find that not only does it disperse that unwanted adipose, but tones up the whole system at the same time.

There are no harmful drugs in Slendene-Valetta. The formula contains over 40 carefully blended herbs. A six weeks extensive treatment costs only 7/6. Send a P.O. or cheque to-day and regain your youthful health and vigour.

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

Dr. H. E. P. CLASSICS, Ltd.
Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

MORRIS

MORRIS TWENTY-FIVE (SERIES III)

Tax £18.15.0

SALOON (*Sliding Head*) - - - - -	£320
COUPE - - - - - - - - -	£345

Jackall Hydraulic Jacks included. *Prices ex works*

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD *(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England)* M.243

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 35)

Completely destitute of means, she was helped by a French merchant, to whom, many years before, she had rendered a service.

She was also helped by the Duke of Brittany, and so was able to proceed on her way to Chinon. Now depending on charity, she was still legally the Queen of England.

Five months afterwards she attempted to land in England, her beloved son with her, sharing the frowning destiny that she was obstinately following. She reached the shores with a devoted friend Pierre Brezé. He had known her since her early youth, and had been her champion in many tournaments.

On setting foot on British soil, she was left alone by the British crew who fled terrified by the unexpected display of military forces, but with the help of the faithful Brezé she succeeded, after an adventurous journey, in reaching Scotland.

Again she tried to assemble an army by calling to her those who were still faithful to her cause. The strife was resumed. Fortresses were won and lost, defections of old friends were alternating with the acquisition of new ones. Again, side by side with his courageous wife, King Henry displayed his well-known ability in the field as a horseman, but their boldness met once more with misfortune.

At Level near Dowill Water, the Yorkists succeeded in breaking into the Lancastrian camp. Margaret was seized with terror, for the little Prince Edward was there in the midst of the turmoil. She snatched him up and took refuge in a forest nearby. Dreading to be followed by the enemy, she scrambled through the bushes and lost herself in the maze of vegetation. Suddenly she found herself surrounded by men, horrid faces of cynical ruffians, but the intrepid woman was not dismayed. On the contrary, she drew a breath of relief when she saw that they were not soldiers and were not wearing the white rose. When she perceived that their attention was solely attracted by her jewels and the embroidered garments that she and her son were wearing, she understood that she had fallen amongst a band of robbers. Stripped of all she had of value, she was wondering what they would do with her, when they commenced an altercation as to which of them would have the booty. Daggers began to shine in their powerful fists, whilst shocking and blasphemous expressions accompanied their blows.

With her usual resourcefulness Queen Margaret took advantage of the right moment, snatched up the little boy, and with the agility of a gazelle, she escaped from the quarelling bandits.

Exhausted, she hid in a thicket for the rest of the day, and only when the obscurity of the night could afford her a little chance of escaping the Yorkists did she leave her retreat. On and on she went, guided by the light of the moon filtering through the entangled branches of the forest. Thousands of living things were whispering in the stillness of the night, whilst the obstinate cricket repeated its incessant chirp. Thousands of insignificant beings, all happy, were singing their song of freedom, whilst the Queen was panting with terror like a poor, exhausted fox pursued by the implacable pack. On and on she went until a new and frightful vision paralysed her step and froze her heart.

A man of gigantic stature, sword in hand, was barring her passage. The Herculean figure advanced. With the courage of desperation she resolved to act as though she had met a great friend. She called to him: "Here, here, my friend, save the son of your King!" and, seizing the boy by the hand, led him to the robber. In a few words she acquainted him with her plight.

For a moment the astonished freebooter seemed as if he doubted his ears, then he threw away his sword and removed his hat. That was enough to prove to Margaret that once again she had saved a difficult situation.

The man, struck by the beauty of the Queen and that of the angelic-looking Prince who smiled at him so confidently, took the boy in his arms, and offered to the fugitives the hospitality of his cave and the attention that his wife could afford under the circumstances.

On the way to the cave the giant turned out to be a Lancastrian gentleman, ruined during his service to the King. On entering the cave he told his good-natured wife that this time he was bringing her a Queen and a Prince. There was warmth, there was light and the scanty refreshments that the primitive abode could store. It was all placed at the disposal of the royal guests for whom rest and a friendly word constituted the most welcome consolation for a sorrow-stricken heart and exhausted body.

A little later, on a palliasse in a corner of the dimly-lit cave, covered by the ragged blankets of the poor bandit, lay mother and child. Clasped to each other in an embrace that showed all the reaction of their past sufferings, they slid into a blissful, sound and dreamless sleep. In the dark outside the obstinate crickets were singing their lullaby.

Who would believe that this is not the fictitious composition of a romantic mind? Yet it is but one page from the history of Margaret of Anjou. Daughter of a King, Wife of a King, and Queen of England.

End

Dramas of the Polar Wastes

(*Continued from page* 29)

dumping everything possible over the side—tents, stores, gear, instruments—as the Arctic night enfolds them. The engine-room is black dark now, with water swirling round the engines. Snow is drifting into the cabins and chill corridors.

Helmsman Markov dives back to his cabin for his diary, finds the door jammed by the wardrobe which has floated out from under the bunk. The icy water is nearly up to his knees. Schmidt remembers the Lenin Order on his tunic in the cabin, risks his life in a mad scramble to retrieve it.

On the fo'c'sle deck it is almost impossible to find foothold. The wind lashes, the snow blinds, the wall of ice crunches against the ship. Crash. . . . Groan. . . . The screech of rending iron. She heels over to starboard with a noise like thunder.

Water floods on to the stern, surges over the decks. The upper deck structures begin to break up. It is the end of the world—their world, which has been home to them for months. A man rolls overboard on to the ice, carrying three precious copper teapots; then a woman, staggering under an enormous red bundle.

The stern tilts up. A heavy stair timber breaks loose, knocking Voronin overboard. Quarter-master Mogilyvitch is the last to leave: runs to the ship's side, puts one foot over, turns back for some reason. . . . Up goes the stern into the air. Some barrels crash forward, sweeping him with them. He disappears amid a crashing ruin of timbers and metal. No one can get to him.

A shout comes from the ice: "Back away! She'll be sucking!" In a few seconds she sinks, screw and rudder high in the air. The end of the *Chelyuskin*. . . .

Resolutely the marooned party set about making camp on the glacial ice-pack with tents and other material, the women putting their shoulders to it with the men. Radio is rigged up so that touch may be maintained with a lone woman

(*Continued on page* 95)

TAKE NO CHANCES
with a ½ Way Dentifrice
Do this
FOR DULL TEETH
TONIGHT

To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

1. **Clean Teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhans in the usual manner.
1. **Massage Gums** briskly with ½-inch of Forhans on brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth gleam.

Forhans Dentifrice was developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—clean teeth and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way care*. Get a tube of Forhans to-day! On sale throughout the world.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

Forhans

BRAND *Original* DENTIFRICE

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

Men hate perspiration odour

Use Arrid, the dainty new cream that stops perspiration instantly — removes all odour from perspiration. Can't rot dresses, can't irritate skin. Greaseless stainless, soothing. No waiting to dry. Can be used straight after shaving. At Boots and all leading chemists and department stores.

Arrid 1/11 a jar

Performance, comfort, equipment, silence, flexibility in traffic, acceleration when the Green Light shines, brisk cruising speed for long open-road journeys, lastingly fine appearance, inside and out, ease of gear-changing, excellence of steering and suspension, and—finally—economical running and maintenance, in the light of all the rest . . . .

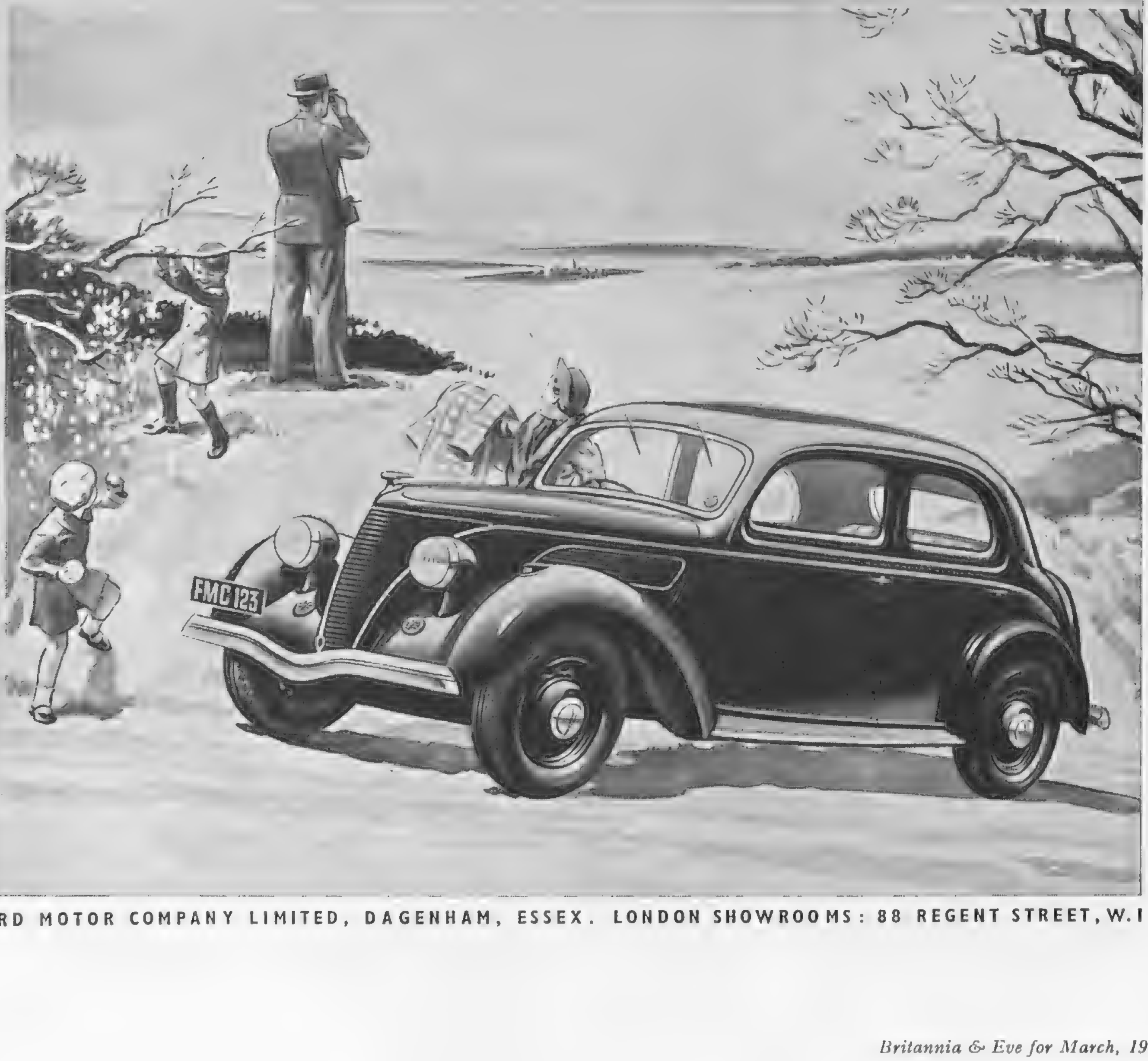
What is the sum-total of all this, if it is *not* Quality?

Overseas Deliveries of any Ford Car will be arranged, on request, by any Ford Dealer, or through our London Showrooms.

FORD V-8 "22"

Catalogue on Application, or from Ford Dealers Everywhere. Start Right for 1938, with Britain's Soundest Value in Luxury-Cars.

FORD V-8 "22" SALOON, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED, AS ILLUSTRATED, £240, AT WORKS.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

operator at Wellen on the Siberian mainland, and through her with the outside world. Landing grounds are made for rescue planes, their sole hope of deliverance.

Here the castaways exist for two months, in all but perpetual night. At intervals *crack !* goes the ice; huge fissures threaten to engulf them. One hut is swallowed. Several times the pack shifts, ground by heavier ice, and they are in danger of being flung into icy water. Each night they retire everything is left ready for a desperate emergency move. Life becomes a nightmare.

But they do not despair : organise lectures and debates, tell yarns round the camp fire to keep up their spirits, play football, chess. The brick tea in the meagre rations helps to keep them warm inside.

Repeatedly the radio tells of rescue planes : none get through. At last they hear the drone of a distant engine. . . . The first plane, outlined against the sky ! There is rejoicing. But it over-runs the crude landing ground, disappears over an ice-ridge. All fear it has crashed . . . rush in its direction. The skill and resource of the pilot have saved it—and saved them. A great cry echoes over those ice-wastes of the Choukchi Sea.

Women are the first to leave. One falls down in her excitement, scattering her biscuit ration for the flight back. There are farewell embraces. Some dance for joy.

Other machines get through. Batch by batch the whole party is rescued. Assistant Chief Bobrov and a few comrades are the last to leave. They keep looking back to the forsaken camp on the floe, thinking of the splendid comradeship which enabled them to survive disaster.

Vastly different, but no less impressive, was the experience of the 1935–36 Oxford University Arctic Expedition on North-East Land, on the verge of the Polar Ocean, led by Glaciologist A. R. Glen. These hardy young adventurers lived in deep dug-outs in the solid ice, just as front-line troops lived in dug-outs in the war. First they dug a four-foot pit for their umbrella-tent, only the top of which protruded above the surface. As the snow-level rose, this became submerged. Then they dug entrance shaft and tunnels, with caverns for stores and fuel, making an underground self-contained unit. A trap-door in the wooden floor of the tent connected with shaft and tunnels.

Thus, they became human troglodytes : their only link with the outside world a radio powered by cycle-dynamo. Outside on the ice-cap were scientific instruments in a roped-off enclosure; at intervals one of the party would clamber out to take readings in anything down to seventy degrees of frost, clinging to a life-line in rough weather and blizzards, wrapped about by frozen wind-proofs — groping — stumbling — sometimes hurled to the ice by a sudden whirl of wind.

The "front door" was a packing-case with hinged lid to form trap-door; in the centre, a small circular panel displaceable from beneath to allow a hand to pass through and cut away the drift-snow blocking it. Every week or two, as the packing-case became submerged, it had to be raised by means of iron bars hammered into the snow. The tent roof, under the growing weight of snow and ice, was propped up with a tier of paraffin drums.

It was an eerie existence in that icy catacomb, but a reasonably comfortable one. All they heard of a blizzard overhead was a slight rumbling in a ventilator projecting up through the surface. In the caverns the ticking of a wrist-watch sounded like a hammer; water dripping from the roof in the heat of the candle fell with a crash.

Once there sounded from afar a low, trembling rumble; then there was a roaring under the tent, crockery rattled, the hanging lamp swung, the fabric shook. The whole, terrifying effect was that of "an express train rushing through an underground railway" or "the collapse of some gigantic internal chasm." It was a *firnstoss* or ice-quake, caused by a sudden compression of the *firn* ice crystals over a large area; it sounded like the crack of doom.

Tunnelling progressed at the rate of about six feet per day, and reached a depth of roughly forty feet; some forty tons of snow and ice had to be removed; the tunnellers worked soaked to the skin. At one point in an inclined shaft made for observation data they cut into a crevasse and ice-grotto curtained with icicles which splintered like glass. The walls were lined with crystals shaped like fairy drinking horns; the ceiling was hung with magic ice-jewels. Two of them, hitched to an anchored rope, climbed into this glittering fairyland and gasped at its beauty.

Life in the tent dug-out by constant artificial light had its compensations. Tinned foods made a varied diet possible, supplemented by fresh baked bread and scones, a York ham, the finest bacon, and a reindeer nicknamed George who tasted like a "mildewed goat."

The radio picked up dance-music from the London hotels; telegrams from London reached the base in about three and a half hours, and were retransmitted to the ice-cap stations, of which this was one, fifteen minutes later. One peep at the outside world *at midday* revealed a pale afterglow as of sunset, one solitary star, an eerie moon of gold, a southern horizon of pale crimson with a flash of orange like a flame flickering over embers.

So the months went by in this troglodyte underworld of Arctic ice, with much boredom, lethargy and sleep alternating with hard work, but always the proud consciousness of pioneering adventure.

No need here to revert to ordeals of famous explorers like Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, Peary, nor to Captain Oates's gallant death in the Antarctic snows; they are familiar history. But strange, less-known adventures on the floes have befallen the crews of whalers.

In the past century the Arctic whaler *Swan* became iced up in a high latitude while trying to make for home by way of Melville Bay. Soon she was menaced by no less than forty bergs. A floe in which she was frozen contacted with two aground; the ship trembled like a leaf in the concussion.

Conditions below decks became terrible; the men's bunks were two inches thick in ice. When the floe caught another berg the ship was thrown over on her broadside. Frantically, provisions, blankets, clothes were flung on to the ice; many of the men had severe falls in jumping after them. Three hours they had to remain there until the floe cracked astern and the ship righted.

Captain and crew prepared to abandon ship at any moment. Boats were stocked with provisions, covered in with sails which acted as awnings. After six months of it over half the crew were suffering from scurvy; only one cask of bread was left. It was the time for a desperate bid for safety. Nine of the crew, together with David Stoddart, mate of the *Margaret*, and four of his men, resolved to try to reach the Danish settlements at Four Island Point or Lively, over an immense ice field.

They left with a whale-boat, seven pounds of bread, two pieces of beef and pork, a cheese and other necessities. A very cold spell set in, and their subsequent fortunes indicate the tragic fate which overtakes men who pit their strength against the engulfing floes.

The first night they tried to sleep covered with sails. In the morning one man was found dead, and buried through a hole in the ice. The second night they canted the boat up on her side and sat under her lee behind a screen of sails. On the third, three men became delirious and died soon after dawn. The ten remaining were too weak to launch the boat over the ice, so they buried their comrades under the snow behind the boat and set out towards Hare Island, carrying what provisions and clothing they could.

At noon they encountered a lane of water which they could not cross, and resolved to try to get back to the ship. Reaching the boat again by a grim effort, they spent the fourth night in its (*Continued on page* 96)

"*Joie de vivre*"

is a matter of

NERVES

You *should* be enjoying life to the full.

You are *not* doing so if you are irritable, sleep badly, get "jumpy", or feel depressed. It's sheer nervous overstrain when you bang the telephone or—kick the cat.

In such case, you are certainly in need of Phosferine, and will find yourself immediately the better for it.

The ingredients of Phosferine are printed on every Phosferine label and have been displayed on Phosferine press announcements, *because they are all recognised nerve-tonics acquiring their special efficacy in the form of Phosferine from their high quality and purity, and their skilful combination in just the right proportions.*

Never neglect the little symptoms of overstrained nerves. Broken sleep, jumpiness, lassitude, lack of "nerve", means NERVES—S.O.S. message from your nervous system. Disregard them at your peril. Phosferine *will put you right.*

Buy a bottle to-day

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC
The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

A 6d. trial size of Phosferine Tablets is now obtainable
(Not available in Eire)
WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations

C.F.H.

Your Blemishes Quickly Banished

YOU can achieve a flawless skin and keep it radiantly clear. Just begin Helena Rubinstein's Medicated Treatment to-day, and in two weeks you will be amazed at the transformation in your skin. These corrective preparations have cured thousands of oily, blemished, acne-scarred skins.

Corrective Home Treatment

Wash night and morning with **Beauty Grains.** They clear away blackheads and blemishes while checking oiliness. Instantly your skin looks whiter, finer.

Massage gently with **Pasteurized Face Cream.** It makes your skin softer, smoother, helps it to acquire a lovely radiant glow.

Finish with **Refining Lotion.** This is unrivalled for normalising relaxed oil glands, reducing large pores and giving the skin an exquisitely fine texture.

Visit the Mayfair Salon

Here you may have a beautifying, instructive Beauty Lesson and Treatment for only 12s. 6d. Or, come in for a complimentary consultation on your beauty problems.

Write for "Beauty in the Making."

Please forward, for which I enclose P.O............ Beauty Grains 4s.; Pasteurized Cream 5s.; and Refining Lotion 5s. 6d.

Name..

Address..

B.E.3.38..

helena rubinstein

24, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.
REGENT 5232

shelter but lost another man. The next morning yet another died; and that night, spent under a hummock of ice, one more. Death trailed these tragic men all the way.

The following morning Stoddart sighted the ship. But here is the irony: two of the men would not trust his eyesight, headed in a more northerly direction, and were seen no more. Shortly afterwards a man fell into a hole, a shipmate was left to assist him—and they were seen no more.

That left but three—Stoddart, and two men named Knight and Darby. Darby collapsed on the floe. About a mile and a half from the ship the others found their way intercepted by a lane of water and climbed a hummock from which they were seen by Captain Dring, who was luckily walking the quarter-deck. A boat's crew was sent to their rescue in a frost so severe that all sixteen were bitten. Darby died before he could be carried to the boat; Knight's feet had to be amputated, and he, too, died. Stoddart was the only survivor of that forlorn hope.

Behind their story, so sparely recorded by Mr. Basil Lubbock, lies an untold one of harrowing misery and heroism. One sees those insignificant figures struggling desperately over the floes in a white, ruthless desolation, devoid of the merest comfort. . . .

Few narratives of adventure can vie with those of men who run the gauntlet of the relentless polar ice-fields; few hardships compare. They live at grips with the elements in a world in which none can claim a sure footing and existence is a perpetual gamble. Their stories become classics.

Authorities: Peter Freuchen, *Arctic Adventure* (Heinemann); Basil Lubbock, *The Arctic Whalers* (Brown, Son & Ferguson, Glasgow); *Under the Pole Star*, A. R. Glen, assisted by N. A. C. Croft (Methuen); *The Voyage of the Chelyuskin*, (Chatto and Windus).

(The two illustrations of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition are reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd.)

Behind the Scenes with the Crazy Gang

(Continued from page 27)

struck him when she slipped as he was trying to catch her. He was far more hurt than she, and he explained to the stage manager, in halting English, that they would substitute a more simple "routine" for the difficult one they do as a rule, until that bruise got better.

The rest of the Ganjous, and little Juanita wearing a short woolly jacket over her almost non-existent clothes, appeared ready to practise. While Harry Brack was saying into the mike, "Stand by for Nell Gwyn," some violent practise was going on at the back of the stage. Cart-wheels, revolving throws, high kicks, splits, short-arm balancing—those Ganjous take them all in their stride.

"Flies stand by," came the order from the prompt corner, followed by the revolve that brings Nell Gwyn and her companions into view. In the prompt corner there are two pieces of mechanism marked "Inner" and "Outer" respectively; a trifle reminiscent of the Metropolitan Railway. They are the control-points for the new revolving stages, used for the first time in this show. There is an inner revolve, an outer revolve and a centre revolve with a lift, which comes from below the stage and goes down again. Mr. Brack works the revolves himself, by moving a handle on either "Inner" or "Outer," and continuing to move it until the white arrow on the revolve meets another white arrow on the stationary stage. Then he locks the revolve, until the scene is over.

The quick-change room seemed to be full of Flanagans, Allens, pretty Rosarita who is the girl behind their milk bar, Ganjous and Juanita. Bud was making them laugh with an impression of the way he had done his Grand Opera stuff at the studio all day. Then he discovered that his throat was oh so Martini—Dry! Dry! So he dragged Ches. Allen with him to their dressing-room, where some throat spraying took place, and they arrived, panting, just in time to dive on the stage.

To see the way those marvellous glass horses, with their all-silver drivers, rise from below the stage to their position of glory in the finale of the first half of the revue, I went under the stage with Harry Brack while the Music-Hall scene was going on. There I found the centre section of the revolving stage with its prancing horses and the girl who drives them already in position. Very busy with a spray and a pot of silver liquid of some kind was one of the wardrobe staff, a girl who wore an overall and the same white gloves bound with green as those given to the stage hands. That girl's duty consists of seeing that the driver of the horses is completely silvered from head to heels, before the lift rises from the cellar to stage level.

Up above, while acrobats swung on their trapezes, the elaborate scenery for the Youth Marches On scene and song was being put in place. Harry Champion could be heard in the distance, while the Crazy Gang, already changed in a few seconds, it seemed, from their Flower Girl costumes, insisted upon doing physical jerks behind the scenes with the girls and boys who demonstrate physical culture so convincingly in the show's first half finale. Charlie Naughton, on the vaulting horse, was a sight that should go into the revue, forthwith.

"Stand by for the revolve." Harry Brack, at his post in the prompt corner, moves the handles that control the moving sections of the stage; round they go, and from the centre, as he touches another lever, up comes the all-silver figure of the girl with the prancing steeds. All the men in the flies are pulling ropes, manipulating some kind of scenery; all the men on the stage are standing by, ready for the rushing change that occupies the interval. Soon the chorus and principals come by, in a laughing stream, most of them with only a few minutes to make entire changes of make-up and costumes.

During the interval I went into the wardrobe, where a big staff works day and night under the direction of Rosa, the wardrobe mistress. I suppose she must have some other name, but all I could get hold of was "Rosa." She has over a thousand costumes in her charge; constant repairs, incessant cleaning, replacement of things that are definitely worn out—that is her job. Down on the stage again, I realised that most of the scenery is "flown" at this theatre, instead of being pushed away into a scene dock. Which means that it is hauled up overhead, to hang in readiness for the next performance.

Dangling in the air, against the back wall of the stage, I saw the two black horses used by Nervo and Knox in the Whitehall scene, which was due in a few minutes. Those horses are known as Hengist and Horsa. Down they come from their slings overhead, to be pushed into position for Teddy and Jimmy to climb up. Jimmy, who is not nearly as tall as his horse, is hurled into the saddle by half a dozen eager helpers every night. He gets down during the scene, but if he had to get up again—he couldn't.

"Take them away," is the order given by Harry Brack, and instantly a gloved man who has been reading an evening paper while waiting by the side of the winch he controls, just by the prompt corner, starts winding and winding; and with a swishing noise the curtains part, revealing Nervo and Knox on their horses. Charlie Naughton, his share of the scene over, hurries to his room "for a few puffs of a cigar." In four seconds he is back, hunting madly all over the quick-change room. "What's the matter, Charlie?" somebody wants to know. "I've lost my cigar—thought I must have left it somewhere here. Been all the way to my dressing-room for it—but it's not there." Cigar found, eventually; well sat-upon—accidentally—by Jimmy Gold.

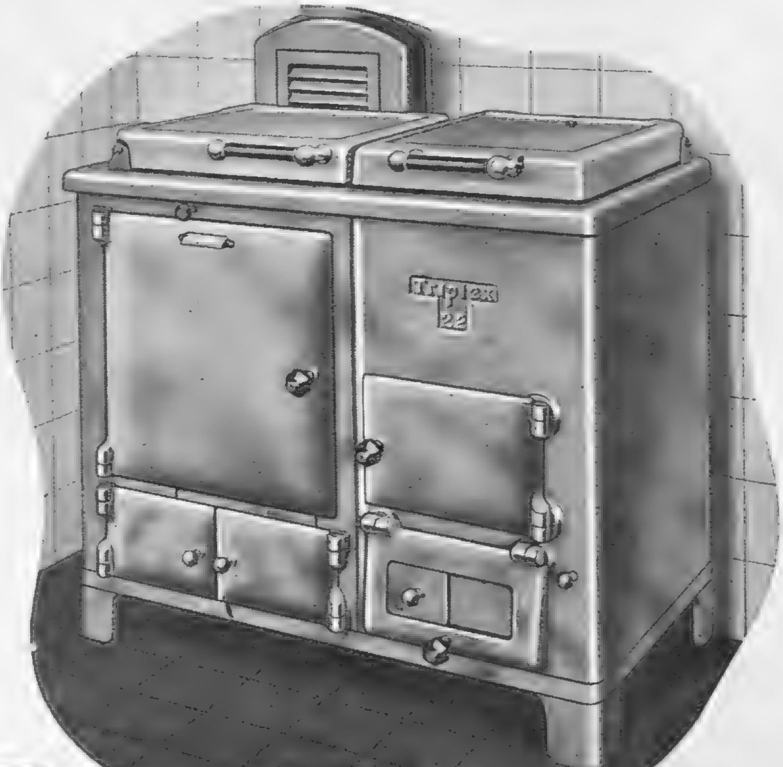
Along the side of the stage a row of gruesome figures, shrouded

(Continued on page 98)

AND HOW IT COOKS

—THIS WONDERFUL NEW COOKER MADE BY THE TRIPLEX PEOPLE

" There! My new cooker. Isn't it a beauty ? "



" My! what a big oven it has."

" Yes, and just look at the size of the hot-plate—room for any number of pots. And *how* it cooks! It puts the old English richness back into dishes, keeps in all the meat juices, bakes the lightest pastry and the richest cakes . . . But that's not all."

" Oh dear, Connie ? What else ? "

" It heats hot water. And I mean hot ! Plenty for baths, my dear, and for use in the kitchen."

" But it's expensive to run, isn't it ? "

" Not a bit of it, Beatrice. This is a slow-combustion cooker. Stoke three times in 24 hours, with coke or anthracite, and oven, boiling plate and hot water are always ready, day and night."

TRIPLEX FOUNDRY
LTD.
GREAT BRIDGE, STAFFS.

Showrooms :

London : 12 Newman Street, W.1
Birmingham : 508 Moseley Road.
Manchester : 33 Princess Street.
Liverpool : 22 Richmond Street, Williamson Square.

THE NEW TRIPLEX '22' COOKER is designed to burn continuously and is insulated to save heat wastage. Equipped with a high-pressure boiler it will supply a 40-gallon hot water supply cylinder. Finished in the famous Triplex easy-to-clean Porcelain Enamel, the Triplex '22' is offered in 4 modern shades : Mottled Grey or Green, Shaded Green or Brown.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE.

The New
TRIPLEX "22" COOKER
For the Larger House

3

If it's hard
to do
this
you must
do this

When you've set yourself to finish that frock for tomorrow and sewn and sewn till your eyes can hardly see to thread the needle, say this to yourself, "Optrex for me, before bed!" Or when you, Sir, have got at least another hour's work on figures that are already starting to dance — Optrex for you, too! Optrex for eyes that ache with tiredness or smart with smoking and the day's dust. Optrex for eyes that stream in the east wind, or wake up dull and heavy in the morning. Optrex, too, for eyes that have nothing wrong with them whatever, and want to stay that way always. For eyes of all ages — an Optrex eye-bath every night and morning— to protect the precious gift of sight.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex
BRAND
EYE LOTION

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath), Triple Size (without eye bath) 3/6. For interesting booklet 'Sight—the Master Sense' full of vital information, write to Dept. B.E. 53, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Behind the Scenes with the Crazy Gang

in white covers, stand waiting to be called to work. Such famous faces as those of Bernard Shaw, Baden Powell, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII are there; and these figures belong to the finale, which takes place at Madame Tussauds. At a given signal, several stage hands pick up the shrouded figures and carry them to their allotted positions on the stage. Imagine their consternation, once or twice, when the figures on being lifted up, start to wriggle. The explanation is that Jimmy Nervo and Jimmy Gold thought it would be a grand joke to crawl under the canvas coverings and become part of the line of waxwork figures themselves. So they did—with the result that a few stage hands imagined they had gone suddenly mad, or that ghosts had invaded the Palladium stage.

To get through to the front of the house for the Drama scene, during which they sit in a box, Teddy Knox and Jimmy Nervo have to time things very carefully. Well in advance of the moment, they were by the pass door, waiting to go through. They have to go right up into the entrance hall, and then down again to the back of the stalls. I followed them, and waited by the door to their box. When they were inside, I sat right at the back out of sight, to get an idea of what the stage and the crowded theatre looks like to them, when they play their Cockney characters from that box.

The finale was drawing near. Those waxwork figures were being carried into position, while the Weire brothers did their turn. By my side in the wings stood the smallest of the boys in the Gipsy Orchestra, tuning away at his violin, and smiling broadly. He speaks no English, except "How do you do?" None of those boys can talk our language, and all of them live in a large house that has been rented on purpose for them, where they are looked after by a manager who talks Hungarian, German and English. The small boy's name, I found out, is Lutzi His surname is Horvath, and he has an elder brother in the band. Fourteen is his age; and though he can speak no English, he can *sing* it. I was told to ask him to sing for me the number which ends the Weire brothers' act—and his small voice started gaily, "I must be *off*; I must be *go-ing!*" much to the amusement of everyone who was listening.

"Flies stand by!" The same command again, this time for the finale. Right on time, the show had swung through for the second time that night. The time sheet on Harry Brack's desk showed that there was a difference of less than two minutes on the running time of the previous night; it is just a question of the way the laughs go, and they had gone so well that something over a minute had been added to the length of the show. Jimmy Gold, in his dusky make-up for the Drama scene, reminded me as he rushed by to get changed into evening dress, that his make-up would wash off inside a few seconds. But once the Gang got hold of George Lane, who plays the policeman in this show and was in the previous one, too, and slammed Bud Flanagan's negro make-up all over his face and neck. Unfortunately, they chose to do it with ink, instead of the liquid make-up that washes off so easily, and it took three days' hard scrubbing to change the blue-black hue of Mr. Lane's face.

All over. On the run-way in front of the curtain the whole company is standing, singing "God Save the King." From my hide-out in the prompt corner I can see them, and the audience; while behind the curtains, as the strains of the National Anthem come seeping through, energetic stage hands are carting Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII to their resting places in the corridor—upside down! A touch not without its humour. . . . There comes a rush of feet. Chorus and principals go helter-skelter to their dressing-room, home and supper bound. Still in sight of the audience, the Gang is bidding the customers "Good night." Then they hurry, joking, to their rooms. Until midnight they sit talking to friends who come to see them; and, finally, drag themselves away from the work that seems like play to them—having remembered they are all due on the set at the studio, made-up and dressed, at eight o'clock the next morning. Which seems to be the conclusion of a night behind the scenes with the Crazy Gang.

END

Indian Love Lyric

(*Continued from page* 11)

"Five months is a long time to leave a man, Livia."

"My dear Andrew, you don't expect me to spend the hot weather in Jhansi, do you?"

"No darling, of course I don't. . . . All the same Elsie did."

"Elsie!"

"Yes, that's her name."

"Well, I don't care what her name is. You say it started a month after I left. And I suppose it's been going on ever since?"

"Yes."

"And she's still at Jhansi?"

"Yes."

"Then, may I ask, are you suggesting that it shall still go on when we go back?"

"I don't know, Livia."

"What do you mean—you don't know? Do you still love me, Andrew?"

"Yes."

"Well then, do you still love her?"

"Ye-es."

"Have you got the effrontery to say that you can be really in love with two women at once."

"I think I could," Andrew said glumly. "That is, if they'd let me."

Livia gave him a furious glance, then paused to reassemble what dignity she had left. The unexpected outrageousness of Andrew's behaviour had wiped every other thought from her mind. She now made a determined effort to belittle this sordid mean affair which he had dignified with the name of love.

"Oh well," she said in her woman-of-the-world voice, "I suppose one mustn't take these things too seriously. After all, we aren't children. A sudden physical attraction like that doesn't really mean anything to a man."

He was doing things to his coffee spoon again.

"It wasn't only physical, Livia," he murmured.

"My dear, but of course it was. There you were lonely, bored. What more could a designing woman want?"

"I don't think she was a designing woman, Livia. She had a most attractive and interesting mind."

"Oh, she's got an attractive mind now, has she!"

"Yes, she was a very charming companion."

"You've never told me I'm a charming companion!"

"Livia dear, I'm sure I have."

"No, you have not! And let me tell you that settles it. Plain unfaithfulness I might have overlooked. But an attractive mind! No, this is the end!"

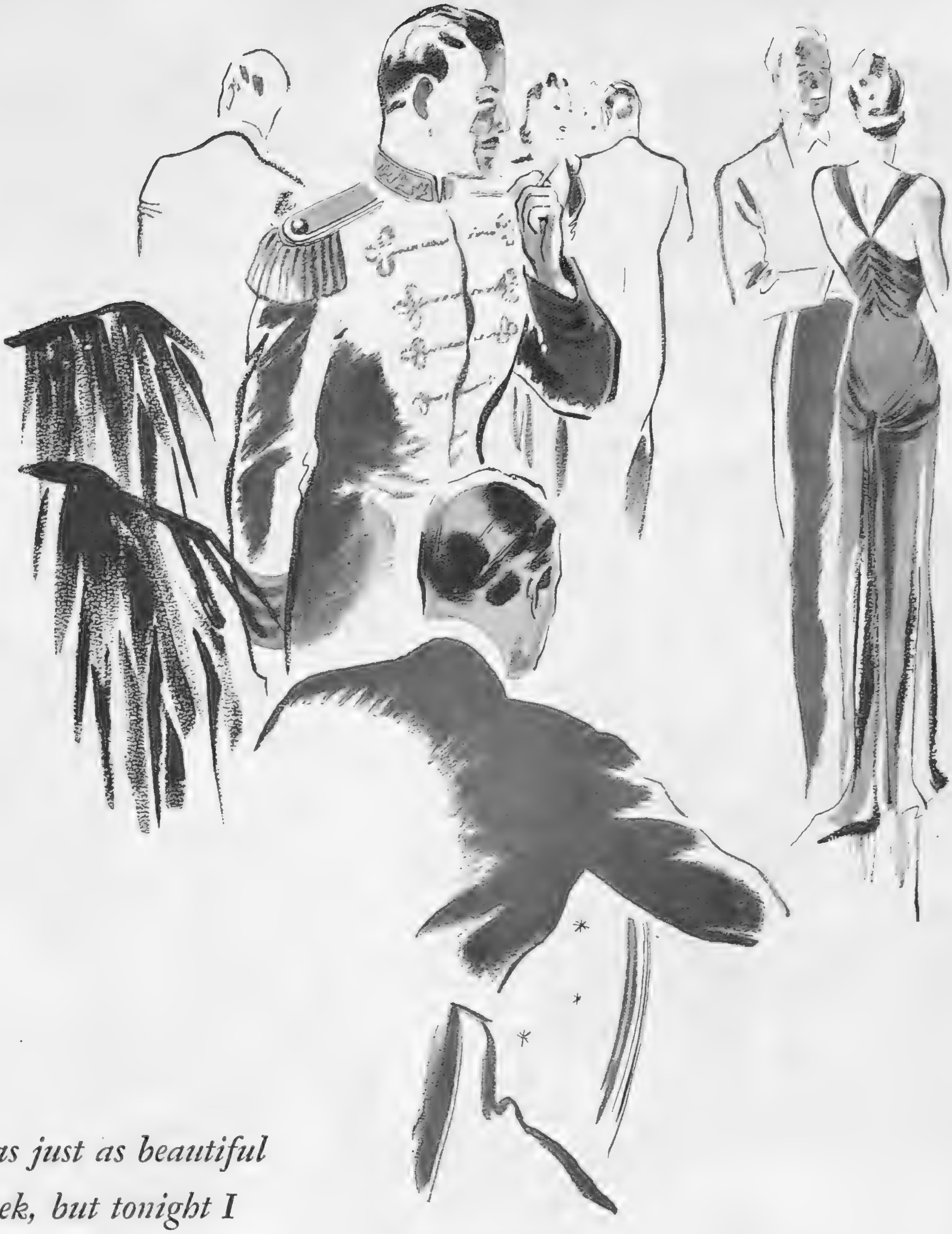
She was standing up now, looking both imperious and pathetic as she glared at him. He too slowly rose to his feet.

"I'm sorry, Livia. I had to tell you." Then he added with a slight stammer. "And w-w-what do we do now?"

"The best thing you can do," Livia flashed at him, "is to go and book a single room for yourself."

"It's all right, I did that this morning," he answered imperturbably.

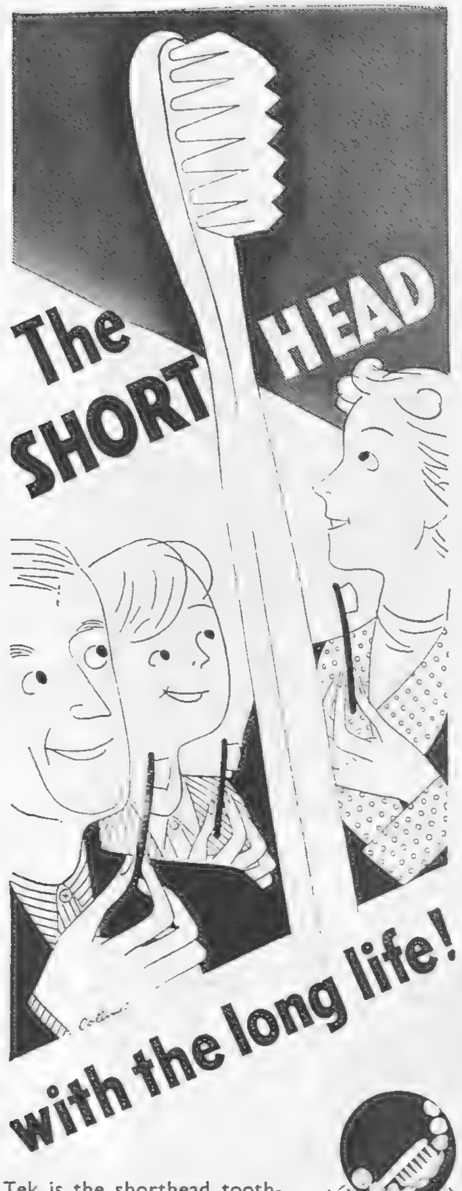
"You did that this (*Continued on page* 100)



"She was just as beautiful
last week, but tonight I
have fallen completely. Can you explain that?"

"In my country, Señor, we call it love."

In every country, knowing women are discovering *Le Vertige*, the new fragrance by Coty. The distinction of *Le Vertige* is to bestow a faintly exotic accent on personality. In crystal bottle and satin-quilted case 21/- and upwards Now also in smaller sizes. At the best shops, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond St., London.



Tek is the shorthead toothbrush that's shaped to fit the arch of your teeth. It probes industriously into every crevice and makes a thorough job of teeth-cleaning. Its firm, springy bristles last long and stay vigorous. Dentists all over the country have given their signed approval of Tek. Buy one to-day and you'll never be satisfied with anything else. ★ *Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only.* *Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave.* ★ *Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*

Tek 2/-

and worth it!

FOR THE CHILDREN—**TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

morning before you had ever seen me!"

"Yes, I didn't think you'd want me hanging around."

Livia stared at him again almost in tears. She was feeling peevish, injured and contrary.

"You'd no right to do anything of the sort without asking me," she ended. "You can just go and cancel it now, and spend the night in our own room where I can keep an eye on you."

THEY were both restless under their separate mosquito nets. Livia's vanity had never been seriously injured before, and she found the sensation most unconducive to sleep. It wasn't till nearly one-thirty in the morning that she suddenly remembered that she was supposed to be catching the next boat to join Stuart Mortimer in Ceylon. She had hardly even been aware of the existence of Mortimer during these trying humiliating hours. His charm, his Rolls-Royces, his yachts, all had been forgotten in the violence of her disgust at Andrew's heartless behaviour. Fancy bothering about Andrew, she now thought! Fancy risking all these good things for a man who couldn't even be faithful to me for one month! That was what she said to herself, but she already knew perfectly well that she wasn't going to Ceylon by the next boat. She was going on to Jhansi with Andrew to dislodge that designing widow from his affections.

At this moment she was seized with a fit of uncontrollable giggles. It wasn't entirely hysterical, it was partly genuine amusement at the thought of the mess she was going to make of Elsie. But Andrew thought she was crying and miserably buried his head in his pillows.

When they reached Jhansi, they discovered that Elsie Fenton had left the day before, and furthermore showed no intention of coming back. Livia, disappointed of the chance of showing her powers, had a good deal to say about this. She told Andrew that he had been made a fool of. His precious Elsie had shown how much she cared for him, and hadn't even the courage to stand her ground. Andrew made what excuses he could for her, and Livia now feeling that her account was settled began to think of Mortimer and Ceylon again. But Mortimer had already shown how right he had been when he said he was a jealous man. He had written her a filthily abusive letter when he heard she had gone back to Jhansi. Livia had replied in a conciliatory tone, but this had been followed by an even more abusive hectoring missive from him, and this time Livia answered that he could take his yachts and his villas and his bad temper and go to blazes. She was already congratulating herself on being saved from making a very serious mistake.

This, however, did not make her in any more of a hurry to forgive Andrew. She filled in the interval by finding out everything she could about the mysterious Elsie Fenton. Everyone, both officers and officers' wives, spoke very well of her. Apparently she wasn't at all the ordinary type of manhunter that frequented the hill stations. She was one of those cool clean personalities, not strikingly good-looking, but with an elusive and sympathetic charm. Livia was getting a bit tired of hearing her praises, but she couldn't help remarking that with one widow to about five regiments the competition must have been pretty severe. Andrew certainly had a way with him in spite of his spectacles and his wisp of hair.

In the meantime there was no word from Elsie Fenton, nothing but an angry silence from Stuart Mortimer, and eventually one day early in December, Andrew was forgiven.

THE next spring when Jhansi began to stoke up again for the hot weather, Livia seemed very apathetic about her usual trip to England. She put it off and put it off, and then finally said she thought she would stick it out until the rains, and then just go up to a hill station.

In the end it was decided that she should go to Ranikhet and that Andrew should follow her as soon as he could get leave. A day or two before she was due to go she came into the bungalow one evening from the club looking very excited.

"I've just heard a bit of news," she announced. "Elsie Fenton's at Ranikhet."

Andrew's wisp of hair immediately broke loose from its moorings.

"I think we'd better go somewhere else," he muttered.

"Oh no, darling. I want to meet her. After all it's all over, so what does it matter? And I've heard so much about her, I naturally want to see for myself."

He looked at her miserably.

"Livia, you won't say anything to her about me?"

Livia laughed.

"Oh, I can't promise, Andrew. I'm a nice girl, one of the nicest girls I know, but if I get the chance of giving her a little dig one way or another, I don't think I'll be able to resist it."

"But Livia, you mustn't say anything to her!"

She stared at him for a moment, troubled by the starkness of his tone.

"You don't still care for her, Andrew?"

"No, no," he said at once. "But you mustn't do it. She'll be shocked to the soul."

"Oh that! You shouldn't get yourself into these messes, Andrew, if you're so squeamish."

"Livia, please!"

"No, Andrew, I'm not promising anything."

He was now striding about the room like a whirlwind in trouble For a while no intelligible words came from him, but at last he did break out.

"You can't talk to her, Livia, you mustn't! She won't understand. . . . You see, it never happened. I'd heard—somebody told me—that you were running around with Stuart Mortimer. Of course I know now that there was nothing in it. But I thought I was losing you, Livia. I wanted to keep you. I couldn't bear it. I had to do something. So I invented the tale about Elsie. I knew she was going away and you wouldn't meet. And everyone said she was so clever and charming and all that, I hoped it might make you sit up. Thought she was as dull as ditch-water myself . . . But you see, you can't tell her, Livia. . . . Damn it, I hardly know the woman."

The rather pretty vase which Livia had thrown, missed Andrew's head by inches, and smashed in a hundred pieces against the wall. But that didn't really matter, for their marriage, apart from some minor repairs, had already been saved.

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

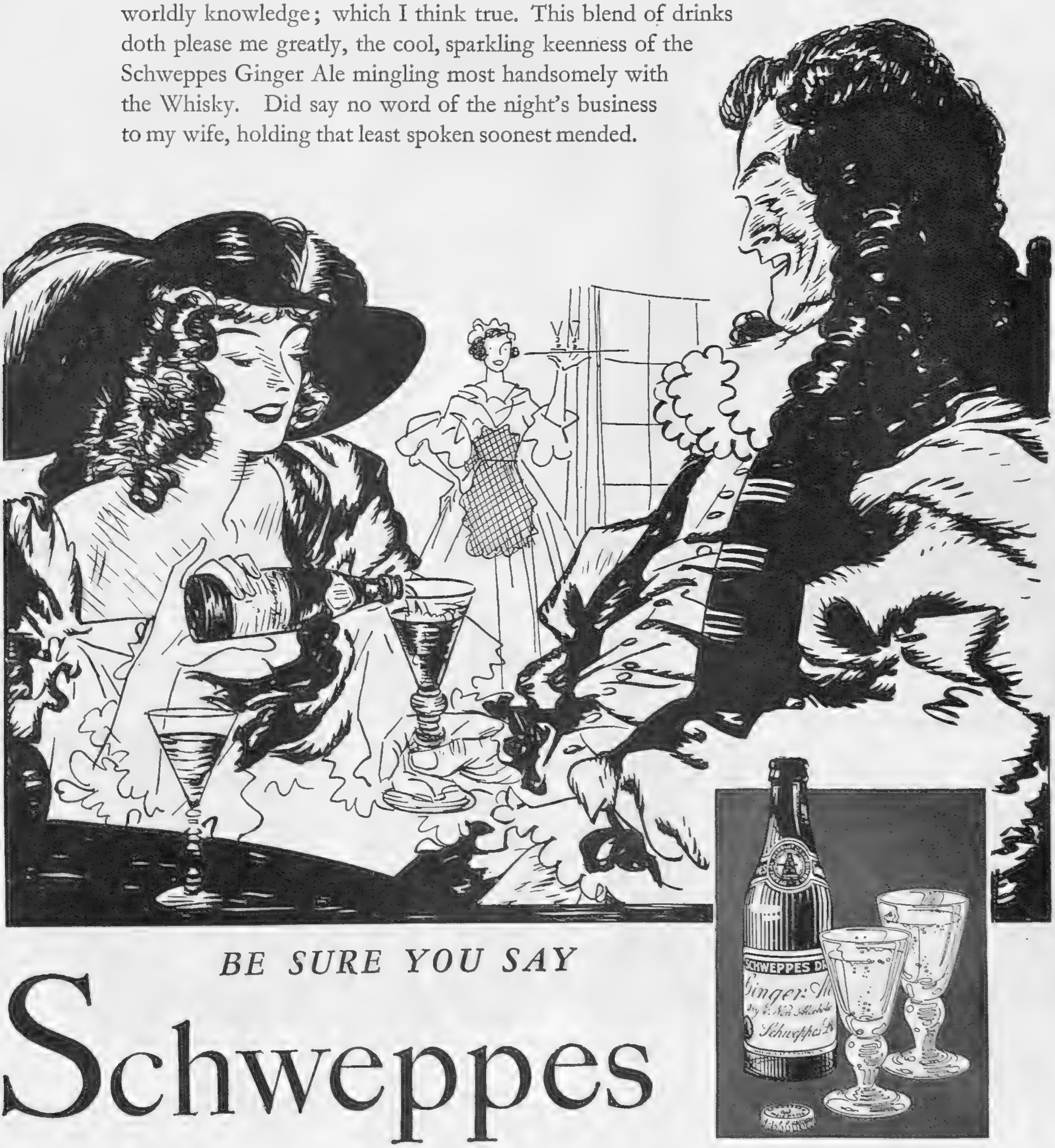
All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

FEB. 25TH A weary long day at The Office, where nothing to do save Crosswords. In the afternoon came a message from Mr. Poulteney that he would have my company with two ladies of his acquaintance at a Theatre of Varieties. Whither I went, and found his ladies very gay companions; and in the Interval, one whose name was Betsy and had great eyes very merry to see, did teach me to mingle Whisky and Ginger Ale. And when I with firm voice bade the Barmaid look to it that the Ginger Ale be Schweppes, then Betsy cried that she did know me for a man of worldly knowledge; which I think true. This blend of drinks doth please me greatly, the cool, sparkling keenness of the Schweppes Ginger Ale mingling most handsomely with the Whisky. Did say no word of the night's business to my wife, holding that least spoken soonest mended.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Before Baby comes

is the time to choose baby's food. Why not write *now* for "Wise Babycraft" which explains the advantages of the Allenburys Progressive System.

Allenburys Foods are obtainable from all good chemists.

★ COUPON FOR 'WISE BABYCRAFT' AND SAMPLE

Allen & Hanburys Ltd (Dept. A)
37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.
Please be sure to fill in your baby's birthday

Mrs.
of

Baby's Birthday was
Baby is expected about P18a/HC/C

TYROL

Snow and Sun. All Winter Sports. 2,000 Beginners' Slopes—3,000 Ski Trails. World-famed Ski Schools.

Information and booklets at all Tourist Agencies and Official Tourist Bureau of Innsbruck, Tyrol.

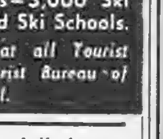
You can do 15,000 ft. downhill Ski-ing a day with the new
GALZIG—Cable-Railway (6,900 ft.)
from St. Anton am Arlberg (4,300 ft.)
1,000 Beds.
Hannes Schneider's Ski-ing School

BERWANG (4,008 ft.)
All Winter Sports. Modern Comfort. Snow from middle of December to middle of April.
Pension S. 8 to 16 — Booklet.

SEEFELD (3,600 ft.)
The sunny Terrace of Tyrol with its ideal Ski-ing slopes.
Toni Seelos' World-famed Ski School.

CORNS

INSTANT SURE RELIEF !



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain instantly; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters; ease tight shoes; safely remove corns. 1/3 pkt.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

A Page from History

(*Continued from page 41*)

and a delighted family set about making him happy and comfortable. The first thing to be done was to send to Robespierre's lodgings, which were not far away, to fetch his clothes. His wardrobe was rather scanty, but no doubt sufficient for a good citizen. Here, roughly, is what was brought back to the Duplay house: there were three pairs of silk stockings, six shirts, six ties, six handkerchiefs; a satin waistcoat and a silk waistcoat; a pair of black velvet breeches and a pair of black cloth breeches, and a pair of serge breeches. There were some other clothes, rather old, and there were likewise two pairs of shoes. A powder bag and its accompanying puff completed Robespierre's trousseau, except for a little bag containing darning material for his clothes. That same night Maximilien Robespierre slept beneath the Duplay roof.

The house had formerly belonged to the Church, but after the Revolution it became the property of the State. Duplay had the house on a nine year lease and paid 1,800 *livres* rent. This seems a good deal of money, especially as it is recorded that he paid 244 *livres* as a premium to the State. Some years before Robespierre came, Duplay had had the lease renewed. There was, in this house, a sort of extra wing which contained three rooms and which had a door leading straight up from the courtyard. These rooms were given to Robespierre. His suite consisted of one very tiny room which he used as a sort of dressing-room and a waiting-room for people who called on him. Off this room was his bedroom, and just off that was the largest of the three rooms, which was used both as a study and a dining-room. It is recorded that on Robespierre's bed there was a quilt made from one of Madame Duplay's dresses.

Besides the four daughters, Duplay had a young son who was not often at home, but when he was, he had a room next to Robespierre, and there was still one other small room on this side of the house where stayed a nephew of Duplay, also a carpenter. When Robespierre had lived in this house for a little while, he began to be afraid of sudden attack and it was feared that the little door in the courtyard might easily be rushed and a hostile force crowd up the staircase to overpower Robespierre before any help could reach him. Maurice Duplay had the nice thought of barring the little door so that it could not be opened and with the aid of his three workmen, the carpenter built a new staircase which led upstairs from the Duplay apartments. Thus, Robespierre was quite shut off from the world, and nobody could reach him unless they first went through the rooms which were continually inhabited by the Duplay family. It was at this time that sister Charlotte, from Arras, came to Paris.

What had Charlotte heard? Obviously she was jealous; everybody who wrote of this time said that she was. She was jealous of her brother, perhaps, but still more of those three Duplay girls. Had she any right to be? History does not tell us very much. There are those who, as I have said, make heroes and heroines of the Duplay family. There are others, certainly those in the minority, who are not so sure. The present writer prefers not to pass judgment. It is true that the three Duplay daughters were not physically attractive, but there are certain suggestions that Robespierre never failed to exercise a certain fascination over girls of the lower classes. There are most certainly no signs of any love passages between Robespierre and Eleonore Duplay, despite what has been written to the contrary. Nevertheless, there seems to be good reason, in a manner of speaking, for the jealousy of Charlotte Robespierre, and when she appeared in Paris, there was little peace in the Duplay household.

For one thing, Maximilien Robespierre was what would be known to-day as a master spy. He had his hirelings right and left. They slunk through the narrow streets around the Tuileries; they tracked citizens from café to café; they overheard conversations, and nothing was too petty and trivial to be reported to the strange little lawyer in black who sat in a small room on the first floor of the house at 398, Rue St. Honoré.

In the meantime, Robespierre's host, Duplay, basked in the sunshine of his guest's smile, although the smiles were very rare. When Robespierre went to the Jacobin Club, Maurice Duplay went too. The carpenter had been made a juryman of the Revolutionary Tribunal and was having a very good time indeed. He was doing no work at all, but spent his time thinking and talking politics.

Whispers began to go round that Eleonore Duplay was the fiancée of the man who made France tremble with fear; some even went so far as to whisper behind their hands that the young girl with the thick lips and the sullen look was his mistress. Seldom, if ever, was Robespierre seen abroad with the girl. He used to go out alone, walking on the outskirts of Paris, sometimes with a dog as his only companion. Never was Eleonore Duplay seen with him on these country excursions. What went on behind the closed doors of that little house, nobody will ever know. Meanwhile, Charlotte was watching and making things uncomfortable for everybody.

There seemed to be no reason why Robespierre, if he had wished, should not have married Eleonore. Perhaps she dreamed of marriage, and there is certainly evidence that she tried to improve her education, both by taking painting lessons and by attending lectures in order to improve her mind. Whatever she was, there were plenty who thought that the girl had some occult power, just because she lived under the same roof as Robespierre. It is on record that Eleonore's fellow pupils feared her very much indeed, and they did everything to please her and asked her advice about every little thing.

When the most terrible things happened as the Revolutionary Tribunal passed its sentences, Eleonore's fellow pupils became more and more afraid, but they took very good care not to speak of their fears in the presence of Mademoiselle Duplay. The day Marie-Antoinette was beheaded, Eleonore did not go to the studio, and the girls were free to express their feelings, but when she unexpectedly appeared a day or two afterwards, they were just as much her slaves as they had ever been.

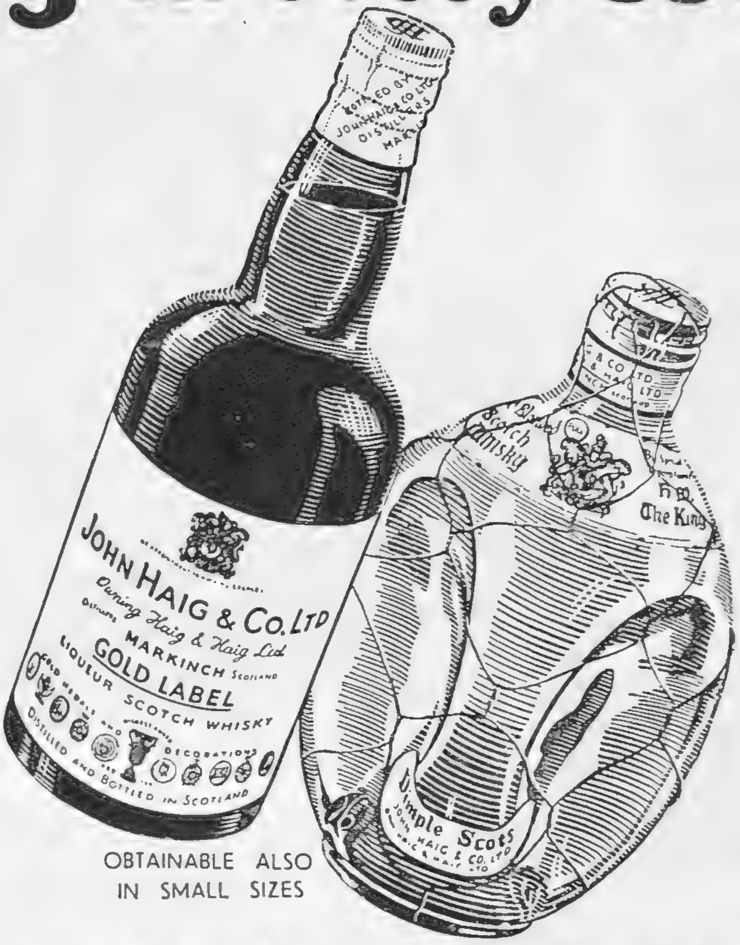
When Robespierre had been living with the Duplays for about eighteen months, a young man began to visit the family. His name was Phillippe Lebas. He was a member, a very young member, of the National Convention. In 1793 he married Elizabeth Duplay. He had been a constant visitor to the house and had often come into touch with Robespierre.

During this time Robespierre was receiving letters and messages from all over France, and even one from an Englishwoman living in or near London. All these letters professed deep and lasting admiration for Robespierre. He kept every one of them. His host, the carpenter, put up wooden shelves in his study-dining-room and the letters of adulation were put into cardboard boxes, neatly ticketed, and put away. Perhaps sometimes in his lighter moments Robespierre opened these boxes and gloatingly perused these fantastic love-letters. What did Eleonore Duplay think of all this?

It is perhaps no great effort of imagination to believe that Robespierre did read aloud to the Duplay family these letters which were flowing in in an unending stream. As soon as Maximilien Robespierre was made President of the Assembly, sister Charlotte brought from Arras

(*Continued on page 104*)

Haig in every Home

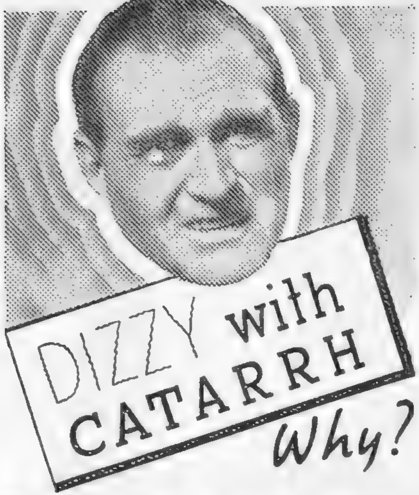

JOHN HAIG & Co. LTD
Owning Haig & Haig Ltd
MARKINCH Scotland
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
DECORATIONS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Scotch Whisky
The King
Dimple Scots
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD

OBTAINABLE ALSO
IN SMALL SIZES

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

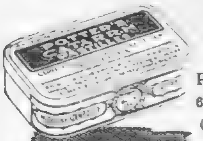
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, 'buses or where infection is present).

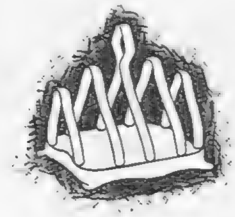


Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
61Q, Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

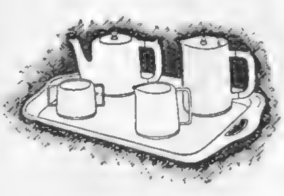
POTTER'S
CATARRH
PASTILLES

P 7



IT LASTS—

AND LASTS—



AND LASTS FOR EVER

That's the beauty of "Staybrite" stainless steel, it literally **does** last for ever—besides it just is the most hygienic and labour saving of metals. Ask to see "Staybrite" at your local stores.

"STAYBRITE"
STAINLESS STEEL
FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD
STAYBRITE WORKS • SHEFFIELD

their younger brother, Augustin, to live in the Duplay household, also, perhaps, free of charge. There is nothing to prove the case one way or the other. Good-natured Maurice Duplay gave up two more rooms to the Robespierre family, two fine large rooms on the first floor. The pride and vanity of Robespierre now knew no bounds. He ordered fine clothes to walk at the head of the procession on the day he was to make a great speech before the assembled multitudes. He could not have had the slightest idea that the end was not far away.

While Eleonore Duplay cried silently because she was not able to walk at the side of Robespierre, his sister Charlotte brought about some petty quarrel between Robespierre and the Duplay family. What the origin of this quarrel was, we do not know, but it was sufficient to be worked up into a dispute of major importance. The three members of the Robespierre family packed up and moved away to lodgings in the Rue Saint Florentin, which runs into the Rue de Rivoli, and which now houses a famous dressmaker. The Robespierre family had not been living here very long when suddenly Madame Duplay made her appearance. She said she had heard that her beloved Robespierre was ill. In fact, he was not ill at all, but once Madame Duplay had managed to get inside she was not going to be put outside very easily. Perhaps she apologised to Charlotte, perhaps Charlotte apologised to her, but in any case we do know that, almost immediately, the three members of the Robespierre family returned to the Duplay household.

The Duplays were in high spirits, all but Eleonore. She appeared to be very downcast. So did Robespierre, but there is nothing to show that his moodiness had any connexion with Eleonore. Then came the inevitable end. One evening in May, 1794, just after dusk had fallen in Paris, a young girl appeared inside the Duplay courtyard. She was a pretty young girl and she carried a basket; she asked to see Citizen Robespierre.

She was told that he was out; then she began to cry and stamp her feet, saying she had come so far to see Robespierre that she absolutely must see him. Inside the basket were found two knives. The girl, Cécile Renault, confessed that she had come to kill the Tyrant. She was all prepared to go to prison; she had even left some clean body linen at a nearby shop from where it was to be sent so she asked, to her prison cell. To prison she went, and exactly two months later, in July, Cécile Renault was executed, but she did not long precede the Tyrant on the guillotine.

One fortnight later, on July 30, the head of Robespierre rolled in the basket beneath the knife of the guillotine.

Maurice Duplay went to prison with some other revolutionary jurymen, and every one thought that his head too would roll into the guillotine basket, but it did not. Later he was released from prison, and when he died he was buried in the Pére Lachaise cemetery. His wife lived long after the cabinet maker.

Charlotte Robespierre lived for forty years after the end of the Revolution. Jules Simon wrote in *Le Temps* that he met her at a friend's house without knowing to whom he was talking. She was a gay old lady and lived in quite good style on a pension granted her by several successive Governments under the Restoration. She died in 1842, just five years after Queen Victoria came to the Throne!

END

Bound for Eden

(*Continued from page* 19)

By a stream seven miles on I saw the kettle I had bought in London set on a heap of embers. Robert, fresh as a daisy, was shaving before a mirror hung on a twig. Bacon sizzled in the pan, the sun shone, and a native was decking the camp-table with wild gladioli, but, oh, Lord, I was tired!

"You needn't walk," he said. "I forgot to tell you, there's a thing you can ride in—a sort of hammock on a pole."

The hammock proved to be a stiff zebra skin slung on the rib of a palm-leaf. After breakfast I curled up in it, and with my bearers singing as we jogged through the forest, I fell asleep.

The sound of wood-cutting woke me, and a feeling that it was four o'clock. We had reached camp.

"How d'you feel?" asked Robert, and gave me a tin cup of some brown liquid that was only sun-warm.

"Sore, very hot, and I wish there were no flies," I said. "What is this—tea or coffee?"

Robert called the cook. "Lemonade," he replied.

To me it tasted like river mud. I thought of my fragrant Lapsang Souchong at home.

"Of course one misses a few things," said Robert, "but it's a grand life!"

I did miss a few things—tea, policemen, the lights of Shaftesbury Avenue, tennis. We were missing other things, too—no family quarrels, no Stock Exchange slump, no war, no begging appeals could possibly reach us here.

At sundown we were called to our tent. My night clothes had been laid out on my bed. At the foot there squatted an elderly native gentleman repairing a piece of torn lace on my pants. In a cloud of steam a black valet stood to attention, sponge in hand, ready to give Robert his bath. In London I did my mending, and Robert scrubbed his own back.

"A grand life," he repeated.

Later we stepped out of the tent to dine off tinned stew beside the camp-fire. Flames lit the branches over our heads and dimmed the vast stars. Tiny points of light flickering in the trees showed where our carriers each had wrapped himself in a blanket to sleep by his own small fire. There were sixty of them—I felt very safe, and settled to sleep.

Three days later straight rain fell in arrows under the impetus of its own weight. Its noise deafened, and I gave up the fight to keep dry when a considerable river soaked through my scarf and streamed down my back. The storm tore away the banks of streams, blinded us with lightning and felled great trees across our path—it was as terrifying as an air raid. Then the clouds cracked apart *all clear!*

I climbed out of my zebra skin and sat on a packing-case that steamed under the hot sun. Our matches were wet—the forest soaked through—I felt sure there would be no tea, no hot dinner—no protecting blaze through the night. But the tents were going up. Near me a native dragged a foot of bark from a rotting tree. Putting his hand inside the trunk, he tore out a few shreds of dry wood, heaping them in the curve of the bark.

Then a boy who seemed to be a victim of St. Vitus's dance, approached. He opened his cupped palms where he kept shifting a half-dead ember that he had carried from a village three miles away. In a few seconds the shredded wood in its cradle of bark kindled and blazed. Twigs were added, then small branches. Soon great tree-trunks blazed and crackled and we gathered round to let our clothes steam in the comfortable heat.

"You'll be pretty good at picnics when you get back," said Robert offering the quinine.

"Pretty good at picnics!" After a year or two of Eden, what else would any of us be?

The upper reaches of the Congo look as innocent as the Thames at Richmond. One expected to see punts lying in the shade, swans gliding over the reflected trees. The only strange sight was three enormous canoes, roughly hewed out of black wood. Two were being loaded with

(*Continued on page* 106)

What a lovely "sea-breeze" smell

THIS is really the loveliest soap you have ever used and a sure safeguard against the dangers of dirt and germs and epidemics. A great big foaming lather with the " Smell of the Sea " in its creamy bubbles. Which is actually true—because Simpson Iodine Soap contains pure Iodine made from Seaweed. Almost magically your skin is cleared of every impurity and beauty blemish. Within ten days you have a skin texture ten years younger.

The more you use this Iodine Soap, the creamier and clearer and more velvety your skin becomes. Wrinkles and signs of age are gently eased away. And in the bath—you emerge with a glowing body as sweet and fresh as a dewy rose. Sweet all day—however much you perspire from Dancing or Exercise.

EPIDEMICS, DIRT & GERMS What a safeguard for yourself and the children against the dangers of dirt and germs and when any epidemics are about! A bath with Simpson Iodine Soap and you and all the family can really *laugh* at Contagion. Economical because it saves Doctor's bills.

DANDRUFF is caused by tiny germs in the hair roots which are destroyed instantly when you use Simpson Iodine Soap as a Shampoo. Your hair takes on a new brilliance—becomes " live " and strong, and does not fall out.

RHEUMATIC PAINS Seem to melt away in the bath when you lather freely with Simpson Iodine Soap.

FOR BABY Charms away chafes, caresses and brings wonderful ease and comfort. And for napkins and little vests—wash them with Simpson Iodine Soap—then you know that not one deadly germ is left to attack baby's susceptible little body. No danger of " catching " anything.

FALSE TEETH How clean and fresh your mouth is after cleansing your dentures with this Soap. Dissolves away cloying grease and leaves every tooth gleaming white. Germ-free, too!

MR J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S.
Chemist The Iodine Specialist
SIMPSON
IODINE SOAP
from Seaweed Iodine
6D PER TABLET
BOX OF THREE 1/5

SOLD EVERYWHERE (ALL CHEMISTS, BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES AND TAYLORS, AND STORES)

IMPORTANT: *REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS. Make sure you see Mr. Simpson's photo on the green and white wrapper as shown above. A lot of cheap green and other soaps are being passed off as "This is the Genuine Simpson Iodine Soap."*

SIMPSON BRAND IODINE SOAP

J. W. SIMPSON (CHEMIST) LTD., ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

JOURNALISTS
SHORT STORY WRITERS · NOVELISTS
..in London..in Canada.
.......in Singapore......

A good journalist has a passport all over the world. Editors everywhere are always on the lookout ... especially for men and women who are trained—WHO KNOW THEIR JOB!
There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in Story Writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examinations, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels or pictures, is not a gift; it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is the most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required—we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it.

The Bennett College
DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE No. 257

THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD

AND THEN JOHN'S BOSS'S WIFE CALLED!

What a day! Paw marks on the carpet. Smoky fire showering smuts everywhere. I'd just noticed a black hand-mark on a chair—and then John's boss's wife called! (Visions of John's career imperilled—according to the best advertisements.) But she was helpful. Said, "Pack everything off to Clark's for Vita-Cleaning; it puts new life in fabrics. . . . Isn't that carpet a *little* faded? My dear, Plus-Dyeing is *marvellous*, and a fresh colour so cheering." Did I obey? You should see that room now! Deep blue carpet, rejuvenated covers, once-beige curtains Plus-Dyed apricot—John wouldn't believe how little I'd spent. I pleased Mrs. M, too. . . . She *loves* giving advice. N.B. Things sent for Plus-Dyeing are Vita-Cleaned first. It's such a cheap tonic for your house; do try it—even if you're *not* worried about your husband's career!

How little Plus-Dyeing costs:—

Carpet (Axminster) per sq. yd.	... 2/6
Settee Cover	from 6/-
Chair Cover (large)	from 4/6
Curtains (Cotton) per sq. yd.	... 9d.

Clark's pay Return Carriage

FREE You shall "Dye"! A book full of ideas and facts about saving smartly with Vita-Cleaning and Plus-Dyeing. Also Price List and (if specially requested) a range of 18 colour patterns in actual fabric. Send p.c. to Liaison Bureau, **Clark's Dyeworks Ltd., Retford.**

baggage, and the third and largest had six paddlers fore and six aft. Amidships a canopy shielded a table and two chairs. Behind one chair squatted our black cook, trifling recklessly with a borrowed Primus stove.

We pushed off and soon were moving swiftly over the stream. It was early. The sun shone but did not blaze. The air sparkled. I glanced at the paddlers; they might have been figures in an Egyptian frieze as they bent over their oars and chanted songs incredibly ancient. The vapour of frankincense should have risen to our canopy—but intead a smell of burnt porridge filled the empty air (after five days in the forest one misses its green fragrance).

We had fried bacon, an omelette, hot scones, coffee, cigarettes—and time to enjoy them. With my sore feet resting on a cushion, I got out a pack of patience cards. The servants cleaned our guns, jabbering happily. We had left the dull main road. There would be game to shoot—meat for everybody, gossip in the villages, eggs, vegetables, girls.

And so indeed it was the whole way up the river.

After a few days the river widened and was lost in a labyrinth of papyrus reeds, raising their coloured mop-heads six, eight and ten feet above the water. We were in the trackless swamps south of Lake Bangweolo, no tree, no hill, no river-bank marked our position.

We seemed to be hopelessly lost — but somewhere around two o'clock every afternoon we would hear small boys shouting and laughing and miraculously we would reach a village. Black urchins, their feet planted each on his tiny canoe as if a scooter, would shoot from the reeds, and in the general clamour I would feel the canoe grounding on some half-submerged bank.

Landing on a scooter-canoe was difficult of balance, but one learned to be careful. The alternative was to wade through water alive with leeches which had to be hacked off one's legs with a penknife.

It was four o'clock, two Sundays later, when we first saw our lake. We had finally disembarked from the canoes at a lonely outpost where we were kindly welcomed by an English family of three. They sent us on our way laden with fruit and vegetables from their garden — mangoes and pawpaws — peaches — strawberries — oranges — potatoes —carrots and green peas.

On the fifth day we halted on a grassy plateau. Below us the level top of the forest had been parted by a wedge of brown ploughland stretching from the blue crescent of a lake, to higher ground where the trees broke in a foam of flowers against the roofs of a farmhouse and buildings.

We found my brother-in-law and his two young Englishmen fired with the wildest enthusiasm for the country, the shooting, the scent factory that was to make all our fortunes, and for the arrival of a woman to inspire the cook and sympathise with their letters home.

I left Robert on the veranda displaying his thousand cuttings of Roses de Mai (already fermenting) and went indoors. I was as eager as any other bride to inspect my new home.

The walls were of stone Because he had little confidence in the mortar, my brother-in-law had built them three feet thick at the base, tapering to about eighteen inches under the thatch. An erroneous supposition that because a tropical sun burned outside, the interior of a house on a plateau a mile high would also be hot, had led him to leave an aperture between wall and thatch through which in bad weather the wind would whistle and howl, causing lamps and fires to gutter and go out.

Because all glass had to be imported, my windows were small, but the light was amply reflected by the walls which were plastered with a white clay that shone like fine silk. The bed was four poles set in the brick floor, and joined by four thinner poles from which thongs of hide wove a surface for our camp mattresses—not very resilient, but we had been content with a bed of leaves. There was no wardrobe, but open, rustic shelves for my clothes. It was pleasant to put on a dinner-dress instead of woolly pyjamas and an overcoat.

I lit a cigarette and crossed the hall. Through the Arab curtains I found a library, its walls recessed to hold at least a thousand books. A log-fire burned on the open hearth, throwing its flickering light over walls that might have been plum-coloured silk. The room might have been part of a monastery. It was far removed from my small suburban home.

There were Eastern vases filled with blue eucalyptus, curtains of India red. A boy wearing a starched white overall and white cap came in with a lamp. Its upward rays piercing the ceiling of open reeds illuminated the rhythmic architecture of the springing roof—king-posts, beams and ties. The sight stirred my pride. Eden might be lovely, but civilisation had beauty, too—the poetry of knowledge. I had gained a lovelier home than I had ever dreamed of owning, but I had a sense of loss, too.

We drank our cocktails and went in to dinner. Peanut soup, bream from the lake, chicken and fried pineapple and stuffed eggs. There were candles and cut glass, and the local salt, blackened by being burned from grass, was in silver salt-cellars. It seemed hardly possible we were a thousand miles from anywhere.

Plop! Something fell from the reeds to the table. It flashed and wriggled. With a fly-whisk Robert flickered it to the floor. It slithered over the matting and four black furies seized sticks and pokers and pursued it through the arch.

"These snakes aren't all poisonous," my husband pointed out.

"The thatch must be full of them," I said. "Suppose one falls on my neck."

"Don't suppose anything so silly," he replied.

But a few weeks later I was writing a letter and felt something cold hit my neck. I jumped up, and it slithered, wriggling, down my neck inside my dress. I waited for the agonising bite—the venom of a puff-adder, the most likely snake to inhabit thatch, is fatal in ninety seconds. But no bite came. I shook myself and the thing flopped on the floor—a lizard!

Two or three mornings a week, in the blessed season when the grass is burnt and game collects on narrow feeding grounds, I would set off before dawn to get our meat—I hated to kill, and when a wounded duiker died in my arms I swore never again to take a life for such a morsel of flesh. But we had a hundred natives to feed, and if I could bring down a fat zebra, broad smiles rewarded me. Zebra tastes like over-sweet pork and they love it. But a zebra is difficult to see moving in the forest, and if you ginger one up instead of killing, it will throw back its ears and charge.

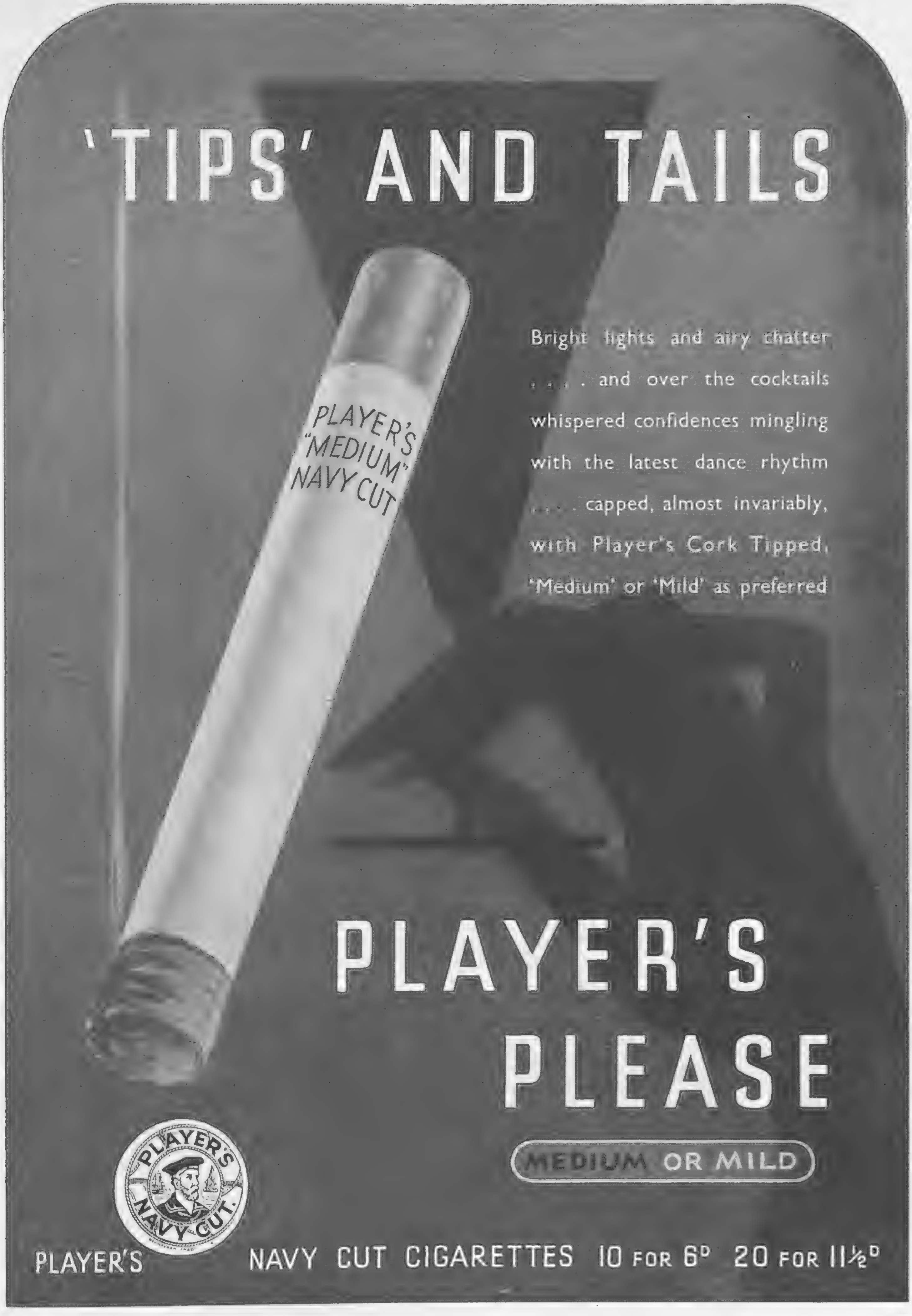
Not till the rising sun tipped the hills and threw balls of fire among the leaves overhead, would I go home tired and aching. But did I long for a butcher on the end of a telephone? I'll say I didn't! Not that stocking the larder was any too easy. One can usually get coarse flour from the missions and native eggs and skinny chickens.

But venison gives no lard, and we could spare no milk for butter. The cooking had to be done with oil pressed from monkey-nuts.

Once when the press was broken and we had to wait for a new cylinder, my husband's birthday came and he chose pancakes for dinner. Believe it or not, to grease the frying-pan for those pancakes I spent an evening in a tree by the lake and shot a hippopotamus coming up for his nightly roll in our rice. We took sixty pounds of fat off him, and very good tournedos, served with grilled Cape Gooseberries instead of tomatoes. Unfortunately the cook was inspired to pour chocolate sauce over them.

There came a time when Robert and I were alone. My brother-in-law went home on a year's leave. His two partners, discouraged by our slow results, found more profitable work.

The farm continued (*Continued on page* 108)


PLAYER'S
"MEDIUM"
NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.

'TIPS' AND TAILS

Bright lights and airy chatter . . . . and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm . . . . capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped, 'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred

PLAYER'S PLEASE

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

safe slimming

In March, 1936, we made the following statement in our advertising:—

"The medical profession is against *internal* flesh-reducing preparations, except when specially prescribed by a doctor"

In September, 1937, the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health made the following statement on page 187 of his Annual Report for the year 1936:—

"No slimming drug or preparation should ever be taken except on medical advice and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that there is one drug—dinitrophenol—which should not be taken in any circumstances."

We are glad to have such authoritative confirmation of our statement, and would draw attention to the following:—

- Redex is applied *externally*;
- An independent analytical report says: "It is free from harmful ingredients . . . and contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin";
- It is approved by physicians;
- It will reduce only *excess* flesh.

In short, Redex is definitely the safest and most effective method of reducing superfluous flesh.

Rēdex

for **SAFE** slimming

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentalls, leading Boots Branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If unable to obtain, send 21/- for a bottle (post free) from Redex Proprietaries Ltd., 85/86, New Bond St., London, W.1.

21/- a bottle

Brighten your Front Steps etc. with Cardinal
it's so much easier and will not wash off in the rain!
Sold in Red, Green, Cream, White, Buff and Transparent.
C.P.A.A./3
Cardinal POLISH
CARDINAL 6d POLISH 1/-
OF ALL DEALERS

to spread its fields of herbs and trees and rose-bushes—four acres of orange-blossom for neroli, twelve of roses, two of pepperment, seventeen of tansy which did its own weeding by a choking vigour of growth. There were geraniums and Morning Glory, carnations and hydrangeas. It *was* a garden of Eden, and there were two people in it—but, oh, dear, *only* two! No friend to give roses to, nobody I could ask to luncheon, no woman to adjust a pin when I was altering a frock.

Sometimes I would think of the other brides who came out on the boat. Had they found the same Eden, or had they managed better than I?

I was happy—very *very* happy! But when my husband decided to quit, did I beg him to stay? Did I point out that the forest was a lovely tapestry of leaves and birds and flowers, and England a mess of tarred roads and advertisement hoardings and canned food? I did not. I couldn't pack soon enough. A tapestry is beautiful, but who wants to be woven into it?

Stepping out of the train I met a new bride waiting to go up-country. She asked if I thought she would like it. After some consideration, I gave an answer that seemed to startle her:

"My dear, I pray not! You won't stay if you do!"

She gave me a peculiar glance, and supposed one should avoid the mid-day sun.

But, paradoxical as it may sound, it is the brides who see faults in their new country who will be happiest.

END

Very Big Chief

(*Continued from page* 17)

that as far as red tape was concerned he was up against the Maginot Line. "That's all right with me; where is this place Vechi?"

"About forty miles from here."

"Thanks." Mr. Schloss made his way back to the rest hut and called his executives into conference. "I'll get out and see this guy to-morrow; stand by with the cameras," he said.

Arthur Dorkin was setting out from the rest hut at Vechi to go to the Naga Longa's palace just as Max Schloss arrived, accompanied by the director of the picture and Miss le Joy. The remaining executives and technicians were to follow as soon as they received word.

"Hullo Mr. Dorkin," Schloss said, holding out his hand with a great show of amiability.

Arthur Dorkin stared at the world famous producer. "Where have I seen you before?" he said, shaking hands.

"You came to my London office."

"So I did; of course I know who you are now; you had a business appointment or something and we weren't able to meet. I hope your quarters at Kimpo are all right; I told my assistant to look after you."

"Fine; the young fellow said I'd have to see you about getting shots of the Naga."

Dorkin shook his head; "I'm afraid you'll find that a bit difficult," he put one foot on the step of his car. "We'll talk it over this evening, I've got to go to a palaver now."

"Can we come too?" Miss le Joy asked.

A sun helmet hid the star's yellow hair, but the jodhpurs she was wearing showed her legs. Dorkin said: "Certainly, come in my car both of you."

As they neared the place where the chiefs were assembled, natives raced alongside Dorkin's car, brandishing weapons and shouting at him.

"What are they doing that for?" Schloss asked a little nervously.

Dorkin smiled. "It is just the African way of greeting someone of importance. That one over there keeps shouting 'Hail! Mighty Lion'." He stopped the car. "If you'll stand on that hillock you'll be able to see everything."

Leaving Schloss and Miss le Joy on the hillock Dorkin advanced to a chair placed near a big Union Jack. The sub-chiefs stood in a semi-circle facing him; each chief had an umbrella the size of a beach tent and a number of attendants. The Naga Longa occupied a place in the centre of the half circle, sheltered by an umbrella twice the size of anybody else's.

Max Schloss's trained eye took in the tableau of the white man facing the half circle of native chiefs.

"That guy goes for something out here,' he said in an undertone.

"He's the whole works," Miss le Joy agreed.

Schloss scratched the back of his fat neck. Before he could start making a picture he would have to get the Provincial Commissioner on his side. He judged this wasn't going to be easy, for he knew well enough Dorkin had not forgotten the way he had been treated in London. It was more than likely Dorkin would give him the run-around. What he had to do was figure a way out.

The great man looked at Miss le Joy; she was a pretty girl and a good artist, but she looked like hell in a sun helmet. He'd have to leave things to the evening and see what happened then.

The palaver lasted three hours. Mr. Schloss became fidgety as time passed; he was unused to being kept waiting, but comforted himself with the thought that natives were all addicted to argument and that the Provincial Commissioner might be having some difficulty in arranging for the camera work for *King of Africa*. He could not of course understand what was said and regretted he had not taken the trouble to see the Provincial Commissioner in England and impress upon him what he wanted.

He was not pleased with his reception; out here nobody seemed to realise that a leading film producer ranked pretty high. When at length the palaver ended, Arthur Dorkin rejoined his visitors.

"What's the news?" Schloss asked.

"The usual stuff, fixing boundaries, finding out why taxes haven't been paid, and so on," Dorkin said aimiably.

"How about the picture; will His Nibs work for us?"

The Provincial Commissioner looked puzzled for a moment. "Oh! Your film; I haven't discussed that yet."

Mr. Schloss swallowed hard: "Do you mean to say you have been sitting talking to those niggers for three hours and you haven't fixed a time for my camera men to start work?"

"I was holding a palaver," Dorkin said more stiffly.

Schloss failed to take warning from the look in the Provincial Commissioner's eye: "I know you were holding a palaver, but I'm out here to make a picture."

"So you told me."

"Well are those apes going to do their stuff or aren't they?"

"If you mean is the Naga Longa going to allow you to take pictures of himself and his court, I should say the answer is very doubtful."

Schloss was about to explode, but the look in Dorkin's eye quelled him.

"Come up to the rest house and have a drink," Dorkin said. "Have you brought a chop box?"

"What's that?"

"Your lunch."

"Why no, I don't believe we have." Mr. Schloss looked from his director to Miss le Joy, who both shook their heads.

"Never mind, I can fix you up for to-day; get your party on board and follow my car."

The drive through the native village to the Government Rest House was the cause of further acclamations from the natives, who fired off Dane guns and danced in front of the Provincial Commissioner's car the whole way along

(*Continued on page* 110)

For this Radiation Ltd. make no APOLOGY

Since the "Regulo" oven heat-control was first introduced as an exclusive standard fitting, the "New World" Cooker has been installed in millions of homes throughout the world. A record of achievement that is unequalled anywhere.

But what is perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to the efficiency of the "Regulo," and the excellent cooking of all kinds of food which it ensures, is the fact that the "New World" Cooker is regularly shewn at the showrooms of all the Gas undertakings throughout the country. The "Regulo" is still exclusive to the "New World" Cooker; and can be easily distinguished by the triangular opening in which the cooking numbers appear. No other form of oven heat-control is a "Regulo" unless it has this distinctive triangle on the number shield. Radiation Ltd. were the *first* to instal an automatic oven heat-control—the "Regulo"—as a standard fitting. *First* to fit a single oven burner. *First* to equip a cooker with a direct-bottom-flue-outlet–vital steps to better cooking. Your Gas Company will be pleased to explain to you the functions of the "Regulo," and the many unique features of the "New World" Cooker. Make sure that you see the "New World" Cooker . . . Ask for it by name.

Regd.
7
REGULO

NEW WORLD

REGULO–*Controlled Porcelain Enamelled*
GAS COOKERS

THE "NEW WORLD" GAS COOKERS ARE MADE ONLY BY

Radiation

RADIATION LTD.

Leichner
HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER
Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2.

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of hair? Or feel your best?
Consult Helen Lawrence
and get expert advice for your superfluous hair,
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 13/-
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10/6
Postage abroad 2/6
'Phone Western 4518
Hours 10 to 5
Sat.: 10 to 1
81, EARL'S COURT ROAD, Kensington, LONDON, W.8

MRS. SHACKLETON
has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies' waited on. Only Address—
122 Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames
Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

the route. Miss le Joy, who was used to being mobbed, thought the reception was in her honour, until Schloss enlightened her. "We don't come into it," he pointed to the Union Jack on Dorkin's car.

They had a frugal lunch from the Provincial Commissioner's supplies, sharing between four persons a meal that had been packed for one. When they came out on to the veranda afterwards Schloss noticed a cow and a goat tied to posts on the right-hand side of the house; on the left-hand side half a dozen yams had been laid in a neat row. He inquired about the animals.

"They are a present to me from the Naga Longa; when a white man visits the territory of a native chief he is always sent a gift," Dorkin explained. "That is your dash," he pointed to the yams.

"They've given you a cow," Schloss said, looking at the six overgrown native potatoes that were his portion.

"They give presents according to rank," Dorkin said; he looked at his watch. "If you are going to get back to Kimpo to-night you ought to be starting."

Schloss wanted to stay where he was and have the cameramen and technicians join him, but the Provincial Commissioner's suggestion, pleasantly made, was a veiled order.

"All right Mr. Dorkin, then you'll be letting me know when we can start," Schloss said, speaking quite humbly.

"I'll see what I can do, but I'm afraid I can't promise very much," Arthur Dorkin said; his manner was most discouraging.

During the drive back to Kimpo, Max Schloss was unusually silent. That evening Miss le Joy said to the director of the picture: "In all the years I've known Maxie, I've never seen him flattened out like that."

A WEEK passed. By the end of this time Schloss was nearly frenzied. Permission to make a film of the Naga Longa and his people was still not forthcoming; every day the unit remained on location without working and depleted the money that had been advanced by the backers. Schloss knew he would get no more cash. *King of Africa* looked like going on the shelf.

To complete Mr. Schloss's dilemma he had harried the Provincial Commissioner to such an extent that he could no longer get access to his office. When he presented himself he was interviewed by the Assistant D.C., who told the film magnate patiently and repeatedly that nothing further could be done until a reply came from Accra. "Our difficulty is that we can't sanction anything that might unsettle the relations between ourselves and a native ruler," the Assistant D.C. explained.

"It wouldn't unsettle him," Schloss said; he was nearly in tears from vexation. "Can I see Mr. Dorkin to-day; I'll explain everything; I'll show him our shooting script."

"I'm afraid Mr. Dorkin would not have time to look at your script to-day; he is very busy just now with his annual report."

Schloss returned to the quarters of the unit and called a conference.

"We can't go on like this," he said.

"What's the hitch," Miss le Joy asked; she was drawing her salary but had no means of spending it, which made her fretful.

"They won't stand for anything that sets the blacks over the whites," Schloss said.

The director, a young sardonic faced man, looked out at the red earth road for a moment then said: "There is only one thing to do; we must get another story."

"What d'ye mean?" Schloss asked sharply.

"Cut out the Longa-Bonga as there's a hoo-doo on him."

"He is the story."

"No, this is the story." The director threw back his head, looked rhapsodically at a lizard on the roof, and gave forth.

Schloss listened, doubtfully at first, then with interest, finally he slapped his thigh: "That's great," he exclaimed, "and he wouldn't need make-up for technicolour."

THAT evening after the Government offices were closed Schloss went up to the Provincial Commissioner's house. He sent in his name and was requested to wait until Mr. Dorkin had finished dinner.

"What can I do for you Mr. Schloss?" Arthur Dorkin asked, coming into the sitting-room half an hour later.

Schloss took a cigar from his vest pocket and offered it. "You'll find that better than those cheroots of yours."

"I like cheroots," Dorkin said, lighting one; "by the way I've sent that case of champagne you were good enough to present to me over to the hospital; they'll be glad of it."

Schloss grinned ingratiatingly. "Now look here Mr. Dorkin you and I ought to get together instead of staying apart."

"I'm afraid I don't see any way in which we can co-operate." Dorkin's manner was chilly

"I'll tell you," Schloss sat down and lit one of his own cigars. For the next half-hour he poured out a torrent of the descriptive matter at which he was adept when trying to persuade financiers to back him.

Dorkin's interest was gradually aroused

"It will be the greatest film ever made Mr. Dorkin. Apart from box office, think of the propaganda value!

"The idea certainly has possibilities," Dorkin agreed. "I should have to get permission from Accra."

"They'll give it," Schloss said confidently "Why a film like this ought to have been made years ago and shown in every corner of the British Empire."

"I'm inclined to agree with you." Dorkin walked over to the sideboard: "Will you have a whisky and soda?"

"Thanks." Schloss rubbed his hands. "Now when do we start?"

"I'll telegraph to Government House to-morrow. Just a few scenes showing a typical day in the life of a Provincial Commissioner you said?"

"That's right."

Forty-eight hours later the cameramen were at work. They took shots of Arthur Dorkin leaving his house, signing papers in his office, granting interviews, being received by the inhabitants of a native village, going on trek, holding palaver surrounded by a semi-circle of chiefs, talking to the Naga Longa, receiving the recognised present of a cow and a sheep. To wind up he was shown lying on a camp bed, enjoying an attack of malaria. It took a bit of persuading to get him

Miss le Joy, to her fury, was left out of all the sequences, except the last in which she was shown in shorts and shirt, bending over the fever stricken white man. Schloss tried to pacify her by saying that it was a picture made about men for men.

"You've made him the star," Miss le Joy said.

"You'll come into it," Schloss promised.

When he got back to England, Max Schloss had the shots he had taken shown in the projection room, summoned his script writers, and told them to fit a story. The result was the film entitled: *Where White Man Rules*.

Miss le Joy was not pleased because the love interest was infinitesimal. Arthur Dorkin did not see the film because by the time he got leave again it was last year's news. The man who did reap full advantage from the enterprise was Maximilian Schloss. At the première he stood in the foyer of the theatre receiving the congratulations of everybody

There was no doubt that the story of a lone white man controlling 20,000 square miles of African hinterland had gripped The critics were delighted with the unknown star who played the part of the Provincial Commissioner. His dignity with the natives, his firm handling of refractory white traders; above all the quiet way in which he showed himself to be a man in authority, received rich praise.

"He is so natural," an admirer of the film said to Schloss.

"I'll say he is," Schloss agreed. "You ought to go out there and meet some of those guys; they're great." He turned aside to his secretary who was holding out a visiting card; "I can't see anybody now, I'm busy; tell him to come to the office to-morrow at nine o'clock."

END

"The Aristocrat of the Radio World"

Pride of Possession

R.G.D. All-Wave Receivers and Automatic Radio Gramophones are supreme in their sphere by virtue of advanced design and the subordination of cost to efficiency.

They are the instruments for those who insist on the best that money can provide: for those who appreciate the highest fidelity reproduction of radio and gramophone records it is possible to obtain. They are the instruments for those who appreciate fine cabinet-work.

To quote the WIRELESS WORLD—"R.G.D. are representative of the best that the Radio Industry of this country has to offer."

The range is extensive—you will find an instrument best suited to your particular needs. Two fine radio gramophones are here illustrated.

Model 878 shown on left is priced at eighty guineas and Model 535 shown below is thirty-five guineas.

Send postcard for complete catalogue which gives full specifications.

RADIO GRAMOPHONE
DEVELOPMENT CO. LTD.
Globe Works, Birmingham 6
London: 40 Doughty Street, W.C.1
Manchester: 17 Bridge Street

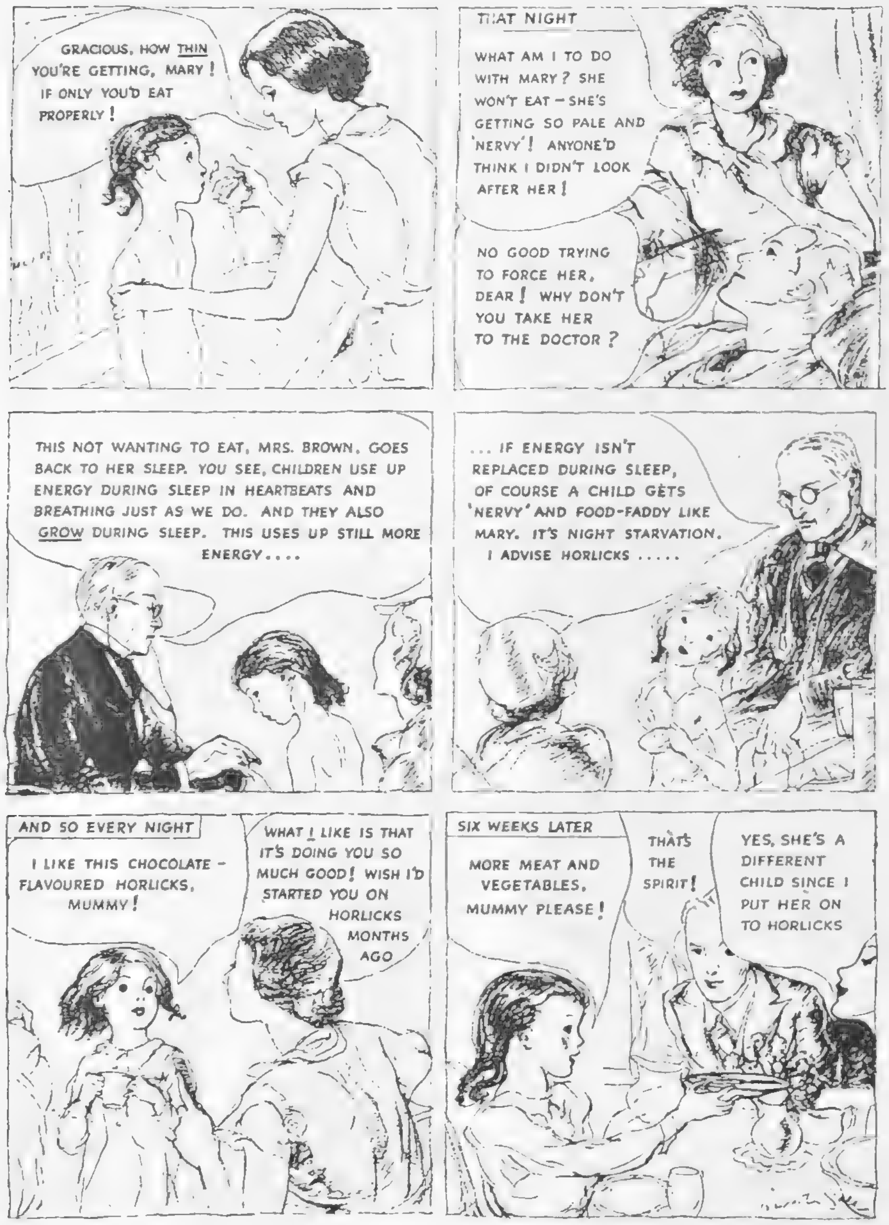
R.G.D

ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS & RADIO GRAMOPHONES

Holdens

MARY WOULDN'T EAT

Mary was pale, 'nervy,' and wouldn't eat properly, until the doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep.


GRACIOUS, HOW THIN YOU'RE GETTING, MARY! IF ONLY YOU'D EAT PROPERLY!
THAT NIGHT
WHAT AM I TO DO WITH MARY? SHE WON'T EAT – SHE'S GETTING SO PALE AND 'NERVY'! ANYONE'D THINK I DIDN'T LOOK AFTER HER!
NO GOOD TRYING TO FORCE HER, DEAR! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER TO THE DOCTOR?
THIS NOT WANTING TO EAT, MRS. BROWN, GOES BACK TO HER SLEEP. YOU SEE, CHILDREN USE UP ENERGY DURING SLEEP IN HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING JUST AS WE DO. AND THEY ALSO GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP STILL MORE ENERGY....
... IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP, OF COURSE A CHILD GETS 'NERVY' AND FOOD-FADDY LIKE MARY. IT'S NIGHT STARVATION. I ADVISE HORLICKS .....
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
I LIKE THIS CHOCOLATE - FLAVOURED HORLICKS, MUMMY!
WHAT I LIKE IS THAT IT'S DOING YOU SO MUCH GOOD! WISH I'D STARTED YOU ON HORLICKS MONTHS AGO
SIX WEEKS LATER
MORE MEAT AND VEGETABLES, MUMMY PLEASE!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
YES, SHE'S A DIFFERENT CHILD SINCE I PUT HER ON TO HORLICKS

When making Horlicks, be sure you always use the mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

Health

(*Continued from page* 54)

bowl, then stir in the potato, without breaking the dice. Lid and leave standing for two hours, stir again with a little brown sugar and a hint of salt, just to bind the tastes of the mixture together. At least half a pound, per person, should be eaten.

Cheese wafers. Wafers on which cheese has been grated, placed for a minute in the oven.

Thursday

TOMATO JUICE.

Steamed fish.

Salsify. Steam till *soft*, strain off and drink water. Cover with white sauce and bake in a pie dish for ten minutes under grill. (*Salsify strengthens the kidneys.*)

Prunes with cream. The prunes must have been soaked overnight and simmered in their soaking water with a stick of cinnamon. (*Prepared this way they clear catarrh from the intestines.*)

Friday

YERBA MATÉ TEA.

Half-pound carrots, either hot or grated raw, half-pound spinach. Spinach should not be cooked with butter. For preference it should be steamed between two enamel plates, and eaten without straining off the water it makes. (*It is a blood-purifier, and taken with carrot, is the best cure for anæmia.*)

Pineapple—fresh and raw, or fresh and baked in melted sugar syrup—with cream. (*Stimulates the entire digestive track.*)

Saturday

DANDELION BREW.

Fresh salmon. Steamed or baked, wrapped in butter paper.

Cucumber, lettuce, tomatoes, with olive oil dressing.

Stewed dried Californian peaches and cream. The large dried Californian peaches, in this case, are the best you can take, because they contain a quantity of tannic acid, not to be obtained in such a useful form from other peaches.

On Sunday, you can go on to roast beef or lamb, but have it with braised onions. These should be cooked in as little fat as is reasonably possible.

Monday, you can return to your ordinary way of living, except that it will be wisest to keep to a preponderance of vegetables, as by doing that you will pitch your health to constant vigour instead of suffering from inertia during your body's spring-clean.

Milk can be taken to advantage, up to a quart a day; and, as wakefulness and restlessness at night are symptomatic of spring, you could not do better than have a long drink of Horlicks malted milk each night before going to bed, if you wish to ensure sound sleep.

Beauty

(*Continued from page* 55)

and pedicure, takes two and a half hours, and works out far more economically than running around from place to place; the hairdressers in the salon are skilful.

Well in this patio one is miles away from life as usually lived, in an enchanted world. All of which is very, very good.

Before I dissolve into dreams remembering it, there is another point. A woman who suffered from a greasy skin was being supplied with preparations to use in home-treatment. "But this jar is so small," she exclaimed, "I shall finish it in a fortnight."

"Your skin will be right by then," said Jane Seymour. "That is all you need."

Now, we have all been to places where they hurl large supplies of everything at you. I was struck by this common sense and consideration.

Make-up—oh yes—of every kind, depending on your personality. You will like the surface they put on you. You will go out looking like Spring 1938, and on the path to improvement. As this has all been for women who will be able to visit the salon, and have the expert eye go over them, will those who are unable to do this send their beauty problems to us, for Jane Seymour's consideration? And when you come to London, go and visit her.

Pay to the Shadow

(*Continued from page 51*)

emptied. After rejecting half a dozen laboriously tortuous plans, the way to remove Dyson had been presented as the simplest of the lot. All it needed was nerve and quick thinking. Trent had no reason to believe he was short in either respect.

Ten o'clock to the dot every Wednesday night, the A.C.'s Daimler picked him up at his club in Piccadilly, carried him to his old-fashioned Georgian house along the Wimbledon road.

Trent waited in the bushes half a dozen yards from Dyson's massive front door. He remembered with an acute pang the many times he had been a visitor here, with Coralie waiting for him.

The hum of a car along the road brought a keyed up expectancy to him. He eased the flat Colt automatic from his pocket, stepped back a pace deeper into the shelter of a bush as the flare of the Daimler's headlights flung a yellow ribbon along the drive. On the balls of his feet, tense as a panther waiting for a fat young buck to pass beneath his perch, Trent waited while the gleaming bonnet of the car eased to a stop not three yards from him.

The engine died away. The chauffeur's polished boots crunched on the gravel as he jumped out to open the rear door for Sir William.

Trent jumped the intervening space with a tigerish leap that gave the other men no chance. Caught on the base of the skull with the gun butt, the chauffeur slumped to the ground, navy uniform patterning with orange as he rolled over on the gravel.

The A.C.'s mouth with its fringe of dark, military moustache circled to amazement as Trent's masked face loomed over him. Before Dyson could loose the croak of alarm that lodged in his throat, the gun had chopped down once more, smashed his senses down a landslide of sound into blackness.

Trent rolled the chauffeur out of sight under the bushes, bundled Sir William back into the car, lashed his wrists with rope from his pockets. The whole thing occupied less than a minute.

A minute later the Daimler was roaring along the high road, the Assistant Commissioner of Police slumped unconscious on the floor at the back.

Thursday morning saw Trent early astir. Perhaps it was because he had not been to bed at all, though Batten found him spruce enough, turning over the leaves of a morning paper.

"Morning, skipper," Batten greeted cheerfully. He halted, stared over Trent's shoulder at the black splash of headlines.

Trent smiled but made no answer. He read every line of half a front page devoted to the latest crime attributed to the Shadow, laughed grimly at the half-hysterical demands made by the outraged Press for the instant suppression of a public menace.

His teeth gleamed white for an instant as he tossed the news-sheet onto the couch, pushed his chair close to the breakfast table.

"Coffee, skipper. Piping hot." Batten's round head turned impatiently as the door-bell zizzed. "S'early bird."

Coralie Dyson pushed past the ex-sailor without a glance for him. Batten nodded discreetly, tiptoed to the kitchen with a last curious glance at the pallid faced man in knife-edged striped trousers, carrying a cane and yellow gloves.

Coralie did not wait for her husband, but ran to Trent, laid cold hands on his sleeve.

"Gil, what have you done with father? You've got to tell me. Where is he?"

Trent suppressed the spasm of longing that rose unbidden in him as her agitated face came close to his. Assuming a casual air that Coralie was too perturbed, and her husband too patently bored, to penetrate, Trent shrugged his shoulders.

"Why ask me? The Shadow's the man to ask. He's taken your father away."

"I can't believe it . . . oh, I don't know what to think."

Coralie pulled away from him, distress lining her pale face. (*Continued on page* 114)

JUST A
game
TO HER
yet *Spring Cleaning* could be fun for *you* too

IF YOU SEE THE HOOVER MAN NOW

IF turning-out day goes on bringing its trials — see the Hoover man now. The man who can show you in only five minutes how to end those wearisome, thankless tasks, at last — all for only 10/- down and 4d. a day. Give up the drudgery. Monotonous work never made anyone young.

The Hoover man brings you hours more leisure . . . time to play a part in a life that isn't all work and worry. He will show you a Hoover in your own home, on your own carpets, under the conditions you will use it yourself. See it, handle it, judge it yourself — before Spring Cleaning. Post off the coupon today.

Don't be one of those women who say too late: "I wish I'd seen the Hoover man first."

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS . . . *as it Sweeps . . . as it Cleans*

COUPON

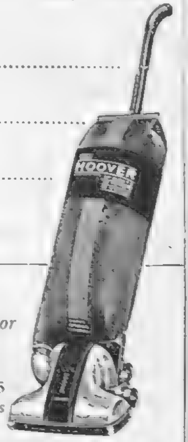
To Hoover Ltd., Dept. B.E.2, *Perivale, Greenford, Mddlx. Please send me without obligation your booklet describing all Hoover Cleaners*

Name..................................

Address..................................

....

....



The
HOOVER *Junior*
10/- *down*
Cash Price £10.15
Cleaning Tools £2.2.6

YOUR OLD CLEANER TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE

'Look Madam! HOW CLEAR PHOENIX is!'

LOOK FOR THE PHOENIX MARK ON EVERY DISH

Cook and Serve in Phoenix as much as you like — it keeps clear always

It is clear when you buy it and, no matter how much you use it, it remains as crystal clear as the day it was bought. Phoenix dishes are economical to buy because they serve so many different purposes; in many cases you get three dishes for the price of one, the complete dish with the lid and base forming dishes which may be used separately.

Phoenix glassware is made in a variety of attractive shapes and sizes, is moderately priced and is guaranteed for 12 months against oven breakage.

PHOENIX

REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAREST GLASS OVEN-WARE

'That's what you want Madam!'

Write for attractive Recipe Book covering the whole art of cookery in glass and the serving of food straight from oven to table: The British Heat Resisting Glass Ltd., Lodge Road, Birmingham.

Trent's eyes narrowed as he looked at the banker's thin-lipped face, the disgust plain in his eyes. Benson made no move to comfort Coralie, but gazed boredly out of the window, while she stood by the fire, shivering with nerves.

"Father's chauffeur was found late last night, unconscious in the shrubbery. You know as well as I do the Shadow always kills. He never holds his hand: he strikes like the snake he is. He would simply have killed father, not gone to the trouble of taking him away."

The bank manager stripped his yellow gloves through his fingers, glanced with an affectation of good humour at Trent.

"She's worked up; you'll have to excuse her outburst."

"Perhaps the Shadow's holding him, hoping to get the money after all," Trent put in, finding Coralie's stare too penetrating for his peace of mind. He broke the tension by pouring a cup of coffee for her. She drained it in nervous gulps, put the cup back on its saucer with a tell tale rattle that brought a momentary whiteness round Trent's carefully controlled mouth. He could have struck the sneer from Benson's face.

"Gil!" Coralie's fingers dug into the sleeve of his dressing-gown, raised a strained face to his. "Where is father? I'll do anything for you, so long as you bring him back."

Her husband pulled her away roughly. "Come along, Coralie, stop making a fool of yourself. Trent knows as much about your father's disappearance as I do. The Shadow's got him, and you might as well own up to it."

Trent felt a vein begin to throb on his forehead at the way Benson forced Coralie towards the door. Without another word she went from the room, shoulders drooping.

A new line etched itself into Trent's face as he watched from the window Coralie and her husband get into the sleek car that had brought them. The line deepened when Batten handed him the letter he had been expecting.

The grey card it contained held a single line of violet ink

"*Good work, Trent. To-night, same place, same time.*

The Shadow."

AS he waited for the Shadow's car at the appointed spot, Trent felt as if a tight band had been drawn round his chest. Perspiration was damp on his forehead. With something of relief he heard the rising engine drone of a car coming along the road from London.

"Put this mask on, Trent, and get in."

Muffled by the same heat engendering baize hood he had worn for his first visit, Trent felt the car speed through the night.

Now he was embarked on the last stage, he felt easier; his nerves were fully under control, though he felt an understandable longing for a cigarette.

As he waited once more in the tiny antechamber, with a locked door in front and behind, Trent felt a thrill of expectancy pass through him. His face as he obeyed the command to enter was lined with taut, controlled muscles.

He saw in a glance the hooded figures were again assembled round the table. Six all told, including the Shadow at the top. A bottle of whisky and a single glass stood near the Shadow's elbow. Trent found himself slightly surprised at the minuteness of the impressions crowding in on him in the moments he waited at the foot of the table.

"You did good work, Trent," began the Shadow. "I'd just like to know what you've done with Dyson. I don't want to run any risk of him coming back to trouble me again."

"He'll trouble you the hell of a lot, Shadow. Put up your hands!"

The light from the frosted bulb overhead winked back from the dull-polished automatic in Trent's rock steady hand. His eyes flashed round the long table as not a single form stirred.

"Put up your hands, the lot of you. If

you make any other move I'll drill you. I've got you right where I want you now."

Trent fell a prickle of apprehension run through him as still not a man made a move. He felt chilled, disturbed at the silence. With a muttered oath, he sprang forward, whipped the long hood from the foremost figure. His throat went dry as a faceless dummy toppled slowly to the ground.

Like every other form there, it was a hooded dummy, that had been propped in lifelike attitude in a chair.

Concealed behind the figure was a loudspeaker grille. Trent cursed softly as the deception dawned on him. The Shadow was a one man job after all. This mumbo-jumbery was nothing but his protection against discovery by the other crooks he had been forced to use from time to time.

With a pantherish spring Trent ran to the door, tried to move it. Three inch oak, it resisted his efforts, left him panting, damp with perspiration.

"You fool, Trent." The Shadow's voice came again, nerve wracking in its coldly measured tones. "I thought this might be a trap. I've always suspected traps. Too many people would like to get the Shadow, for me to risk the slightest danger. In another minute I'm going to fill that cellar with poison gas; not enough to kill you, just to send you to sleep.

"And when you wake up, you're going to tell me what you've done with Dyson. You've got him hidden away somewhere, I suppose, but I'll get my hands on him yet, the swine, if I have to roast the soles off your feet to do it. The Shadow's never lost a trick yet."

Trent felt himself trembling. From somewhere in the now darkened cellar, he heard a gentle hissing. It was the gas loosed by the Shadow. Trent stumbled, felt the table rock against him, the bottle slither to the floor.

It knocked against his shin, rolled across the trampled earth.

Dim recollection of something he had read in a book flashed across Trent's memory. A respirator made from a bottle. The wild leap of hope surging through him brought a shake to his hands. Already he felt the gas seeping into his lungs. Gritting his teeth, he groped in the darkness for the bottle, knocked out its bottom against the brick wall.

He cut himself as he stuffed it with the damp earth, but let the blood flow unheeded. It took less than a minute to make the crude thing. Tying his handkerchief tightly round his nostrils, he put the neck of the bottle in his mouth, began to suck in air through the packed earth.

He felt deathly sick. Some of the gas must inevitably have passed through his simple mask; but he kept his senses. That was the one sane thing that hammered at him.

Prone on the floor, the bottle hidden by the crook of his arm, he waited in an agony of suspense. His brain began to reel. His eyes, tight closed as they were, flooded with stinging tears. He knew he could not hold out much longer.

It seemed incredible that he found himself still conscious. The hissing had stopped. For an age-long time, Trent waited in the darkness. He realized the Shadow must be waiting for the air to clear, before coming in. Trent could have yelled aloud with the cramp in his muscles, but he dared not stir. The one thing essential for his escape was for the Shadow to think him unconscious.

A wild leap of blood went through Trent as he glimpsed the light come on again. Tensing himself, he waited for the door to open. A vague form loomed above him. Trent had a dim vision of the Shadow's long coat and masked face, then he unloosed his pent up energy in a spring that bore the Shadow back.

Trent felt something cold and steely smash against his face. The Shadow was armed. Just in time Trent wrapped his fingers round the man's wrist, forced the arm upwards. A bullet zipped against the ceiling, crack of the explosion ringing out like a cannon.

Trent found his strength giving out! Some of the gas must have found its way into his lungs, weakened (Continued on page 116)

ageing skin *to*

radiant complexion..

with this simple home treatment

She was in the thirties, but looked years older. Crêpy skin, tell-tale lines and wrinkles gave her that aged appearance. Like most of us, she has had her share of nerve-strain, worry, fatigue—experiences which hasten the normal slowing-up of the endocrine gland processes consistent with the passing of the years.

Now she has a radiant complexion through using VITORMONE Cream, the genuine rejuvenator which Dr. Debat, the world-famous skin specialist, has recently perfected.

It's quite simple to use

Before retiring, cleanse the face and neck with Innoxa Complexion Milk; then apply Vitormone Cream, which penetrates to the underlying tissues and muscles, stimulating the cells to their normal activity of self-renewal.

In the morning cleanse with Complexion Milk, use the Vitormone Cream as a powder foundation, and complete a perfect grooming with Innoxa Ruby Cream, Powder, Lipstick.

That is all, and day by day you will watch youth return—you will keep age at bay—you will have a radiant complexion.

You can get Vitormone Cream, price 15/-, from all high-class shops, or from *Madam*, Innoxa Salon, 38 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Regent 3306.

..thanks to

Innoxa

NATURAL LOVELINESS

AY/B7900

him. He felt limp, bathed in sweat. With a snarl of fury the Shadow tore his gun-hand free, brought it bearing round on Trent's chest.

Only a herculean twist took Trent out of danger, though he could not break wholly free from the tentacle arm wrapped round his waist. Again that deadly muzzle bore at him. Gasping, he drove his fist at the hand holding it.

The second explosion rocked Trent. He felt the Shadow crumple against him, then slither to the floor. In the instant of discharge, the gun had been smashed against himself.

Propped against the table, head swimming, Trent saw a wet patch spread across the black hood. His throat went dry as he dropped to his knees.

A cry of panic from the open doorway brought his head up. It swayed drunkenly on his shoulders as he recognised Coralie Dyson, her hands pressed over her mouth.

"Gil!"

She stared in horror at his face, a mask of dirt and perspiration. A little unsteadily he got to his feet, put out a hand to support her.

"Better come out with me, Coralie." The kindness of his tone brought a startled look to her eyes. Shakily, she restrained him.

"No, I've got to know who this . . . this is." She pointed to the inert figure on the floor. The earth near the head was slowly darkening.

Trent stooped, raised the black hood. Despite the blood oozing from the death-wound in the left eye, he recognised the man at once.

A snarl of baffled fury still lingered on Dean Benson's cold face. Coralie shuddered, went limp in Trent's arms.

Later, she stood against the mantelpiece in the living-room of the house above, while Trent mixed a drink for them both. Against the electric fire glowing in the imitation logs, Coralie looked strained but very beautiful. It was as if something had been hanging over her, and had been lifted away. Trent let her rest in his arms as he sank back on the couch.

"Can it really be true, then, that you're not a criminal? You're a detective?"

Trent sipped his whisky, nodded. "It was the only way to trap the Shadow. I brought my plan to your father a year ago, that was how I came to meet you in the first place We agreed the only way was for a detective to work his way into the Shadow's confidence. So it was that, while my being a detective was kept secret, I was brought up on a charge made out by your father, and sent to jail for a year.

"As it turned out, my plan worked. I knew the Shadow used men who had been to prison; and he used me. I was to kill your father for £1,000. I kidnapped him, not even letting your father know what I was doing. You see, Coralie, secrecy was essential; we didn't know who the Shadow was, and we couldn't risk any hint of our plans leaking out. Only your father knew what I hoped to do, and now," he spread his hands, "you see how successful our plans have been."

Coralie shuddered. "I'm glad. It's useless to pretend otherwise. I think Dean Benson must have been insane. I felt so bitter against you a year ago I easily yielded to Benson, but life with him was a torture.

"I thought he was carrying on with other women, when he was away from home such a lot. That's why I came down here to-night, hoping to see enough to furnish cause for a divorce. He'd always been so insistent for me not to come down to our country house unless I told him beforehand, that I thought it was here he brought his women.

"And then, I heard a shot from the cellar. When I got down, I found. . . ."

Trent's hand closed on hers, warmly comforting. "Benson was a homicidal maniac, who killed for the sense of power it gave him. Now forget all about him. There's your father still cooped up in a cobwebby house miles from anywhere. He'll have guessed the reason for it now, of course, but he'll be cursing the cobwebs just the same."

They stood up, Coralie close held in Trent's arms. "And after everything has died down, Coralie, we'll take a holiday and get married, if you can stand an ex-jailbird for a husband."

END

Good Morning Radiance by IRIUM

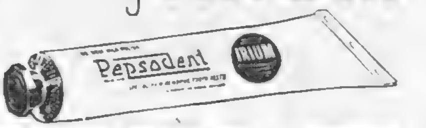
(you get it only in Pepsodent!)

GET a radiant good morning smile from your mirror! Millions do! They've said goodbye to dull, dingy teeth in one word—IRIUM! The IRIUM in Pepsodent has thrilled them—taught them how dazzling white teeth really can be! And in a way that's so *utterly safe!* Without danger to that precious tooth enamel which *never* grows again when once it wears away.

WHAT IS IRIUM? Irium — exclusive to Pepsodent — is a mineral compound which research has shown can dissolve that unpleasant greasy coating on teeth better than the soap that's usually to be found in toothpastes—and without soap's alkaline drawbacks. That means it is far more efficient in removing unsightly film from teeth. In combination with Pepsodent's safe, non-scratching polishing agent, it makes teeth *brighter than ever before!*

PEPSODENT containing IRIUM

GRITLESS, SOAPLESS, CHALKLESS—
SAFE, THOROUGH and so REFRESHING!
6d, 1/- and 1/9 a tube
From your chemist or stores



PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS IRIUM

94-F-B

HEAT THE Water
NOT THE KETTLE

A specially designed Immersion Heater which is actually immersed in the water provides the extremely high efficient boiling speed of the "SWAN BRAND" Electric Kettle. All "SWAN BRAND" electrical appliances are guaranteed two years. If you cannot obtain locally, write to us for names of nearest stockists and descriptive literature.

BULPITT & SONS, Dept. 6, Camden St., Birmingham, 1

SWAN BRAND
TRADE MARK
BRITISH MADE

such an easy name to remember . . . and so reliable too! . . .

MURRAY-WATSON

Hard News

(*Continued from page* 45)

casually reminded him of past acts of generosity. He held his own counsel. Even the Swede got wind of what was going and left home to visit the hotel.

"Schombol," he said, "I think you have some good news, no?"

"Me?" said Shumble. "Wish I had."

"But forgive me, please; everyone say you have some good news. Now I have to telegraph to my newspapers in Scandinavia. Will you, please, tell me what your news is."

"I don't know anything, Erik."

"What a pity. It is so long since I sent my paper any good news."

And he drove sadly away into the rain.

At a banquet given in his honour, Mr. Wenlock Jakes once modestly attributed his great success in life to the habit of "getting up earlier than the other fellow." But this was partly metaphorical, partly false and in any case wholly relative, for journalists are as a rule late risers. It was seldom that in England, in those night-refuges they called their homes, Shumble, Whelper, Pigge or Corker reached the bathroom before ten o'clock. Nor did they in Jacksonburg, for there was no bath in the Hotel Liberty; but they and their fellows had all been awake since dawn.

This was due to many causes—the racing heart, nausea, dry mouth and smarting eyes, the false hangover produced by the vacuous mountain air; to the same symptoms of genuine hangover for, with different emotions, they had been drinking deeply the evening before in the anxiety over Shumble's scoop; but more especially to the structural defects of the building.

As was expected rain came on sharp at sunrise and every bedroom had a leak somewhere in its iron ceiling. And with the rain and the drips came the rattle of Wenlock Jakes's typewriter, as he hammered away at another chapter of *Under the Ermine*. Soon the bleak passages resounded with cries of, "Boy!" "Water!" "Coffee!"

As early arrivals Shumble, Whelper and Pigge might, like the Frenchmen, have had separate rooms, but they preferred to live at close quarters and watch one anothers' movements. The cinema men had had little choice. There were two rooms left; the Contacts' and Relations' Pioneer Co-ordinating Director occupied one, the rest of the outfit had the other.

"Boy!" cried Corker, standing barefoot in a dry spot at the top of the stairs. "Boy!"

"Boy!" cried Whelper.

"Boy!" cried the Frenchmen. "It is formidable. The *types* attend to no one except the Americans and the English."

"They have been bribed. I saw Shumble giving money to one of the boys yesterday."

"We must protest."

"I have protested."

"We must protest again. We must demonstrate."

"Boy! Boy! Boy!" shouted everyone in that hotel, but nobody came.

PRESENTLY, Paleologue arrived to make his morning report to his master. He met Corker at the top of the stairs. "You got to have boy for yourself in this country," he said.

"Yes," said Corker. "It seems I ought."

"I fix him. I find you very good boy from Adventist Mission; read, write, speak English, sing hymns, everything."

"Sounds like hell to me"

"Please?"

"Oh, all right, it doesn't matter. Send him along."

In this way Paleologue was able to supply servants for all the newcomers. Later the passages were clustered with moon-faced mission-taught natives. These boys had many responsibilities. They had to report their masters' doings, morning and evening, to the secret police; they had to steal copies of their masters' cables for Wenlock Jakes; the normal wage for domestic service was a dollar a week; the journalists paid five, but Paleologue pocketed (*Continued on page* 118)

Healthy Bath Time!

★ Mother knows that a HEALTHY SKIN is baby's best shield against illness

Cuticura Soap
MEDICINAL & TOILET

A smooth, supple, spotless skin, glowing with health, is baby's most priceless possession. It is the very foundation of his well-being; providing an invulnerable armour against deadly germs and prevailing infections. That is why the choice of a truly health-promoting soap for baby is of paramount importance to *every* mother.

Tens of thousands of mothers use nothing else but Cuticura Soap because it is the *healthiest soap for baby*. It is as smooth as satin, as richly emollient and soothing as fresh dairy cream, as antiseptic as is necessary to kill germs, while soothing and comforting baby's tender skin. Minor skin troubles and irritations simply *cannot* exist after a regular cleansing and purification with Cuticura Soap. It purifies every pore, allowing them to 'breathe' and absorb the life-giving oxygen so vital to baby's vigorous development.

Keep Cuticura Brand Ointment on hand for chafing or any little skin outbreak. After baby's bath use dainty Cuticura Talcum.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura
SOAP
FOR BABY

The glamour of a youthful skin can be yours for years with Palmolive as your safeguard. For the olive oil in Palmolive keeps a complexion *naturally* fresh always. But nowadays a lovely complexion isn't enough—you must be "Schoolgirl Complexion all over." So you need Palmolive *with every bath*, and its gentle creamy lather will make your skin soft and supple from head to toe.

Let PALMOLIVE guard your beauty
-and even time can't steal it!
TAKE THE ADVICE OF 20,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS
IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT'LL KEEP A LOVELY COMPLEXION SAFE, IT'S OLIVE OIL-THAT'S WHY I SAY PALMOLIVE!
A GENEROUS AMOUNT OF OLIVE OIL GOES INTO EVERY TABLET OF PALMOLIVE
FIVE YEARS! AND YOU'RE STILL AS LOVELY AS EVER! DO YOU KEEP YOURSELF IN A GLASS CASE?
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE WILL KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY-IN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH
3d per tablet

FASHIONS HAVE ADOPTED

Beautiform Garment Line

which gives you PERFECT BALANCE, SUPPORT, UPLIFT AND CONTROL

Each garment is fitted. Try-on Without Obligation.
Evening Model in New Material.

← NOTE THIS DRAMATIC CONTRAST →

Ask to see "ZIP-IT-ON MODEL"

Breast Uplift and Reducer
Strengthens Glands and Muscles

BREAST REDUCER
Registered Design

Eliminates distress after Amputation
Special Breast Pads
Sold separately

BEAUTIFORM
Versus CORSET

Write DEPT. B
WEL. 9121

78 BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

the difference. In the meantime they formulated new and ingenious requests for cash in advance—for new clothes, funerals, weddings, fines and entirely imaginary municipal taxes: whatever they exacted, Paleologue came to know about it and levied his share.

INSIDE the bedroom it was sunless, draughty and damp; all round there was rattling and shouting and tramping and the monotonous splash and patter and gurgle of rain. Corker's clothing lay scattered about the room. Corker sat on his bed stirring condensed milk into his tea. "Time you were showing a leg, old boy," he said.

"Yes."

"If you ask me, we were all a bit tight last night."

"Yes."

"Feeling lousy?"

"Yes."

"It'll soon pass off when you get on your feet. Are my things in your way?"

"Yes."

Corker lit his pipe and a frightful stench filled the room. "Don't think much of this tobacco," he said. "Home grown. I bought it off a nigger on the way up. Care to try some?"

"No, thanks," said William, and rose queasily from his bed.

While they dressed, Corker spoke in a vein of unaccustomed pessimism. "This isn't the kind of story I'm used to," he said. "We aren't getting anywhere. We've got to work out a routine, make contacts, dig up some news sources, jolly up the locals a bit. I don't feel settled."

"Is that my toothbrush you're using?"

"Hope not. Has it got a white handle?"

"Yes."

"Then I am. Silly mistake to make—mine's green. . . . But, as I was saying, we've got to make friends in this town. Funny thing, I don't get that sense of popularity I expect." He looked at himself searchingly in the single glass. "Suffer much from dandruff?"

"Not particularly."

"I do. They say it comes from acidity. It's a nuisance. Gets all over one's collar and one has to look smart in our job. Good appearance is half the battle."

"D'you mind if I have my brushes?"

"Not a bit, old boy; just finished with them. . . . Between ourselves, that's always been Shumble's trouble—bad appearance. But, of course, a journalist is welcome everywhere, even Shumble. But I don't feel it here. I damn well feel the exact opposite. I ask myself are we known, loved and trusted, and the answer comes back, 'No, Corker, you are not.'"

They went downstairs. Mrs. Moab was in the lounge. "Good morning, madam," said Corker, "and how are you to-day?"

"I aches," said Mrs. Moab with simple dignity. "I aches terrible all round the sit-upon. It's the damp."

"The press are anxious for your opinion upon a certain question, Mrs. Moab."

"Aw, go ask somebody else. They be coming to mend that roof just as quick as they can and they can't come no quicker than that, not for the press nor nobody."

"See what I mean, old boy—not popular."

They went to the front door to call a taxi. Half a dozen were waiting in the courtyard; their drivers, completely enveloped in sodden blankets, dozed on the front seats. The hotel guard prodded one of them with the muzzle of his gun. The bundle stirred; a black face appeared, then a brilliant smile. The car lurched forward through the mud.

"The morning round," said Corker. "Where to first?"

"Why not the station to ask about the luggage?"

"Why not? *Station*," he roared at the chauffeur. "Understand—station? Puff-puff."

"All right," said the chauffeur, and drove off at breakneck speed through the rain.

"I don't believe this is the way," said William.

"I'm damn well sure it's not," said Corker. "Hi, you, *Station*, you black booby."

The coon turned round in his seat and smiled. "All right," he said.

The car swerved off the motor road and bounced perilously among the caravans. The chauffeur turned back, shouted opprobriously at a camel driver and regained the tarmac.

"Kidnapped," said Corker cheerfully. "That's what's happened to us. What a story."

But at last they came to a stop.

"This isn't the station, you baboon."

"Yes, all right."

They were at the Swedish Consulate, Surgery, Bible and Tea Shop. Olafsen came out to greet them.

"Good morning. Please to come in."

"We told this ape to drive us to the station."

"Yes, it is a custom here. When they have a white man they do not understand, they always drive him to me. Then I can explain. But please to come in. We are just to start our Sunday hymn singing."

"Sorry, old boy. Have to wait till next Sunday. We've got work to do."

"They say Schombol has some news."

"Not really?"

"No, not really. I asked him . . . but you can do no work here on Sunday. Everything is closed."

So they found. They visited a dozen barred doors and returned unsuccessful to luncheon. One native whom they questioned fled precipitately at the word "police." That was all they could learn about local reactions.

"We've got to give it up. This is going to be a day of rest for Corker," said Corker.

So the rain fell and the afternoon and evening were succeeded by another night and another morning.

WILLIAM and Corker went to the Press Bureau. Dr. Benito, the director, was away but his clerk entered their names in his ledger and gave them cards of identity.

They visited their Consulate, five miles out of town in the Legation compound. Here, too, they had to register and, in addition, buy a guinea stamp. The Vice-Consul was a young man with untidy ginger hair. When he took William's passport he stared and said, "By God, you're Beastly."

William said, "Moke."

These two had known each other at their private school. Corker was nonplussed.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm supposed to be a journalist."

"God, how funny. Come to dinner."

"Yes."

"To-night."

"Yes."

"Grand."

Outside the door Corker said, "He might have asked me too. Just the kind of contact I can do with."

They returned to luncheon and at lunch-time that day Shumble's story broke.

Telegrams in Jacksonburg were delivered irregularly and rather capriciously, for none of the messengers could read. The usual method was to wait until half a dozen had accumulated and then send a messenger to hawk them about the most probable places until they were claimed. On precisely such an errand a bowed old warrior arrived in the dining-room of the Liberty and offered William and Corker a handful of envelopes. "Righto, old boy," said Corker, "I'll take charge of these." He handed the man a tip, was kissed on the knee in return, and proceeded to glance through the bag. "One for you, one for me, one for everyone in the bunch."

William opened his. It read BADLY LEFT DISGUISED SOVIET AMBASSADOR RUSH FOLLOW VOICE. "Will you please translate?"

"Bad news, old boy. Look at mine. ECHO SPLASHING SECRET ARRIVAL RED AGENT FLASH INTERVIEW. Let's see some more."

He opened six before he was caught. All dealt with the same topic. Shumble's said WORLD SCOOP CONGRATULATIONS CONTINUE ECHO; Jakes's was the fullest: LONDON ECHO REPORTS

(*Continued on page 120*)

That's where they put their hands

but Stephenson's does not fingermark

–and Stephenson's ends 'Blue Bloom'

Choose deliberately the most handled piece of furniture in your home and try polishing it with Stephenson's. Note day after day how the brilliance lasts — safe, not only from fingermarks but also from 'Blue Bloom,' that dull misty tarnish that fogs polished wood. Stephenson's brings the beauty back and keeps you proud of your home.

In glass or stone bottles

4½D 6D 9D & 1/6

Stephenson's

FURNITURE CREAM

STEPHENSON BROS LTD BRADFORD

NOTE THE PATENTED HEEL

VARICOSE VEINS

Quickly relieved

by the world-renowned Academic Surgical Hose. Made in England with the famous "LASTEX" yarn, also rubberless. **Medically approved** as the most effective and modern treatment for all leg troubles. **Beauty of the legs restored and preserved.** Comfortable. Washable. Hygienic. Invisible under finest hose.

Sold by D. H. Evans, Army & Navy, Harrods, Selfridges, BOOTS, Lewis's (L'pool, M'chester, B'ham, Leeds), Surgical Stores, Chiropodists. Free booklet from makers—

Academic Depot: 156-158 Oxford St., London, W.1.

ACADEMIC *Surgical Hose*

CARROT JUICE

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 2, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2. mentioning **Biogold Juices.** B.E.4.

SLIM
on the famous
BREAD & BUTTER
DIET
in the National Slimming Campaign

No other diet is at once so simple, so effective and so SAFE.

Devised by Elisabeth Ann Loring, the well-known beauty specialist, in consultation with a distinguished dietitian and a qualified biologist, the Bread and Butter Diet has enabled thousands of men and women to rid themselves of unwanted weight, while at the same time increasing their energy and vitality. More and more women are daily discovering the supreme excellence of this slimming system. Even the sceptics—disillusioned after the failure of other methods—are now enthusiastic about the National Slimming Campaign.

The leading point in the diet is that Bread maintains energy and sustains the whole system while weight-reduction is in progress.

But there's more in it than that—

Write for full particulars to:
THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SLIMMING CAMPAIGN,
AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Without
Fuss or
Bother
You can
Slenderise

WHY REMAIN GREY?
FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen, years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co. (Suite 52), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

RUSSIAN ENVOY ORGANISER ARRIVED SATURDAY DISGUISED RAILWAY OFFICIAL STOP MOSCOW DENIES STOP DENY OR CONFIRM WITH DETAILS.

"D'you see now?" said Corker.

"I think so."

"It's that nasty bit of work with the beard. I knew he was going to give us trouble."

"But he *is* a railway employee. I saw him in the ticket office to-day when I went to ask about my luggage."

"Of course he is. But what good does that do us? Shumble's put the story across. Now we've got to find a red agent or boil."

"But can't we just deny it and tell the truth."

"Risky, old boy. It's the kind of thing you can do once or twice in a real emergency but it doesn't pay. They don't like printing denials. Shakes public confidence in the press. Besides it looks as if we weren't doing our job properly. It would be too easy if every time a chap got a scoop the rest of the bunch denied it. And I will hand it to Shumble, it was a pretty idea . . . the beard helped of course . . . might have thought of it myself if I hadn't been so angry."

Other journalists were now crowding round claiming their radiograms. Corker surrendered them reluctantly. He had not had time to open Pigge's. "Here you are, old boy," he said. "I've been guarding it for you. Some of these chaps might want to see inside."

"You don't say," said Pigge coldly. "Well they're welcome."

It was like all the rest. BOLSHEVIST MISSION REPORTED OVERTAKEN CONTROL RUSH FACTS.

The hunt was up. No one had time for luncheon that day. They were combing the town for Russians. Wenlock Jakes alone retained his composure. He ate in peace and then summoned Paleologue. "We're killing this story," he said. "Go round to the Press Bureau and have them issue an official *dementi* before four o'clock. See it's posted in the hotel and in the wireless station. And put it about among the boys that the story's dead." He spoke gravely, for he hated to kill a good story. So the word went round.

A notice was posted in French and English at all the chief European centres of the capital.

"*It is categorically denied that there is any Russian diplomatic representative accredited to the Republic of Independent East Africa. Nor is there any truth in the report, spread by subversive interests, that a Russian national of any description whatever arrived in Jacksonburg last Saturday. The train was occupied exclusively by representatives of the foreign press and an employee of the railway.*

GABRIEL BENITO,
Minister of Foreign Affairs and Propaganda."

The press acted in unison and Shumble's scoop died at birth. William sent his first press message from Independent East Africa. —REPORT COMPLETELY GROUNDLESS SATURDAYS ARRIVAL WELLKNOWN SWISS RESIDENT GIRAUD EMPLOYED RAILWAY RUSSIA DIPLOMATICALLY UNREPRESENTED HERE—and went out to dinner with the British Vice-Consul.

JACK BANNISTER, known at the age of ten as "Moke," inhabited a little villa in the legation compound. He and William dined alone at a candle-lit table. Two silent boys, in white liveries, waited on them. Bannister's pet—but far from tame—cheetah purred beside the log fire. There were snipe, lately brought in by the First Secretary. They drank some sherry, and some burgundy and some port, and, to celebrate William's arrival, a good deal more port. Then they settled themselves in easy chairs and drank brandy. They talked about school and the birds and beasts of Independent East Africa. Bannister showed a collection of skins and eggs.

Finally they touched on politics.

"I can't think why all you people are

coming out here," said Bannister plaintively. "You've no idea how it adds to my work. The Minister doesn't like it either. The F.O. are worrying the life out of him."

"But isn't there going to be a war?"

"Well we usually have a bit of scrapping after the rains. There's a lot of bad men in the hills. They often shoot up a few when they go out after the taxes."

"Is that all?"

"Wish we knew. There's something rather odd going on. Our information is simply that some bad men have taken to the hills. But the bad men are certainly getting money from someone and arms too I expect. What's more we aren't very happy about the President. Six months ago he was eating out of our hand. Now he's getting quite standoffish. There's a concession to a British Company to build the new coast road. It was all settled but for the signing last November. Now the Ministry of Works is jibbing and they say that the President is behind them. I can't say I like the look of things, and having all you journalists about doesn't make it any easier."

"We've been busy all day with a lunatic report about a Russian agent who had come to take charge of the Government."

"Oh," said Bannister with sudden interest. "They've got hold of that, have they? What was the story exactly?"

William told him.

"Yes they've got it pretty mixed."

"D'you mean to say there's any truth in it?"

Bannister looked diplomatic for a minute and then said, "Well I don't see any harm in your knowing. In fact from what the Minister said to me to-day I rather think he'd welcome a little publicity on the subject. There *is* a Russian here, name of Smerdyakev, from Moscow. He didn't come disguised as a ticket collector of course. But he's lying low, living with one of the ministers. He sees the President every day. We don't quite know what he's up to; whatever it is, it doesn't suit H.M.G.'s book. If you want a really interesting story I should look into him."

It was half an hour's drive, at this season, from the Legation quarter to the centre of the town. William sat in the taxi, lurching and jolting, in a state of high excitement. In the last few days he had caught something of the professional infection of Corker and his colleagues, had shared their consternation at Shumble's scoop, had rejoiced quietly when it was killed. Now *he* had something under his hat; a tip-off straight from headquarters, news of high international importance. His might be the agency which would avert or precipitate a world war; he saw his name figuring in future history books ". . . *the East African crisis of that year whose true significance was only realised and exposed through the resource of an English journalist, William Brake . . .*" Slightly dizzy with this prospect, as with the wine he had drunk and the appalling rigours of the drive, he arrived at the Liberty to find the lights out in the lounge and all his colleagues in bed.

He woke Corker, with difficulty.

"For the love of Mike. You're tight. Go to bed, old boy."

"Wake up. I've got a story."

At that electric word Corker roused himself and sat up in bed.

William told him, fully and proudly, all that he had learned at dinner. When he had finished, Corker lay back again among the crumpled pillows. "I might have known," he said bitterly.

"But don't you see? This really is news. And we've got the Legation behind us. The Minister wants it written up."

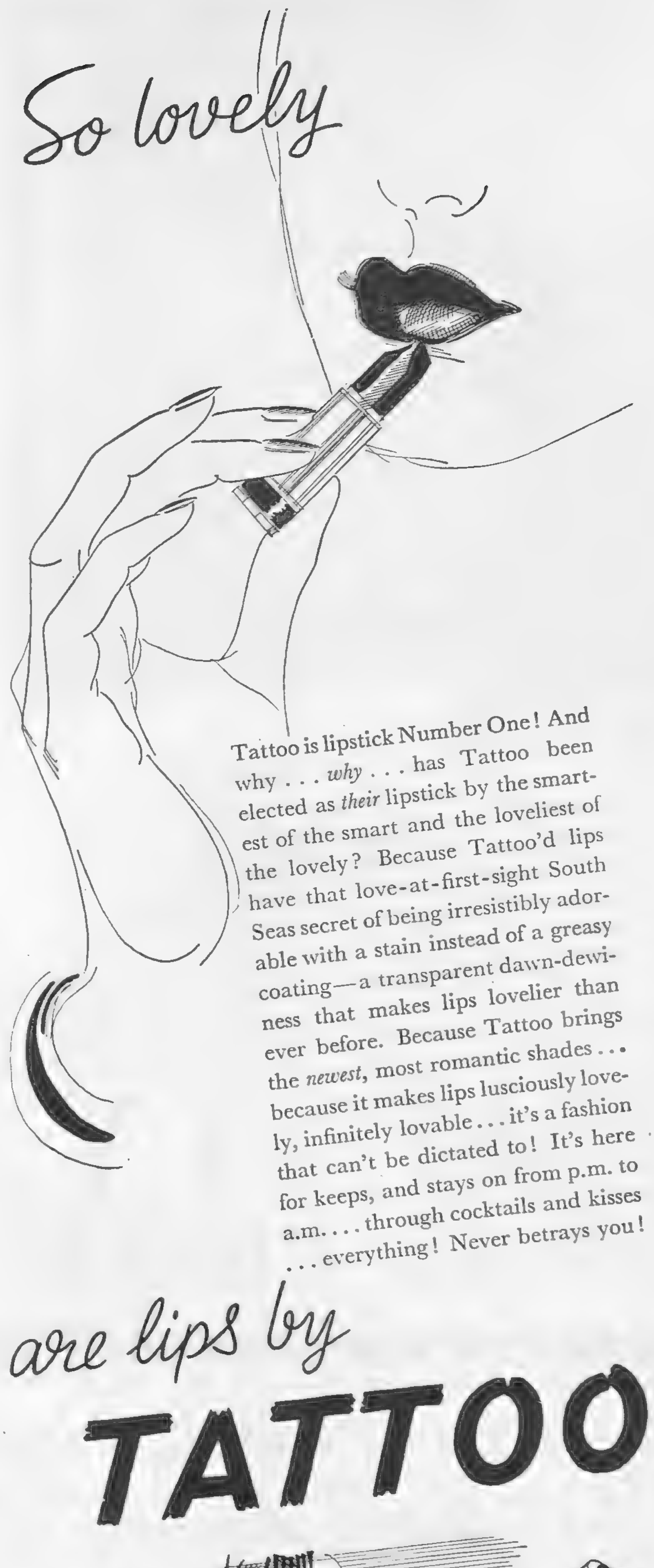
Corker turned over on his side.

"That story's dead," he remarked.

"But Shumble had it all wrong. Now we've got the truth. It may make a serious difference in Europe."

Corker spoke again with finality. "Now go to bed, there's a good chap. No one's going to print your story after the way it's been denied. Russian agents are off the menu, old boy. It's a bad break for Shumble, I grant

(*Continued on page* 122)



Tattoo is lipstick Number One! And why . . . *why* . . . has Tattoo been elected as *their* lipstick by the smartest of the smart and the loveliest of the lovely? Because Tattoo'd lips have that love-at-first-sight South Seas secret of being irresistibly adorable with a stain instead of a greasy coating—a transparent dawn-dewiness that makes lips lovelier than ever before. Because Tattoo brings the *newest*, most romantic shades . . . because it makes lips lusciously lovely, infinitely lovable . . . it's a fashion that can't be dictated to! It's here for keeps, and stays on from p.m. to a.m. . . . through cocktails and kisses . . . everything! Never betrays you!

Coral · Exotic
Natural · Pastel
Hawaiian
4/6 (refills 3/6)
Tattoo Ltd

Here is an entirely new Minty—the

MERTON MAJOR

This delightfully soft, luxuriously comfortable lounge has superb upholstery, all hair stuffed, with the new rubberised hair at the most important places. Patent suspended interlaced springing is fitted in both back and seat, which are instantly removable for cleaning and loose covers. Three lengths of seat to suit varying heights, prime seasoned birch frames to withstand rough usage, and large socket-type castors for easy moving.

CHAIR *from* £4 . 15 . 0 according to length of seat SETTEE *from* £8 . 19 . 6 according to width of seat

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY Club Chairs and patterns of Coverings.

MINTY Ltd. (Dept. 86) 44/45 High St., Oxford

London Showrooms - 123, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

Manchester Showrooms - 5, Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER

MINTY CLUB CHAIR

Patent No. 340743

71 DISPENSARIES, 9 ANIMAL HOSPITALS AND 15 CARAVAN DISPENSARIES

are devoted to the FREE treatment of poor people's sick and injured animals. More than ONE MILLION cases are being treated every year by

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY for SICK ANIMALS of the POOR, Inc.

The P.D.S.A. is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and must depend upon public generosity for its maintenance and expansion. Contributions or donations should be sent to Hon. Director, 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

you. He got on to a good thing without knowing—and the false beard was a very pretty touch. His story was better than yours all round and we killed it. Do turn out the light."

NEXT morning the boys brought tidings that a lion had escaped from its cage in the Presidential garden, and the bunch was all busy again and happy.

In London, Sir Jocelyn Brake had occasion to talk to the Editor of *The Voice*.

"By the way," he said at the end of his conversation, "my brother tells me you've packed that nephew of mine off to Africa. Much obliged to you. How's he doing?"

"Very well, very well indeed. We've put him to work with one of our best men. He's learning the ropes."

"Splendid."

END

Heat with Efficiency

(*Continued from page* 56)

The "Courtier" like the others of its kind effects astonishing economy in fuel consumption. Instances have been recorded of stoves burning continuously day and night at a cost of threepence-halfpenny for twenty-four hours.

The Cozy Stove, also illustrated, is another most excellent example of the type of economical unit that fulfills the most exacting standards of good looks, adapts itself to the uses of an open or closed slow-combustion grate whilst carrying the advantages of a water circulator as well.

Day and night this type of stove is at work, quietly, efficiently, providing hot water for domestic purposes as well as for radiators.

The Esse stove, illustrated on page 56, has a special feature of interest inasmuch as the newest models are so constructed that the hot air is drawn from the fire round the casing to the chimney. Air control is more accurate and the outward casing is attractively designed.

Steady warmth, the complete absence of fluctuating temperatures makes this type of stove very healthy in the home.

But for those who are still faithful to the open coal grate for living-rooms a central heating unit for the kitchen such as the Ideal boiler which, if you prefer, can be gas controlled with a thermostat which automatically maintains a tank full of hot water without attention, or the new Triplex slow-combustion stove which cooks superbly, provides hot baths from a forty-gallon cylinder and burns continuously, is perfection.

THE use of the right fuel is an essential factor both in the efficient operation and economical maintenance of these modern stoves.

Smokeless coal has its obvious advantages in that it is clean. PhurnoD is a smokeless coal mined in South Wales and it conforms to a type of coal which has for long been acknowledged as one of the finest in the world, both for its steaming and smokeless properties.

Different types of combustion appliances need different sizes of fuel. PhurnoD is available in various sizes to suit all types of appliances.

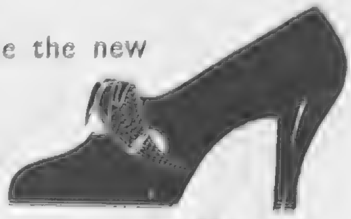
It is a clean coal from which foreign matter and excessive ash have been eliminated. Its low sulpher content obviates the risk of corrosion of boiler flues and by its high calorific value it maintains a uniform heat output over long periods with the minimum fuel consumption.

PhurnoD is specially suitable for use in slow-combustion stoves. It maintains a cheery glowing warmth day and night and will burn continuously with little attention for a few pence a day.

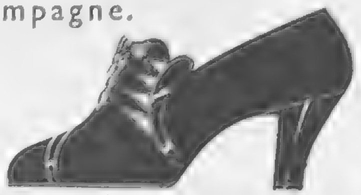
END

Walk *gracefully*

STYL-EEZ will give you poise. They'll give you elegance. The secret is the marvellous 'Flare-Fit' feature — ankles just can't 'go over'. The carefully-trained assistants, provide you with certified fitting. See the new styles now fresh and sparkling as fine champagne.



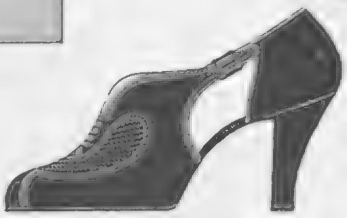
Le Beau



Ansley

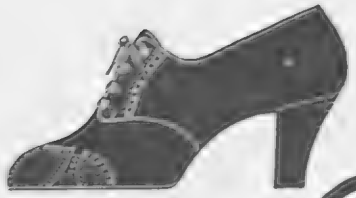
In attractive combinations of patent and suede, calf and suede, in blacks, blues and browns. All obtainable at

29/9

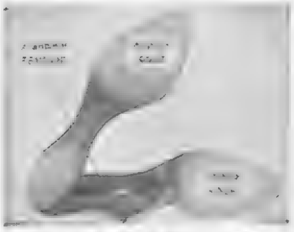


Jean

STYL-EEZ stockists use a most politely inquisitive measuring device to get the truth about your feet and the fitting they need.
Measures three ways, doesn't miss anything that helps to give you comfort.



Tremont



[illegible]

Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE

Five

FITTINGS TO EACH SIZE AND HALF SIZE

Obtainable at:

LILLEY & SKINNER · SAXONE & SOROSIS · MANFIELD

and other High-class Shoe Stores

If any difficulty is experienced we will let you know your nearest source of supply. New styles list now available. Saxton, Son & Everard, Ltd. (Dept. 14) Norwich

"well met Benger's Food. I'm ordered for the poorly little girl, and you will make me easy for her to digest."
" well said Milk . . . between us we will soon put her on her feet again."
BENGER'S SELF DIGESTIVE FOOD MANCHESTER
TO OPEN PULL TAB—EVENLY.
BENGER'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED
BENGER'S FOOD LIMITED MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Peevish – won't drink milk – pale cheeks, doesn't gain weight – tires easily. Is that the way with your child?

When a child is not robust, frequently poorly, and generally not thriving, parents can be reasonably sure that sub-nutrition is the cause. Benger's supplies what such children need because:—

Benger's Food—is always prepared with fresh new milk,

—partially digests both Food and milk during preparation,

—forms a delicious food cream that children welcome,

—is the diet best suited to backward children at all stages of growth.

"Every case needing digestive help is a case for Benger's Food." *Dr.*——

BENGER'S Food
Trade Mark

"Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable."—*British Medical Journal.* Benger's Booklet explains why! Send a postcard to-day for post free copy to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3.

THIS MOST AMAZING ELECTRIC APPLIANCE

AUTOMATICALLY
WAKES YOU!
MAKES TEA!
TELLS THE TIME!
LIGHTS UP!

SUPREME TECAL makes tea automatically while you sleep—wakes you when brewed—tells the right time—lights attractive bedside lamp—switches off kettle and gives hot toilet water—everything is automatic.

Cash price £4 . 19 . 6—attractive ivory colour—the teapot is not included—any normal teapot may be used—full details on request.

Stocked by all reliable Stores, Electric Dealers and Electricity Showrooms

SUPREME TECAL

L. G. Hawkins & Co, Ltd., 30/35, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

Private Lives of the Dictators

(*Continued from page 13*)

got the treasure, killed the Cossack convoy with bombs and revolver shots, and so replenished the empty Lenin group's treasury.

One cannot separate this heavily-built, soft-voiced, big-shouldered, calm-faced, shrewdly-smiling, dark-eyed man, a man in the middle fifties now, from the Bolshevik organiser of terrorism who gambled with his life time after time, was arrested and exiled on six occasions in the years before the Great War, and yet outwitted everyone, and survived. Such a man has always used his head, and always worked hard and kept in trim. His working day now is from fifteen to seventeen hours long. And every day is a fight—a private struggle for the retention of power.

His private life is still that of the gang leader—the commander of a fighting squad of hard men who have to be kept in line. He has a feeling for those old comrades of the early fighting days and looks after them and their families. One of those old comrades last year was hit by a motor truck in Tiflis and killed. News reached Stalin from the Ogpu commander, in whose force the man had been found a place. Stalin sat silent at his desk for a minute, and then he called a secretary and wired to the Ogpu commander, "Shoot the driver of the truck."

Stalin lost his young wife recently—his second wife . . . he discarded the first on the way up. Neither ever appeared with Stalin in public. They were just part of the private life of a man who has practically no private life and yet whose whole life is and always has been most peculiarly private. His son by his first marriage lives in the Gorki home, but he seems fondest of his eleven-year-old daughter, Svetlana, who is often with him. Svetlana does not like school. "But she must go," said Stalin, "she must learn what discipline is."

Down at Sotchi, on the Black Sea, Stalin has a *datcha*, a country home, where he passes summer and autumn weeks when he can get away from his Moscow headquarters. It is a dark green house, embowered in fruit trees. Stalin is proud of his fruit trees, and when he has guests likes to take them through the orchard and point out his favourites. Guests at the *datcha* find a host of simple, friendly ways, and great charm; a man, too, who seems tireless.

THEY say in Rome that the private life of Mussolini—a grandfather for the fourth time at end 1937—is devoted to retaining one chin and keeping his waist measurement smaller than his chest. It is, roughly, true. The most aggressive and realistic of the dictators prides himself on his physical fitness. It is one of the few things he is really vain about. He does not smoke or drink, but the talk about him existing on a handful of grapes and a couple of oranges is just—talk. Benito knows the value of a spiritual touch about a leader. Somehow, the people like a Duce to be above the carnal pleasures to which they themselves succumb. Mussolini may not eat large and juicy steaks, but when he eats, he eats well—spaghetti, fish, chicken, ravioli, eggs done all the way down the *a la* list.

He used to worry his guards by the speed at which he drove his racing Alfa down the autostrad to the sea at Ostia, port of Rome, where he has a country place, and goes boating and swimming and sun-bathing. The guards did not like ninety miles an hour. But he has taken it easier since an unfortunate incident, which became public, and did him harm by making his motto—"Never look back. On—always on!"—sound not quite so lion-like as it had done up to then. This was when the following cars containing his escort found a slightly damaged child by the roadside. The Duce's mudguard had brushed her as he took a corner at forty. "I think you touched something," ventured the famous journalist

(*Continued on page 126*)

ROSEBANK FABRICS

A collection of decorative materials, presenting . . . . artistry in weave, form and colour . . . . to those who appreciate fine furnishings. Ask your Furnisher for, or write for, a copy of . . . the "Rosebank" Booklet . . . .

ROSEBANK FABRICS
TRADE MARK

Manufactured by—
TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD., "ROSEBANK" PRINTWORKS (Dept. 20), RAMSBOTTOM, MANCHESTER
London House: Roxburghe House, 273/287, Regent Street, W.1.

Eccles Caravans

PROVIDE PROPER LIVABILITY · CONVENIENCE WITH COMFORT AND SPACIOUSNESS WITH UTILITY IN THE SIMPLEST MANNER POSSIBLE . . . . .

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

THE REASON OF THEIR SUCCESS.

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD. HAZELWELL LANE · STIRCHLEY · BIRMINGHAM 30

"Your remarks about 'Min' being so jolly good for French polished furniture and all polished surfaces gave me an idea, Jean. I thought I'd try it on the car. Looks fine, don't you think. It's the easiest polish I've ever used. You'd better get me a tin for use in the garage."

"I will, Jack, it's made the car look as good as new."

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD.,
CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

TINS 6d. & 1/- OF ALL DEALERS

M/BB/6

Voltaire and Vandyck

Sunshine Cruises

First Class only. Window or porthole in every room.

EASTER CRUISES

APRIL 14. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Canary Islands, calling at Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon. 18 days from 25 gns.

APRIL 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche (Monte Carlo, Nice), Naples, Capri and Lisbon. 19 days from 26 gns.

MAY CRUISES

MAY 7. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Dalmatian Coast and Venice, calling at Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Venice, Abbazia, Corfu, Malta and Lisbon. 24 days from 34 gns.

MAY 14. "Vandyck" from Liverpool to Atlantic Islands, calling at Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. 14 days from 18 gns.

ROUND VOYAGES TO SOUTH AMERICA
Regular service of First Class Cargo Vessels.

For details of above and full programme of 1938 Cruises apply:

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE, LTD.

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3. (Tel. Bank 8850.) 27, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. (Tel. Royal 5723.) 64, Cross Street, Manchester, 2. (Tel. Blackfriars 2806.) Or Tourist Agents.

who was accompanying the Duce in his racing Alfa. "Hadn't we better turn back?"

"Back?" responded the Duce, skidding round an S-bend. "I never turn back."

The journalist told that story in print in a book, and the Duce was very annoyed.

But he seems to have forgotten that it was after this affair that he slowed down a trifle. He has a new and good-talking-point explanation (an ex-journalist, he is never at a loss for good talking points about himself). He said to an American woman correspondent friend of mine who was interviewing him in his huge private office in the Palazzo Chigi: "I have just founded the Italian Empire! I have a lot to do. It would not be very fitting for the founder of the Empire to survive everything, only to succumb to a burst tyre!" And he laughed.

In private life he is a charming and genial man, frank and forthright. He talks well, laughs, and is good company. He has a technique of charm—"it costs nothing and makes friends," he told the British Ambassador once, with his broad, likeable grin.

He is much more popular now than he was. The concerted attempt of the League states to ostracize Italy and impose an economic boycott during the Ethiopian affair, changed Italian grumbles at "Mussolini's war" into indignant resentment of "Geneva and British attempts to dictate to US." This did the dictator much good. Since he became quite the national hero, he has been able to relax his guard precautions and do such things as walk about a Rome exhibition, mingling with the crowd, and even visit the opera without being surrounded by bodyguards. A foreign diplomat one night last autumn went to the opera, and occupied a box with his wife. Opposite was an empty box. As the opera started they saw, in the subdued light, a sturdy figure enter the box, and felt sure it was the Duce.

When the curtain fell after the first act, they went out on to the promenade, and there leaning against a wall with an aide, was Mussolini. The Romans strolling about took no notice of him: it is not done to notice a dictator on such occasions. But before he could stop her the diplomat's wife went up with an outstretched hand and a: "Good evening, your Excellency." Mussolini immediately advanced, and responded, and they talked for ten minutes. The diplomat's wife noticed that the Duce's pocket bulged, and the Duce, noticing her glance, smiled, and pulled out an orange. "Have one!" he offered. In the darkness he had been supping off his favourite fruit.

THE private life of Hitler is that of a man who virtually had none until he achieved power. Now, he is making up for lost time. He is not the worker Mussolini is. A week with Ataturk would kill him. Stalin, the silent man of action, would wear him out if he had to associate with him for a month. The Reichsführer lives now like a country squire, and does no more work than he has to.

He dislikes Berlin and goes there as little as he can. The Chancellor's palace is not to his taste; and one of the secrets of Goebbels's influence is the liking the Leader has to go along to the Goebbels's apartment and enjoy some music and the company of the golden-haired Magda Goebbels (the little propaganda minister is her second husband). The Berchtesgaden chalet, perched on its verdant hill, with its wide balcony giving a view towards the Austrian foothills—and guest bungalows in the grounds, for Adolph prefers not to have even close friends sleeping in his house—is his home. There he reads, listens to gramophone and radio music, broods, dreams, strolls around, and confers with the Nazi and Reichswehr oligarchs.

It has done him good. Three years ago he looked a worn and worried man. He was not sleeping well. He was restless and ill at ease. He suffered from alternate fits of sleeplessness and indigestion. But calm and country air has filled him out and (*Continued on page* 128)

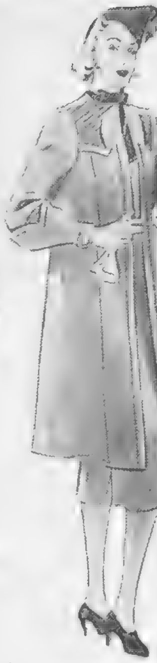
just published. **corot's**

portfolio of spring fashions

a free copy for you !

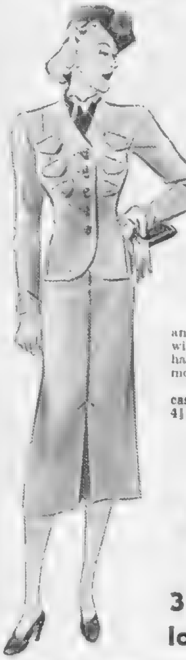
corot
spring 1938

see what madame corot has created for you this year . . . her paris inspired frocks . . . the tailored perfection of her spring suits and coats! all are beautifully illustrated in the 1938 spring fashions portfolio—giving you a vivid panorama of the very *newest* in design, materials and colour! by visiting the showrooms, you can choose any model from this exciting new collection; and pay for it—*confidentially*—by easy monthly instalments. or, post the coupon below for portfolio and full details.



"paris in spring"
you must have a woollen two-piece for the new season, with swagger coat, velvet scarf and skirt with open pleats at side fashionable shades.

cash
5½ gns.
16/6
monthly
(7 equal payments)



"fair company"
an intriguing little suit in soft woollen, with assumed pockets on jacket. skirt has inverted pleat back and front most shades.

cash
4½ gns.
13/6
monthly
(7 equal payments)

corot
(dept. b.123)
33 old bond street,
london, w.1 regent 0234

free: i am interested in becoming a corot client please send me spring fashions portfolio and full details

name ....

address ....

.... (b.123)

New Edition. Copiously Illustrated

The 'HUMAN HAIR'

"How to keep it in Health."
"How to treat it in Disease."

By PROF. HARLEY PARKER

The Renowned Consulting Hair Specialist

Author of "Scalp and Facial Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "The Hair and the Nervous System," "Alopecia Areata," "Anæmia and the Hair," "Beauty's Quest," "The Lady's Toilet Table," etc.

PRESS NOTICES

"Everybody should read this little book."—*Scotsman.*

"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation."—*The Guardian.*

"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple lucid and convincing."—*Medical Record.*

CONTENTS

Some recent discoveries in connection with the effect of Vitamin "F" upon hair growth and colour.
Skin diseases that affect the hair.
Diet and hair health.
Correct treatment of scurf and scalp irritation.
Varied treatments for dry, and for greasy hair.
Why excessive washing is inadvisable.
How to prevent hair falling to excess.
How to treat the hair in childhood.
How to obtain an exact diagnosis of your particular hair trouble.

Send 2d. (postage) for a copy of this useful little manual to

PROF. HARLEY PARKER
Desk 31,
117, St. George's Road, Belgravia, S.W.1

Call here for free expert advice, or special treatment.

Send combings for chemical test, and detailed report on existing conditions

---

WHERE TO LIVE

CATERHAM-ON-HILL, SURREY. 700 ft. above sea level. S.R. 30 minutes London. Modern detached freehold residence. 4 beds., 2 recep. All main services. Built-in garage. Large garden back and front. Lovely surroundings. £1,200 (£1,000 mortgage can be arranged). Write G.M., "Britannia and Eve," 32, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.

"Absolutely no trace of Pyorrhoea now"

"I came across a patient to-day to whom I had recommended your "S.R." Tooth Paste six months ago. I thought once to advise complete extractions, but I am very pleased to inform you that there is absolutely no trace of Pyorrhœa in his mouth now. I may add that this is not the only case that I have come across with excellent results." Ref. 20c.

Pyorrhoea conditions in the mouth—swollen, inflamed gums, bleeding and pain, are a danger to your health and a menace to your teeth. Besides polishing teeth to cleanliness and brilliance, Gibbs "S.R." contains a specific which kills infecting germs, neutralises their poisons and restores and strengthens gum tissues. This substance has been used by Dentists for years in the treatment of Pyorrhoea, but it has remained for Gibbs laboratories to supply it in a form you can use for regular home use.

Buy a tube of Gibbs "S.R." to-day.

Gibbs
REGD
"S.R"
(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

Gibbs "S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE)
for Teeth and Gums
1/3 per tube of all Chemists
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

GR 35M

GLENEAGLES *Hotel*

PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

★*Under the direction of*
ARTHUR TOWLE, Controller, LMS Hotel Services
St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1
Restaurant and Sleeping Car Expresses from London

replenished his physical and nerve batteries. At the Nürnberg rally last autumn he performed the feat of standing and saluting for six hours while the Nazi hordes marched past, mass after mass. He has acquired a healthy ruddy colour, and he does not look quite so much like a roving hungry suspicious wolf.

He does not smoke, or drink, but he is not exactly a sparse eater. Eggs form a large part of his diet. He has a chef who can cook eggs in thirty different ways. When he has a party, he has his eggs done with flaked haddock and asparagus tips. When he is alone, he eats his eggs scrambled or plain boiled, for preference. He eats fish, chicken, fruit, nuts, vegetables done with butter, perhaps too much butter, and drinks a lot of milk, perhaps too much milk. And his weight latterly has begun to worry him a little. It is what does happen when a man who for years has led a life of violent movement and anxiety, suddenly comes to a backwater, and has for the first time leisure, and regular meals, and all the sleep he wants.

The man takes no exercise beyond walking, and he does not walk much now. He seems uninterested in moving around, after the way he moved around in his fighting days. It is difficult to get him away from his chalet home. There is a story which illustrates this peculiarity. He became intensively interested in the idea of rebuilding Germany's roads (he spends much time now in poring and working over architectural plans to rebuild her cities over twenty years). He proposed to make a tour of the main roads himself, mapping out the new system as he went. But then he gave it up just when all arrangements had been made.

Instead, he sent for his Transport Minister and War Minister Marshal von Blomberg He handed each of them a map on which the key towns were marked with railways and rivers, and existing main roads. He said to the transport man: "Mark your road system as you would like to have it with relation to population centres and traffic needs generally," and to the War Minister: "Mark your roads where you want them from the viewpoint of strategical considerations."

The two were going off with the maps, but Hitler stopped them. "No, mark them now." So they sat down at the table, and with ruler and pencil marked in where they wanted roads. Then Hitler took the two maps and a third blank, and "married" the two sets of lines. He handed his road map to the transport minister. "There are your new roads," he said. The transport minister smiled. In perhaps twenty years one might . . . but the dictator interrupted him. He remarked that he did not want to get a new transport minister: it would be a pity: he quite liked his present man. But——. Inside a week, road-building to the Hitler plan, made in a few minutes on the dining-room table in his home, had begun.

MUSTAPHA KAMAL ATATURK, the Turkish Cæsar, might claim to have the strongest head of all the dictators—if the other dictators happened to be the sort of men of whom one says: "He has a strong head." He works like a galley slave, but he also relaxes with zest: and an Ataturk party is apt to go on till dawn breaks, or the champagne runs out.

He learnt the technique of revolution as a youngster in the days of Abd-ul-Hamid, Abdul the Damned. He was a member of the Vatan, an anti-Abdul secret society. He then learnt the arts of sophistication as military attache in Paris, in the days when Ali Risz, quite a fellow, occupied the Turkish embassy there.

The man's record is astonishing. He was the first duce of them all—unless one can call Lenin a duce. Swept into the convulsive struggles of a dying kingdom as a young soldier and revolutionary, son of an obscure government official of Salonica, he held the Dardanelles against the Allies, and after the war defied the Allies, kicked out the Sultan, smashed the Greek invaders, and made a modern power of the Sick Man of Europe. His business since he grabbed Turkey, and threw out the invading Greeks, has been to mingle work with pleasure, and not let either interfere with the other, although occasionally both get mixed up.

He had not, for instance, been in Smyrna more than a few days, in the brilliant campaign which ended in the Greek invaders being swept into the sea, before he was entangled with the camel king's daughter. There was a marriage; and later, there was a divorce. Among other things, the wife of Ataturk objected to him making his real home in a travelling train, equipped with radio, telephone, bath, guest suite and bar. Now, Ataturk lives the life of a hard-working bachelor, who likes his nights out.

CARMONA of Portugal is probably the world's least-known dictator. He is small, reticent, and, as absolute master of the army, he rules the Portuguese with a steel hand. Portugal used to be torn by faction fights. There are none now. Antonio Oscar de Fragosa Carmona, governing from the walled palace at Belem, will not have any. People must behave. Otherwise, they are disciplined.

He is a soldier, and he lives like one. He insists he is not a dictator. He coined a phrase which made him famous throughout the Iberian Peninsula. "The country is under a dictatorship without a dictator," he insisted. It is not at all the Mussolini touch. Mussolini thrusts himself forward. Carmona draws back all the time, and thrusts others forward. He receives even unimportant persons—if it is politic to see them—with a polished deference, and talks to them simply, as man to man. His eyes, shrewd and sparkling, search those of the man he talks to. He seems friendly behind his big cavalry moustache. There is nothing more to find out about him than there is to find out about such a man, for instance, as Field-Marshal Lord Cavan or Marshal Weygand. He eats, sleeps, works and handles people with tolerance but firmness. He will not interfere with anybody's (*Continued on page* 130)

Summer Butter... NOW!

The New Zealand Butter you can buy now at your grocer's is summer butter, and brings to you all the health and body-building properties of warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands just when needed most. Butter is nature's finest sunshine food and there is no substitute for it. New Zealand Butter is butter at its very best—delicious in flavour—naturally golden in colour. Eat plenty of it and keep fit.

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

Ask for it by name

NZ44

NIGHTMARE NIGHTMARE

"All these cold greasy dishes
and N—O — — H—O—T
w — a — t — e — r
Ohooooooooooooooooo!"

who says there's no fun in the sink?

You hear much more singing over washing-up in these days. It comes from the happy people who have constant electric hot water in their kitchens. Away goes the grease in a cloud of steam, and when they look round for the next thing to wash—there isn't one! Because with *constant* hot water people wash up as they go along and there's no accumulation to deal with. No wonder they sing! Electric hot water's broken the back of the job. Wouldn't it be nice to have an electric water heater yourself? It is so easy and inexpensive to install and saves money all the time because an electric water heater cuts off current the instant it is not required. They will tell you all about it at your nearest electrical showrooms and you can have it at work in your home in next to no time

SAVES EXPENSE by automatically cutting off current when not in use

It's easy to have ELECTRIC HOT WATER

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION,
2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

Nonsense! her figure is lovely—but

she can't have "line" till she wears Kestos

If intuition doesn't tell you to wear Kestos, then say goodbye to intuition.

Look at the *reason* for Kestos. Its unique cut gives uplift . . . control. Alone among brassières it ensures the high breastline that fashion demands . . . and guards against physical and mental strain.

It is designed for day or evening wear. Above all—it flatters. Flatters you—flatters your clothes. Gives you the delightful knowledge that you have "line."

For everyday wear, most women choose the standard dual-purpose Kestos at 3/11.
For evening wear, just adjust the straps. Or choose, perhaps, a Kestos Décolleté Brassière at 6/11.
The gift of some new flimsies often calls for a special Kestos to match—in crêpe de chine at 8/11.

Write for illustrated
leaflet to
KESTOS LTD.,
Maddox House,
Regent Street, W1
(Wholesale only)

KESTOS REGD

The brassière that gives you LINE

A remarkable new treatment for "Acid Skin"

Are you one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all their beauty worries—blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'MILK OF MAGNESIA.'*

Just as 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams soothe away acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful milky-white, greaseless cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture. You will be amazed at the way this new-type cream corrects those unsightly imperfections which cause so much worry and anxiety.

PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM liquefies instantly it touches the warm skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Generous TRIAL JAR of both creams sent on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14D3), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia*

3/- a Jar

TEXTURE CREAM **CLEANSING CREAM**

**'Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Quick relief for CATARRH

CLEAR UP STUFFINESS AT ONCE ..BREATHE FREELY!

Here is a brand-new way of getting relief, day or night, from the distressing symptoms of nasal catarrh and head-colds. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril.

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden nasal passages. They soothe irritation, reduce swollen membranes and clear away clogging mucus—make your head feel as clear as a bell.

Prevents Many Colds

Used in time, Vick-Vatronol even *prevents* many colds. It stimulates Nature's own defences to throw them off before they pass the "sneezy" stage. Keep a bottle handy. 1/6d.

VICK-VATRONOL
Brand Nasal Medicament

3 YEARS SUFFERING with GASTRIC ULCER

To-day a happy man

Think of it. Three dragging years of daily torture! "Goodness knows I have suffered," writes Mr. S. A., of Birmingham, and only those who have themselves borne the agony of gastric ulcer can fully understand what he endured. Here is his letter:

"I feel it my duty to tell you of the wonderful results I had from Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I have been suffering from Gastric Ulcer for three years and goodness knows I have suffered. I have had four X-rays, and I don't think I have worked one full week in two years. To-day I am one of the happiest men in Birmingham through Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

This is no isolated case. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is doing as much—often in seemingly hopeless cases—all over the country. And if this great remedy can do wonders in serious stomach disorders, what can it not do for your Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity or Flatulence—the *beginning* of serious trouble? Get a bottle at once—only, look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is only genuine if this signature appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; or in handy pocket tins of Tablets 9d. Never sold loose.

life or private opinions, but there must be order: people must behave: it is better to jail a few annoying and annoyed persons, than to have constant political assassinations and complete chaos.

Carmona never raises his voice. He has never made a public speech in his life. He says his business is to maintain order in the country while the ministers do their jobs. His whole life is concentrated around his own job of seeing that the army controls the country. He has not even time for domestic life: he is a bachelor and an ascetic. He lives in a fortress, on army pay, and comes out only occasionally to hold audiences at Belem Palace and review a parade.

But he is perhaps proudest of having achieved popularity without seeking it, and won over enemies. He has a technique of tact. When he has to send somebody away, he does not have him shot, hustled off to a barren island, or even ruffle his feathers. He sees that the best cabin on the ship is reserved for the exiled one. The man will arrive on the quay and find a guard of honour drawn up and presenting arms. The army is doing the person honours. The person could go if he liked to France, or Britain, or Italy—if he has the cash: otherwise, he is shipped free, and in great elegance, to prosperous and salubrious colonies, Madeira or Sao Thomé. In time, the exiled ones appreciate this delicate handling; and when they promise to behave they are allowed back.

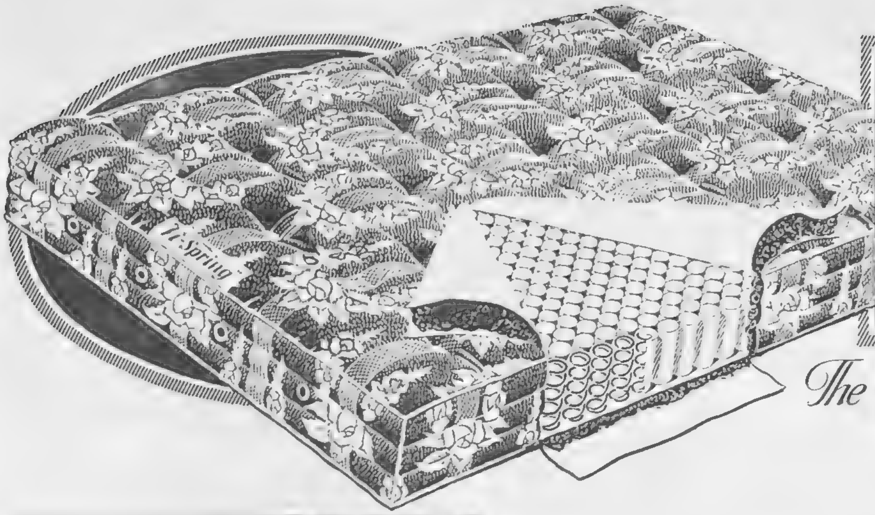
"We ask nothing more than that," says the little dictator who never uses the word "I" · "but really, people must behave, or we cannot get on with our work."

FRANCO does not properly belong to the portrait gallery of dictators—yet. He is only a military leader, and may never achieve the status of a Cæsar. An adventurous, but otherwise most respectable Spanish military gentleman, devout, orthodox, shrewd in his way, but much more of a soldier-politician than a political-soldier, a man like one of those Greek or South American professional soldiers, of general's rank, who head with their faithful little army into the gap caused by a clash between two opposing political factions, and try and grab a dictator's job—and often succeed, but do not usually last long.

Primo de Rivera had a brief run in Spain, but he was a stupid fellow. Franco at least has some brains, and dash, and political adroitness. He has not let himself get fat. He knows how to make the correct gestures, and present the right appearance. He has a gracious wife, a charming daughter, and is a model of domesticity. He has even managed to enjoy some calm home life during the rigours of the present campaign; and in spite of the wild and ferocious fighting, and the difficulty of the terrain, he has never appeared in public or among his troops unshaven or with a sullied riding boot. Indeed, his gloves are almost as much a part of General Franco as his spats *used* to be a part of Dictator Mussolini, first phase. A perfect gentleman, and the idol of Spanish upper classes, and of Senor March, the great capitalist who financed the original coup.

Franco laughs a good deal, and has one very private joke, which annoyed Mussolini, but enchanted the British emissaries who have been in touch with him. He privately asserts that he owes more to Jacques than to Mussolini. Jacques has become celebrated. Jacques is Franco's chef, and apart from being a very good chef indeed, he has organised his field kitchen, on Napoleonic lines, so that if his master at any time of the day or night commands "Food, Jacques!" within a few minutes Jacques or his deputy on duty can serve a piping hot meal for the general and up to six guests, from the soup to the savoury.

MIRZA REZA KHAN, founder of the Pahlevi dynasty in Persia, is the most impressive of the modern Cæsars—over six feet high, broad in the (*Continued on page* 132)



No wonder it's so comfortable ..look what you lie upon

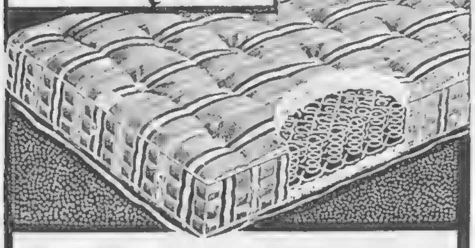
The Vi-Spring Regd. Trade Mark Overlay Mattress

You go to bed to rest, you get it in full measure on the 'Vi-Spring,' the mattress which gives such luxurious relaxation.

Never was there an overlay built with greater regard for comfort than the famous 'Vi-Spring.' Beneath the handsome damask cover lie hundreds of soft resilient springs, each one an aid to the betterment of your night's rest. British Steel Wire coils were never put to better purpose, nor upholstery more superbly fashioned to bring comfort and solace to weary bodies.

See the 'Vi-Spring' at your house furnishers. Test for yourself its sleep-inducing softness. You will then readily understand why the 'Vi-Spring' is the overlay which is installed in the World's luxury liners and best-equipped homes and hotels. When purchasing see the label bearing the registered name, 'Vi-Spring' Mattress.

The Vito Mattress



The 'Vito' non-pocketed spring mattress meets the demand for a really comfortable mattress at a moderate price. The extreme sturdiness of the 'Vito' and its low cost make it the cheapest good quality overlay obtainable. Ask your house furnisher to show you the 'Vito' Overlay and Vitoflex Mattress Support—a combination that will ensure years of sound service.

The Vitoflex
MATTRESS SUPPORT

The perfect partner for the 'Vi-Spring' is the Vitoflex Mattress support. On the Vitoflex every spring in the 'Vi-Spring' is fully sustained and an even softness and uniform resilience ensured.

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE HOUSE FURNISHERS

Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.

97 Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction,
London, N.W.10

"Have a family of Sectric Timers!"

JOIN THE SECTRIC TIMERS

advises Mr. Sectric.

★ Father when he leaves for business, Mother when she is superintending maids and meals, the young people going to their dances, the kiddies setting out for school . . . all need to be punctual, and *can* be where there are Sectric Clocks to make them Sectric Timers. Sectric Clocks plug in to A.C. mains, need no winding or regulating, and are always true to Greenwich Time; they cost only 1/- a year each for current. See them, from 26/-, at your jewellers, electricians or stores today.

The TAW
IN OAK, WALNUT OR MAHOGANY
FROM 60/-
The SWALLOW
Nitelite Alarm
FLOODLIGHTS AT WILL
CAH 53/-
OTHER MODELS FROM 26/-

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS Regd.

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD
CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2

PLUG IN TO GREENWICH TIME

Scientific

Chapped hands

red, raw...

of course he noticed!

HARRY SEEMS A BIT STAND OFFISH TONIGHT. I'VE SHAKEN HANDS WITH HIM AND THAT'S ALL
OH, YOU'LL SEE HIM LATER, I'M SURE
LATER THAT EVENING....
I'M GOING AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIEND HARRY WHAT I THINK OF HIM... MY HANDS INDEED!
DON'T ACT LIKE A SPOILED CHILD AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING
NEXT DAY — IN A SHOP
I WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL GET MY HANDS RIGHT QUICKLY
USE THIS - HINDS CREAM - IT'S A VERY THOROUGH PREPARATION AND PLEASANT TO USE
SO YOU TWO HAVE STOPPED QUARRELING
DON'T BE SO PATRONISING
I SHAN'T QUARREL AGAIN WITH THE BEST TURNED OUT GIRL HERE!

If you have neglected your hands, get Hinds Honey & Almond Cream immediately and it will restore their loveliness quickly. It isn't sticky or greasy because it soaks right into the skin where it gets to work at once. Its rich, nourishing ingredients replace the natural oils in the skin-cells which harsh winds have dried out. For smooth, white hands, make a habit of Hinds — use it without fail every time you wash.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

The most famous beauty preparation made specially for the hands

TRIAL SIZE 6d. MORE ECONOMICAL SIZES 1/- AND 2/-

Chosen for the Dionne Quins

10 DROPS ARE A TREATMENT!

VAPEX CLEARS HEAD COLDS

Breathe the Vapex vapour from your handkerchief by day and from the end of your pillow by night. It kills the germs, relieves stuffiness, prevents the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V162 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO LTD

Always instant access to the loft

Easily fixed by any handyman. Opens and closes at a touch. Completely self-balanced in all positions. A strong, permanent full-size loft stepway not just a folding ladder. Gives instant access to the loft. When closed is invisible from below.

See it at the BUILDING CENTRE 158 New Bond St., London, W.1

Write us for full particulars

LEWIS GORTON & SON Ltd
63, ALFRED STREET, SPARKBROOK
BIRMINGHAM

EXTROOM STEPWAY.

shoulder and fierce of aspect, and straight as a ramrod at sixty. He joined the army as a private at the age of fifteen, and at the age of forty-four found himself in command of the only disciplined force in Persia, and with all the chief military powers too busy taking care of their own local and private affairs to bother about local politics. He thereupon put himself on the dictator map by moving on Teheran with his Cossack division, left marooned in Persia following the Russian revolution. When he arrived at the palace Shah Ahmed Mirza asked in quavering tones what he wanted.

"Your majesty summoned me to receive the post of War Minister and Commander-in-Chief of your armies," said Reza Khan blandly.

"Of course, of course, you are my Commander-in-Chief," agreed the plump little occupant of the Persian throne.

With all power thus in his hands, the new Cæsar thought the Shah ought to take a little holiday abroad while his new War Minister pacified the country and knocked the heads of the warring political factions together. Off went the plump young Shah to London and Paris to collect ballet girls and consume much champagne and caviare; and in due course the National Assembly voted an old Shah out and a new Shah in. It would have been too bad for the parliamentarians if the voting had gone the other way.

A very personal ruler, the Persian Cæsar. He does not object to gambling, but he takes the view that if his ministers gamble they may lose, and then they may be tempted to try to recoup their losses by a little speculation at the expense of the Reza Khan treasury. One day in March last gambling was in full blast in the one swell night club in Teheran. The dictator had dined *en famille* in his palace with his wife—he has no harem—when the word was brought to him that half a dozen of his ministers were around the high-play table.

Twenty minutes later a big car drew up at the portal of the club and out stepped a heavily-built gentleman in a plain khaki uniform and carrying a heavy riding crop. He strode inside, and six ministers looked up, and quaked. Bang! went the crop on the green baize, and counters flew in all directions. "Go home! Your wives are waiting for you," commanded the Shah.

The ministers have not been seen gambling in public since.

The dictator smokes, drinks a glass of wine, but eats like a soldier, moderately and plainly, and lives like a soldier. He cannot afford to be self-indulgent. He has work to do.

He has about as much private life as a busy American industrial magnate, and maybe less. He has complained that he often has to arise at four a.m. in order to get his work done in time to be free to see that his ministers and the state aides are doing theirs. When the Anglo-Saxon would be relaxing over a week-end at golf or fishing, Reza Khan enters his car and drives out a hundred miles or so to see how a new concrete road replacing a caravan track is getting on. He has brought in movies, radio and car parks. Telephone poles push their shafts above the cyprus trees, under which old Omar lay with his lady, his loaf, and his cup of wine.

He is proud of his "Pahlevi Cap." Everybody has to wear one—it's the sign of Persian citizenship. He abhors harems. When he was asked once why, he growled: "They take up too much of a man's time." One of his great feats was to make women unveil. He discussed the problem with his wife. As a result, he sent for his police chief and ordered him to unveil his wife and go about in public with her bare-faced. The police chief obeyed. Women began to unveil. Their menfolk made them. They were afraid that if their wives did not do as the police chief's wife did, there would be trouble.

END

Henry Heath Ltd
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9312. Fur felt Sports hat. In all fashionable colours. Price 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU ON A P&O CRUISE

●

EASTER CRUISE

LISBON · CASABLANCA · GIBRALTAR

APRIL 14 · 11 DAYS · FARES FROM 19 GNS.

by the **RAJPUTANA 17,000 tons**

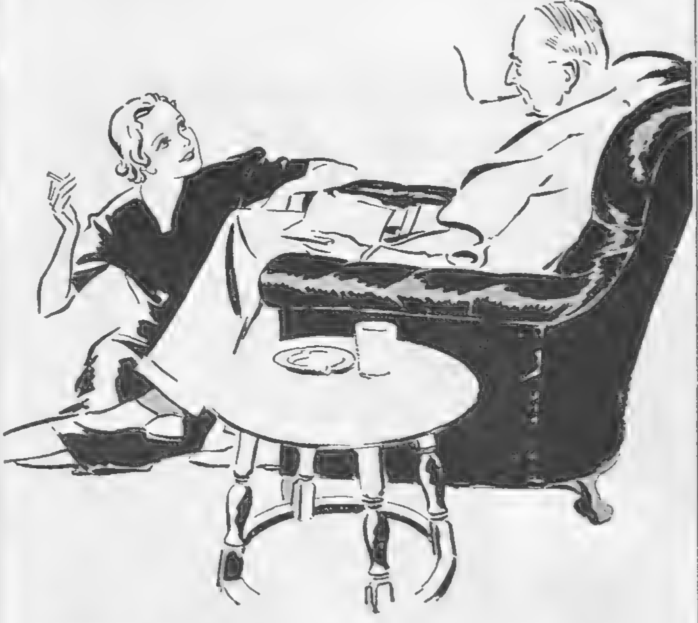
Fifteen cruises to Iceland, Norway, the Northern Capitals, and the Mediterranean. First and Tourist by "Strath" steamers: First Class by Viceroy of India.

14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2, or to your local agent.

A Young girl's advice to her Grandfather

"I've made a discovery," said the sweet young thing, nestling closer to her Grandpapa. "I've found a cigarette really worth smoking. I suppose I've grown out of the funny things I used to smoke, for these Gold Flake really have got something to them. They're honest to goodness cigarettes, you know. They've got a distinctive flavour. Virginia, of course, and the very best, I should imagine. You ought to try them."

"Thanks for the advice," said Grandpa, drily, as he drew out his packet of Gold Flake. "But you can't teach your Grandfather to smoke Gold Flake."



WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 375

GLAMOUR often leads to AMOUR

GLAMOUR in the Hollywood sense is the goal of young womanhood. And why not? No young woman is too "ordinary" to achieve the glamour to which amour is so often and happily allied. Whatever a woman's colouring, the loveliness of her lips is the open sesame to romance. Let her but make the most of them, enhance their beauty, their appeal, and she can achieve that enchanting glamour for which every woman yearns.

TANGEE is more than a lipstick, it's a most enchanting discovery. You look at the TANGEE lipstick and wonder. For, as soon as you brush TANGEE across the lips the orange tint deepens, the lips take on the very colour to harmonise with your personality.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.

✶ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and a UNIQUE CHARM TEST

Luft-Tangee Ltd. (Dept. B.E.9), 88 Regent St., W.1

Please send Miracle Make-up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, together with your Tangee Charm Test for measuring attractiveness. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

Mark shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel (*naturelle*)

NAME...

ADDRESS...

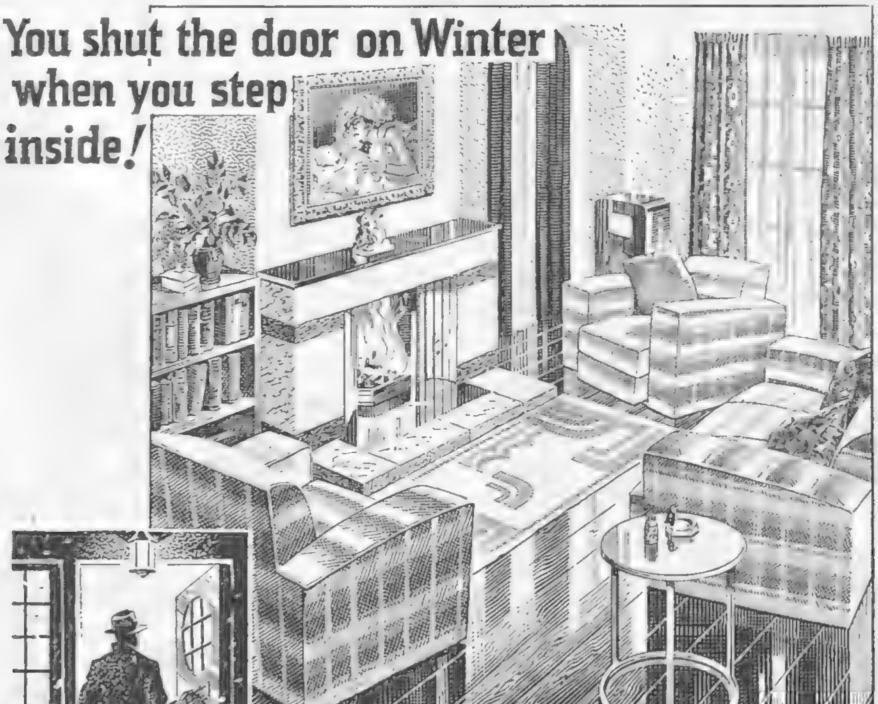
....

BLOCK LETTERS

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK


You shut the door on Winter when you step inside!

What a treat it is, on a dull and dreary Winter day, to arrive home and step into a house made so bright and cheery with Mansion Polish. All thoughts of Winter's gloom are quickly dispelled by the welcome brilliance of the floors and furniture, and you make your way to the fireside with a sense of well-being and happy content.

Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes

MANSION WAX POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

MP/EM/3

Spring and Summer Cruises

CRUISING has now become an established feature in this country with its own public which receives new adherents each year.

The task of the shipping companies in providing varied programmes thus becomes more difficult as the yearly demand for new ports and itineraries confronts them.

The scope of the average fortnight's cruise did not extend far beyond Spain and Morocco and now that those countries are, for the moment, inaccessible the only alternative was to provide faster ships capable of travelling farther afield in the allotted time.

This year the new "Strath" vessels of the P. & O. will, within two weeks, take you not only to Italy and Sicily, but to Greece and even Turkey. Thus you may visit Athens in your fortnight's holiday or Istanbul in seventeen days, that is inclusive of three week-ends but actually only two working weeks. When it is considered that the fares are from £22 first class and from £12 tourist class, it will be seen that here is an opportunity to travel farther than ever before and at no greater cost.

For those with three weeks available, Venice, the Dalmatian coast, the Black Sea and Egypt offer their own varied attractions. If you would go northwards where the days are long and the nights almost non-existent there are the cruises of the *Viceroy of India* to Norway, Iceland and those pleasant cities of the Baltic—Oslo, Stockholm, Helsingfors and Copenhagen.

The new P. & O. liner *Stratheden*. This luxurious ship is making some attractive cruises this summer.

There is no wonder then that bookings for this year so far are unusually heavy and if you would have a good choice of accommodation you are advised to make up your minds as quickly as possible.

For those who prefer to voyage in the Mediterranean earlier in the year there is an Easter cruise of three weeks to Egypt on April 1st in the *Rajputana*, a 17,000 ton liner.

The new P. & O. liner *Stratheden* is a most luxurious vessel of nearly 24,000 tons and resembles in most respects the highly successful *Strathmore*.

The *Stratheden* has a length of 664 feet overall and presents a graceful appearance with her straight stem and cruiser stern. There is one funnel of imposing dimensions and two pole masts.

The first class accommodation includes two handsome vice-regal suites, each with private dining and sitting rooms, verandah, bedroom and bathroom. There are many cabins with private bathrooms and all first-class passengers are accommodated either in single or two-berth cabins.

A MOST interesting booklet entitled "*Achievements* 1937" has been issued by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.

Throughout the past year many records of speed and endurance have been broken in the air, on land and sea, and this booklet describes in detail, with vivid pictures, the outstanding performances. Attractively produced in photogravure, a copy will be sent post free to any reader of "Britannia & Eve" on application to Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

MINTY
Bookcases
Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6¾ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25.2.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below Height 3 ft. 11¾ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7. 11 . 0.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

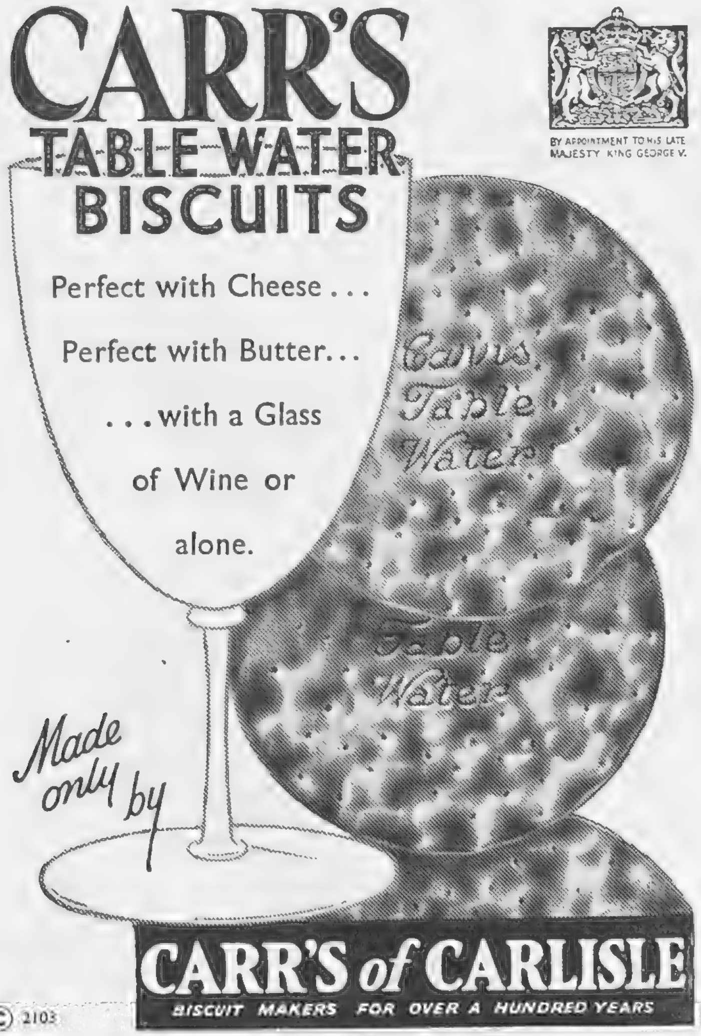
MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles at moderate prices.

Minty LTD

(DEPT. 86) - - - - - - - 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
London Showroom - - - - - 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Manchester Showroom - 5 Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester

---



CARR'S
TABLE WATER BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

Perfect with Cheese . . .
Perfect with Butter . . .
. . . with a Glass
of Wine or
alone.

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE
BISCUIT MAKERS FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

© 2103

For
FACE
&
HANDS
YOU NEED
Larola

USE Larola on the face and hands. This delightful preparation prevents all ill-effects of fickle spring-time weather on your skin and complexion. Larola softens, smoothes and cleanses the skin—removes every trace of roughness and coarseness—beautifies face, hands and arms. Larola, absolutely pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients—has been the choice of generations of women proud of their natural charms and youthful bloom. Larola is easily applied, wonderfully refreshing and soothing. Use it night and morning.

__Larola Soap:__ Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, __8d.__ __Larola Rose Bloom__ (Rouge). The natural Tint Sifter Boxes with Puff, 1/- & 2/6. __Larola Face Powder__ (in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2). Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6 each.

Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham

Write for copy of free booklet—"The Cult of Beauty"

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

MARCH, 1938

A — Page

Academic Stockings .. 119
Allenburys Food .. 102
Allenburys Pastilles .. 87
Arden, Elizabeth .. 77
Aristoc Stockings .. Cover iv
Arrid Cream .. 93

B

Bear Brand Stockings .. 83
Beautiform .. 118
Benger's Food .. 124
Bennett College .. 106
Berlei Corsets .. 80
Bread .. 120
British Electrical Development Association .. 129

C

Cadbury's Cup Chocolate .. 74
Carr's Biscuits .. 135
Cardinal Polish .. 108
Carters Seeds .. 89
Cephos .. 138
Clark's Dyeworks .. 106
Corot, Ltd. .. 127
Coty .. 99
Cuticura .. 117

D

Derry & Toms .. Cover ii
Drene Shampoo .. 78

E

Eccles Caravans .. 125
Esse Cooker Co. .. 73
Extroom Stepway .. 132

F

Facktative .. 120
Firth-Vickers Stainless Steels Ltd. 104
Ford Motors .. 94
Forhans, Ltd. .. 93
Frazers of Perth, Ltd. .. 82

G

Grant, Helen, Ltd. .. 85
Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste .. 127

H

Haig Whisky .. 103
Hawkins, L. G. .. 124
Heath, Henry .. 133
Henlys, Ltd. .. 89
Hillman Motors .. 90
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream 132
Hofels, J. A., Curative Foods .. 119
Hoover, Ltd. .. 113
Horlicks Malted Milk .. 112

I

Innoxa .. 115

K

Kestos Ltd. .. 129

L

Lagonda Motors .. 86
Lamport & Holt Line, Ltd. .. 126
Lanchester Cars .. 84
Larola .. 135
Lawrence, Helen .. 110
Leichner Hormone Cream .. 110
L.M.S. Gleneagles Hotel .. 127
Lodge Plugs .. 85

M

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder 130
Main, R. & A., Ltd. .. Cover iii
Mansion Polish .. 134
Milk of Magnesia .. 138

Page

Min Cream .. 126
Minty Bookcases .. 135
Minty Chairs .. 122
Morris Motors .. 92

N

New Zealand Butter .. 128
Nugget Polish .. 82

O

Old Bleach Linen .. 137
Optrex Eye Lotion .. 98

P

Palmolive Soap .. 118
Parker, J. Harley .. 127
P.D S.A. .. 122
Pepsodent Tooth Paste .. 116
Phillips' Beauty Cream .. 130
Phoenix Glass .. 114
Phosferine .. 95
Player's Cigarettes .. 107
P. & O. Line .. 133
Polynit Knitting Wools .. 137
Pond's Cream .. 4 & 5
Pontiac Cars .. 86
Potter & Clarke Catarrh Pastilles 104

R

Radiation, Ltd. .. 109
Redex .. 108
R. G. D., Ltd. .. 111
Ronuk Polish .. 91
Rosebank Fabrics .. 125
Rover Cars .. 88
Rubinstein, Helena .. 96

S

Scholl, Dr. .. 102
Schweppes .. 101
Seagers Gin .. 137
Seymour, Jane .. 81
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 110
Shell .. 6
Simpson, J. W. .. 105
Slendene-Valetta .. 91
S. Smith & Sons "Jackall" .. 86
Smith's Electric Clocks .. 131
Stephenson's Furniture Cream .. 119
Styl-eez Shoes .. 123
"Swan" Brand Aluminium Ware 116

T

Tampax, Ltd. .. 1
Tangee Lipstick .. 134
Tattoo Lipstick .. 121
Tek Toothbrushes .. 100
Templeton, James & Son, Ltd. Cover ii
Triplex Cooker .. 97
Tyrol .. 102

U

Unique Table Pad .. 87

V

Vapex .. 132
Vauxhall Motors .. 2
Vick-Vatronol .. 130
Vi-Spring Mattresses .. 131

W

Warner Corsets .. 137
Wills's Gold Flake Cigarettes .. 133
Woodrow Hats .. Cover ii

Y

Yardley Lavender Water .. 79

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

To Vary the Menu

(*Continued from page 70*)

make excellent luncheon entrée, or a supper dish.

Quiche Lorraine

Flaky pastry dough.
A tumbler full of cream.
One egg, a quarter of a pound of grated cheese.
Salt and pepper.

Butter a flat tart tin and line it with flaky paste which you bake separately first. Put into a bowl the grated cheese, preferably a mixture of Gruyère and Parmesan in equal proportions. Add the cream, salt and pepper and mix well. Be careful of the salt as the cheese is sometimes very salty. Now add the egg beaten, and mix well. Pour the mixture into the tart and cook for about a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven.

Raspberry Rice

Four handfuls of rice.
One tin of Smedley's raspberries.
One pint of milk.
Sugar

Clean the rice and cook it very slowly in the milk, all of which it should absorb during cooking. If there is any left it should be poured off and if, for some reason, the rice gets dry in cooking, more milk should be added. When the rice is cooked sweeten it with soft sugar and put it in the serving dish to get thoroughly cold.

Open the tin of raspberries, arrange the fruit nicely on top of the rice and pour the syrup all round.

Supper into Breakfast

(*Continued from page 71*)

Put the white sauce in a saucepan and when it is just tepid add the ham, well trimmed of fat and finely chopped. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg and add two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and pour into the dish or dishes, and cook in a moderate oven for about ten minutes.

The soufflé should be light and well spiced, but it will not rise like an ordinary soufflé made with white of egg beaten separately.

Fried Sardines

Eight good-sized sardines in oil (for four people).
Eight rashers of streaky bacon.
Buttered toast or fried bread, pepper.

If you can get boneless tinned sardines they are better. If not, having in any case drained off all the oil and removed the skin, split the sardines and remove the bone, giving them back their shape.

Have some rashers of streaky bacon well trimmed, and wrap these round the sardines. Fry in very hot fat and place each one on a strip of buttered toast or fried bread. Sprinkle with pepper and serve very hot.

Scrambled Eggs with Roes

One small tin of soft roes.
Eggs.
Butter, salt, pepper.
Fried bread.

Mash the contents of a tin of soft roes with a little salt and a lot of pepper. Spread this on crisp hot pieces of fried bread, and pile scrambled eggs on top of each.

REFERRING to the review of the PONTIAC 6 which appeared in our February Number, it is interesting to note that the full range of models of this car can be seen at the showrooms of the London Distributors, Motor Combine, 365 Euston Road, London, N.W.1, and also at that of the main Agents, Messrs. Oxborrow & Fuller, of 11 Curzon Street, Mayfair.

Table-cloths that last twice as long

The finest, pure linen damask table-cloths and they last twice as long! Old Bleach have a new process which gives to all their household linens greatly added wearing power.

Ask your shop for Old Bleach "Longer Life Linens"—and replenish your store cupboard in the most economical way.

Send to Randalstown for explanatory leaflet and a list of stockists.

The Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd., (Dept. L7)
Randalstown, Northern Ireland.

OLD BLEACH

LONGER LIFE LINENS

Knit with NEW CONFIDENCE!

"Any time—anywhere always an exact match"

COLOUR CONSTANCY

gives you a new joy in knitting! The unique POLYNIT guarantee means—

- ● NO garments in 2 dyes!
- ● NO "patterns to match"
- ● NO wasted ounces!
- ● NO lost time!

—and the same exclusive process gives a wonderfully soft, smooth and even wool. For convenience, economy and all-round satisfaction—it pays to *insist* on POLYNIT.

Leaflet No. 360, Price 2d.; or 3d. post free from P. A. Lacroix, (Dept. B.E.22), 44 Jewin Street, London, E.C.1.

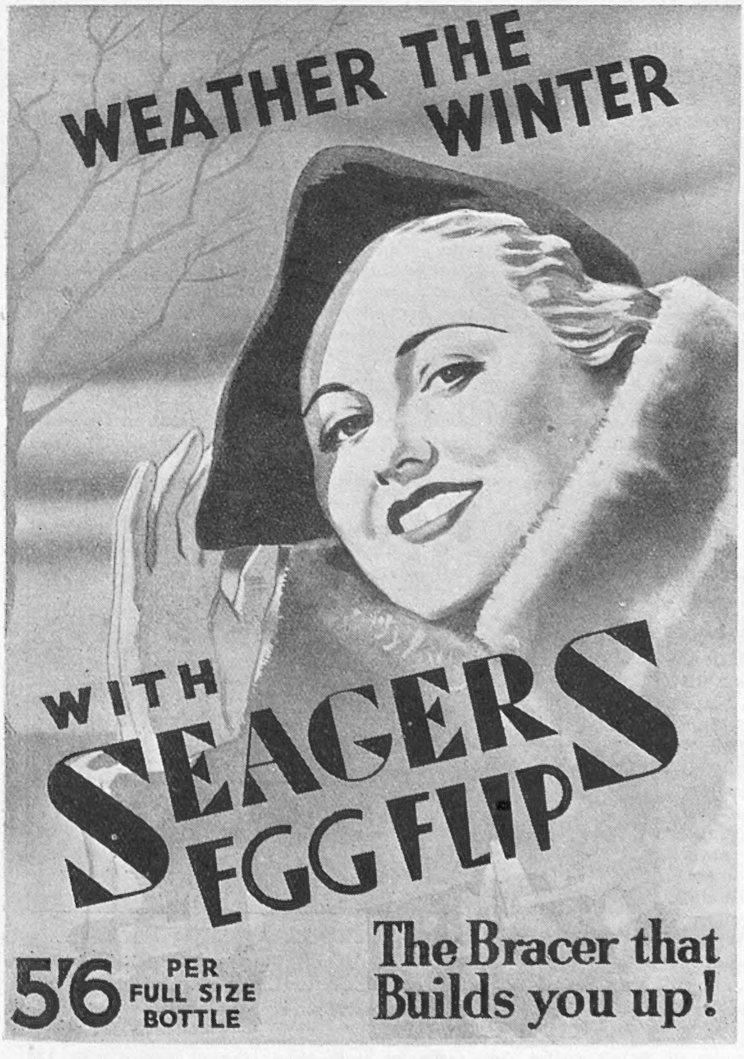
Golden Eagle

POLYNIT

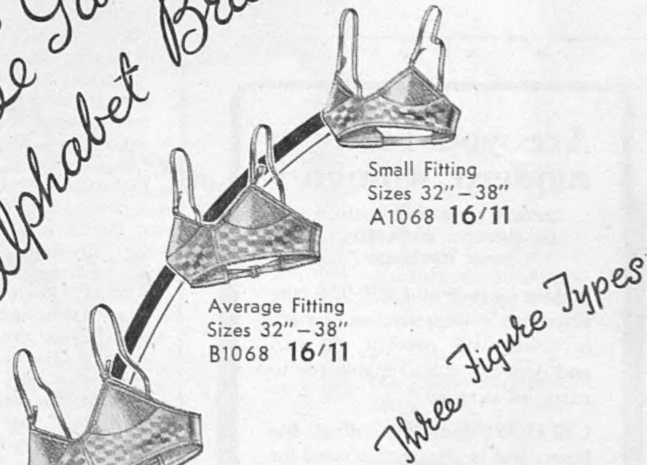
the unique, trouble-free, easy-knitting

FINGERING DE LUXE

MATCHING COLOURS GUARANTEED



"Le Gant" Alphabet Bra's



Small Fitting
Sizes 32"–38"
A1068 **16/11**

Average Fitting
Sizes 32"–38"
B1068 **16/11**

Full Average Fitting
Sizes 32"–40"
C1068 **16/11**

For Three Figure Types

A DELIGHTFUL NEW BRASSIERE CREATED FROM CHEQUERED SATIN, INCORPORATING "LASTEX" YARN, AND LACE. THIS BRA GIVES THE MAXIMUM CONTROL WITH THE MINIMUM OF WEIGHT.

"Le Gant" Alphabet Bra's are obtainable at all the best Stores and the leading Corsetieres.

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD.
40/41 CONDUIT STREET
LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)

INDIGESTION

AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Are you really a modern woman?

or are you still content to accept suffering as your heritage?

A dose or two of CEPHOS, the Physician's Remedy, on certain occasions will prevent all pain and depression and enable you to carry on as usual.

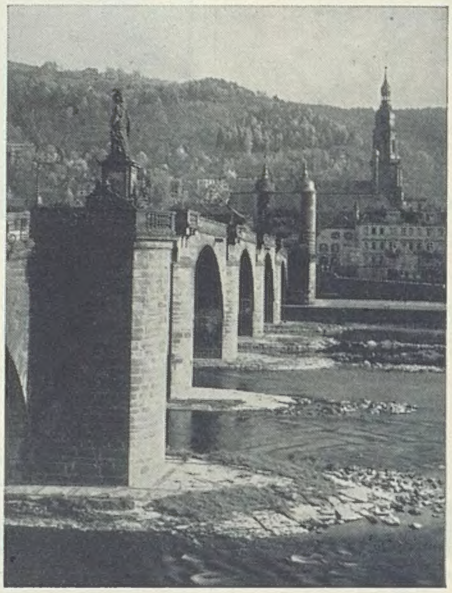
CEPHOS does not affect the heart, and is also widely used for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, and Influenza. Obtainable from all chemists and stores 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose 2d powder or tablets.

Cephos Pronounced See-foss REGD. THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

FREE Sample sent on receipt of p.c. with your name and address to the Lady Supervisor, Cephos Ltd, Dept 52W Blackburn.

Germany for Holidays

FOR just how long the natural affinity between the Englishman and the German has existed it is difficult to say, but exist it does, and, what is most remarkable, it has an enduring, ageless quality that ultimately over rides all obstacles; even crisis engendered by political conflict and even the major tragedy of war itself. To account for such a circumstance is beyond the scope of this article, but the fact that there is an affinity should not be lost sight of by the traveller, for it will explain at once the perhaps unexpected degree of hospitality he will find extended to him in every corner of the German state to which he may chance to go.



OLD HEIDELBERG: Many travellers aver it is the prettiest town in all Germany

Germany as a travel country is difficult to over-rate, with its astonishing range and variety of scenic beauties, and a fortnight or so spent there in Spring, Summer, or Autumn provides an experience that is wholly unforgettable.

Berlin should without doubt be the first objective of the holidaymaker, who will find it not merely a city of fine architectural monuments and perspectives, but a resort where open-air activity is always within easy range. For instance from any part of the metropolis the lakeside can be reached in a space of less than half an hour.

Berlin is a modern city in every respect, but she is more—she is a city set in the midst of picturesque lakes and thick fringes of forests. Wide watery expanses bordered with pine trees, and dotted with sailing-boats and fishing craft, canoes and rowing-boats everywhere meet the eye.

After an hour's trip on a steamer, one comes upon what appears to be a second Brighton. It is Wannsee. This renowned resort, which is only twenty minutes from the city by train, is a revelation. More than 20,000 persons often pass through its turnstiles in a single day. It offers sun-decks, broad yellow sands, and indeed nearly all the amenities of the seaside.

Of course, Berlin is not all water. There is solid ground for the landlubber to remain on. The city has vast forests, wide parks, open squares and broad avenues, while from the entertainment point of view there is nothing lacking.

Striking out from Berlin one can choose any number of worthwhile places to go to. Most compelling of all may be the Black Forest and the best way to see that wonderful region, in its entirety is undoubtedly by car.

In the Black Forest, first class motor roads have been systematically laid through districts world famous for the charms and entrancing loveliness of the countryside, and the traveller will be surprised again and again by the number and richness of the impressions gained during his trip.

Crystal-clear mountain springs musically ripple down the steep hillsides, ever and anon forming tiny cascades of bewitching beauty. They flow through valleys overgrown with dark pines and the genial, mellow, golden rays of the sun, striking through their branches, form a carpet of green and gold on the mossy swards on their banks.

Turning to another and wholly different aspect of Germany as a travel land, mention should be made of the coasts.

On the North Sea, the sun is more powerful, the water saltier, and the air more bracing; the climate of the Baltic is decidedly milder, and better suited to some people, for it does not have the high winds which beat upon the often stormy coast of the North Sea, stimulating pulse and circulation as with a violent massage treatment, but rather are its white sandy beaches more peaceful and restful; month in and month out its climate is more settled and its shores are lined with beautiful woodlands. Each coast has its own character and individual charm, and in order to discriminate between them with fairness, one must visit and become familiar with both.

Just off the coast of the North Sea lies a chain of islands, and it is on these islands that most of the favourite spas are situated. The insular character of these watering-places, and their climate, exert a decided, beneficial influence on a person's physical condition.

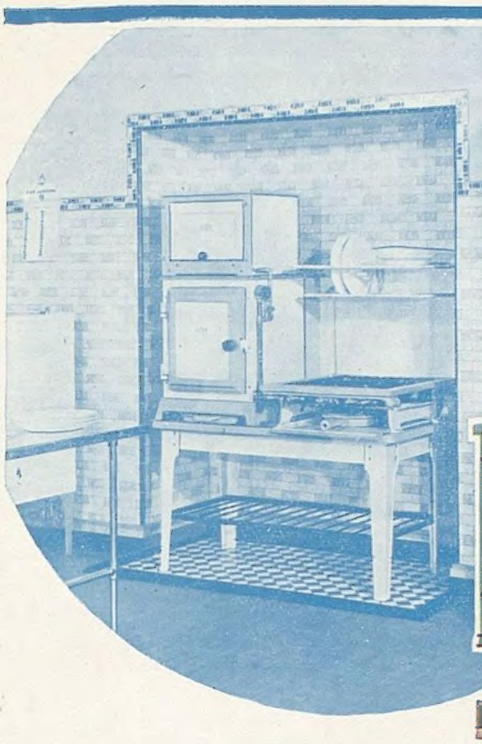
The German coast-line on the Baltic Sea is a long one, extending from Kiel to East Prussia, and its entire length is dotted with spas and summer resorts. Among these are such famous places as Warnemuende, the seaport town of Mecklenburg, where sulphur mud-baths may be had, or Travemuende near Luebeck, and Swinemuende, Heringsdorf, Binz, and Kolberg.

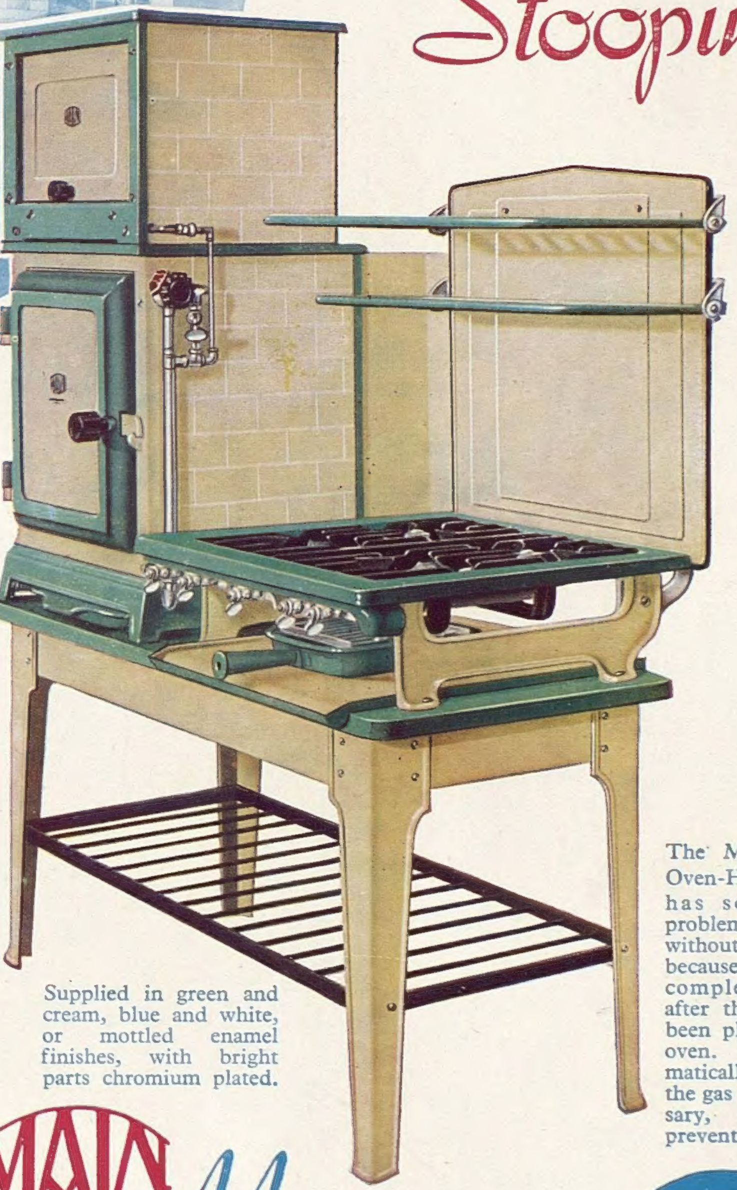
This has been but a brief survey of the travel charms of the Reich. Countless other delightful centres could be mentioned, from the renowned Rhineland to the Saxon Switzerland and to Bavaria, land of pine-clad, snow-capped mountains. Wherever the traveller goes there will be the same hearty welcome, and over and above all, the holiday will prove as inexpensive as it is enjoyable, for tourist marks give the traveller very distinct advantages. These should be obtained by application to banks or travel agencies before leaving England.

THE LUNGS OF BERLIN: Sailing boats on the lake system where the youth of the capital disports

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397. P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Cooking -without Stooping





IN kitchens where there is more than the usual space available—or where it is desirable to utilize an open-range setting (as in the illustration above), the MAINTOP Gas Cooker provides a convenient combination of hotplate and oven on a high stand which eliminates the need for stooping while cooking.

The MAINTOP also provides an independently-heated hot closet for keeping food or dishes warm—and ample plate rack and pot rack accommodation.

Other MAIN Gas Cookers are illustrated in the Free RECIPE BOOK, which can be obtained by filling up and posting the coupon below.

Supplied in green and cream, blue and white, or mottled enamel finishes, with bright parts chromium plated.

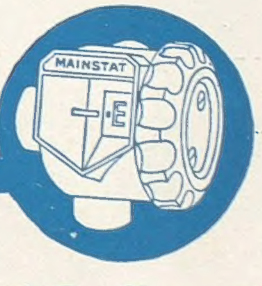
The MAINSTAT Oven-Heat Control has solved the problem of cooking without attention, because it takes complete charge after the food has been placed in the oven. It automatically cuts down the gas when necessary, and thus prevents waste.

MAIN

Mainstat

OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLED

GAS COOKERS



Call and inspect these Cookers at your local Gas Showrooms

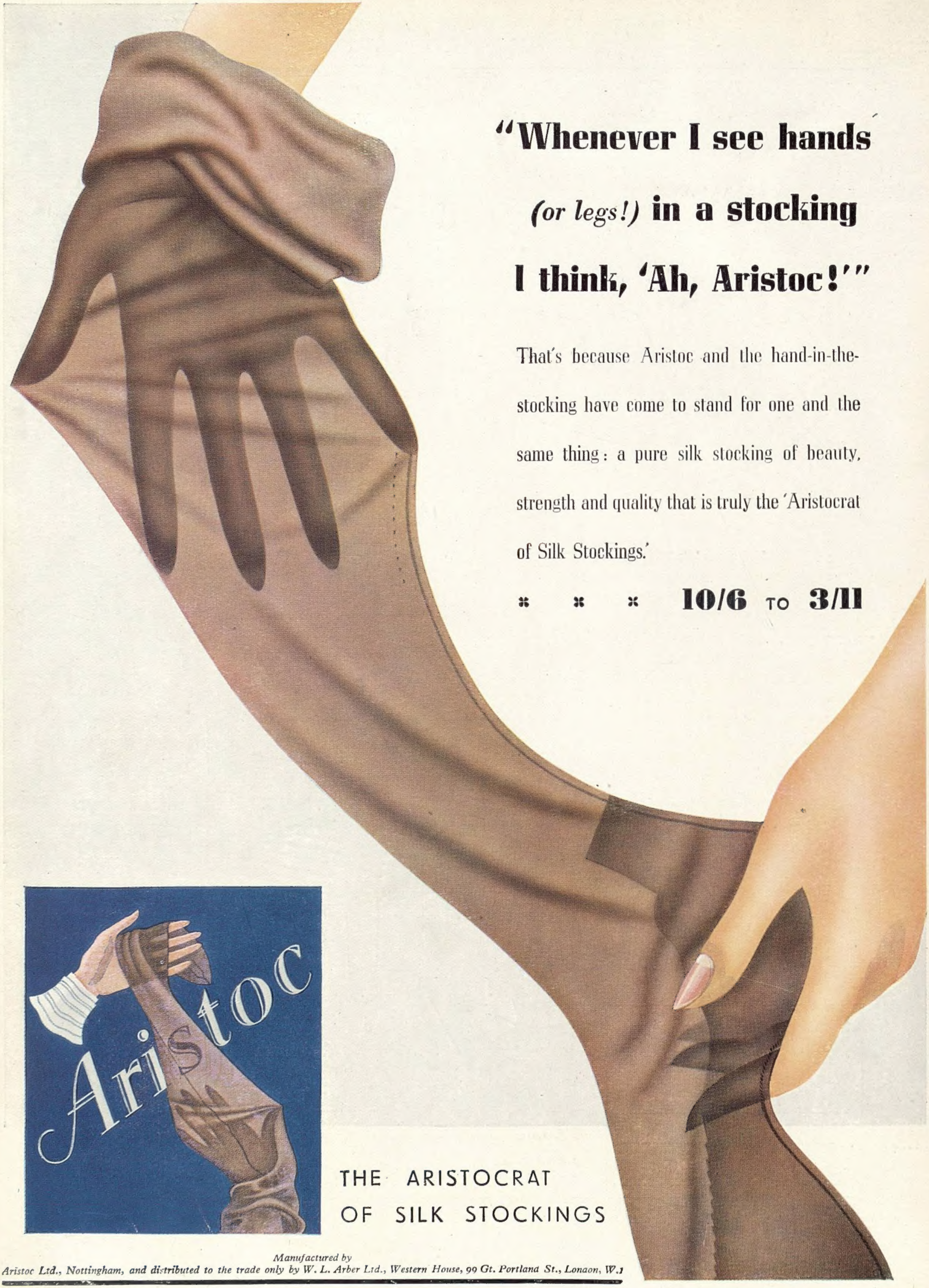
Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOK, post free

Name ....

Address ....

....

R. & A. MAIN LIMITED (Dept. 39)
48 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1.



"Whenever I see hands *(or legs!)* in a stocking I think, 'Ah, Aristoc!'"

That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'

* * * **10/6** TO **3/11**

THE ARISTOCRAT
OF SILK STOCKINGS

Manufactured by
Aristoc Ltd., Nottingham, and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd., Western House, 99 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1